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MAHALA'S DRIVE.

HARNESSING UP.

"I WISH," said the Widow Bruce, fretfully, "that Will wasn't so head-strong and careless."

"What has he done now?" said her daughter Mahala, looking quickly up from the zephyr hood she was knitting.

"It isn't what he does, but what he don't do, that's the matter."

"And what hasn't he done, then?"

"I told him last night that I was cutting my last loaf of bread, and that there wasn't a dust of flour in the barrel; and now he has gone to the 'raising,' and taken Mike with him (as if we hired men to go off a whole day frolicking), and not a thought has he given to the flour barrel."

"Well, he is only a boy—scarcely twenty, you know. It would have been better if you had spoken of it again this morning."

"I can't say a thing a thousand times over, Mahala; and, besides, hearing this morning of Sallie Peyton's being engaged to be married put the flour out of my head."

Mahala knew that her brother Will was consuming with a hopeless passion for Sallie Peyton (six years his senior), and was not surprised at his forgetfulness.

"But all that don't put flour in the barrel," said Mrs. Bruce, peevishly; "and they won't be back till dark, and I know folks will come here from the 'raising,' and only corn-meal cakes to give them."

"I'll tell you what, mother," said Mahala, starting up from her seat; "I'll go to Howell's mill myself, and get a bag of flour for you."

"And what will you go in, I'd like to know?" said Mrs. Bruce, in an injured tone. "Will has got the carriage and the little sorrel."

"I will harness old Blackey to the wagon."

"Goodness gracious, Mahala! you must be as crazy as the wagon, and that is just ready to fall to pieces."

"Nonsense, mother! It is used every day, and is sound enough."

"And what a splendid turn-out you will have, to be sure! And the Howells and the Sparkeses live on the Harmony road; and then there's Mr. Carey boards at Sparkeses'! And Bessie Jones is for ever driving her bay pony and basket-carriage on that road."

"What do I care for all those people, mother? They know we have a better horse and carriage; so, if you don't forbid me, I will go."

"Oh I don't forbid you, if you ain't too proud," said Mrs. Bruce, very much relieved on the subject of the supper, but looking injured nevertheless.

Mahala ran quickly to the carriage-house, and, giving one regretful look to the empty space usually occupied by the little light carriage she was in the habit of driving, seized the shafts of the old wagon and pushed it out into the yard, where she surveyed it with great disdain. No rheumatic rag-man could be more knock-kneed, loose-jointed and lopsided than was this vehicle. The colors with which it had anciently been picked out had run together in the most distracted manner. A board was laid across it for a seat, with an old, half-worn cushion on it.

"When I have made up my mind to do a thing, I do it," was the result of Mahala's meditations, and she walked quickly to the stable, where old Blackey had at that moment finished his measure of oats, and was dreamily thinking what a nice thing it was to have a holiday. He attempted a feeble neigh when Mahala entered the stable, but stopped suddenly, for he read in her eyes, "You have got to work;" and he immediately planted himself firmly and squarely, so that it was utterly impossible for any one to get into his stall.

"Stand back, old fellow!" said Mahala, cheerily, and giving him a light slap.

Blackey did not mean to do it at all, but such creatures of habit are we—beasts and men—that he moved without thinking anything about it, and thus Mahala got the better of him in the first encounter, and unfastened the halter. Blackey was a tall, powerful creature, who was gradually retiring from public life on account of his age. He could have crushed Mahala with a slight push, but, like a good many old gentlemen we have known, he was very amiable, although as obstinate as a pig. He rubbed his nose over the hands that had fed him many a time.

"You need not be trying any of your coaxing ways with me," said Mahala: "you and I have business on hand."

She led him to the door of the carriage-

house, just inside of which the harness was hanging, and she reached it down and dragged it forth very unceremoniously, and eyed it with no more pride than she had the wagon.

"Hold down your head!" she said, giving Blackey a smart tap on the neck with the collar. Down went the head, and Mahala proceeded to slip the collar over it, but no sooner had it touched him than Blackey suddenly remembered that he was not making much of a stand for his rights, and threw up his head so high that it seemed to Mahala, as she looked hopelessly up at it, that it was about to be promoted to the position of weathercock on a church-steeple. Blackey, looking furtively down to see how she took it, spied a tuft of luscious-looking grass. Down came the head in a twinkling, and over it went the collar, Mahala chuckling gleefully as she dexterously twisted it over on his neck, while Blackey chewed his grass and pretended he did not care. She laughed aloud as her bright young eyes looked into his old, dim ones.

"What a woe-begone look you have got up, to be sure! If you had your way, we should eat corn-bread for supper, you ungrateful creature! But you just won't have your way."

She picked up the harness, but it was heavy, and Blackey had got his back up for the occasion, and it was high enough at any time. She came near falling head-foremost under his heels; but she was resolute, and setting her white teeth firmly on her rosy under lip, she gave the harness such a mighty throw that it went flying clear over the horse's back and fell clattering to the ground on the other side of him. If Blackey could have laughed, he would have done it then, as he turned his head to critically examine the harness, which he hoped was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Where there's a will there's a way," said Mahala, spying the milking-stool. She put this down by the side of the horse with an emphatic bang, and, standing on it, was able to land the harness safely in its place. Greatly elated with this, she led Blackey to the wagon, and

gave him to understand that he must walk backward into the shafts. To show that he comprehended what was expected of him, he first kicked against the left shaft, and then, by an ingenious twist, planted both hind feet on the outside of it.

"What a stupid!" cried Mahala as she led him out. "Now stand over!"

So he did—over the right shaft. Mahala remembered that on such occasions the hired man swore at the horse and her brother kicked him, but, not choosing to adopt either of these methods, she rolled her dimpled hand into the roundest of fists and beat a tattoo on Blackey's fat sides, while with her left hand she jerked the bridle rather viciously. Thus admonished, Blackey put himself into the right position, and Mahala triumphantly drew up the wagon a little and fastened the traces. She then buckled the quilters, after cogitating for some time upon the best method of wrapping the straps around the shafts. Then she carefully examined the swingle-tree.

"I am sure Will said it was weak," she thought, "but to me it looks sound enough."

Then she passed the lines through the rings, and her deft fingers looped them up quickly. Now her task was accomplished to her satisfaction, and she led Blackey to the post and fastened him securely with the hitching-rein.

She went into the house through the kitchen to get a look at the clock. "Five minutes of ten," she said. "I will certainly be back by three—in plenty of time to have hot biscuits for supper."

She ascended the stairs into the second story to her bed-room, where she proceeded to spread her long, soft, brown hair over a great, ugly waterfall. Her front hair, already as crimped and fuzzy as a tangled skein of floss silk, she threw back from her face, and giving the ends a mysterious twirl, they disappeared in the innermost recesses of her waterfall. Then she arrayed herself in a light gray poplin suit, put on linen cuffs, fastened her linen collar with a turquoise pin, and hung ear-rings of the same in her ears,

and perching a large straw hat on the top of the mass of floss silk, and putting on a pair of stout, cotton gloves, she gave a satisfied glance at the looking-glass and skipped down stairs.

"Give me a piece of gingerbread for my lunch, mother, and now I am off. Tell Susan there will be biscuits to bake for supper."

THE START.

Old Blackey surveyed Mahala from her hat to her boots while she was untying him, but whether the snort he gave betokened approbation or otherwise, has never transpired. Mahala quickly untwisted the lines, took them gracefully in her left hand, and made a flying leap into the wagon, greatly to the diversion of Susan, "the girl," who was holding the gate open. Mahala clicked encouragingly to the horse, whereupon he pricked up his ears, whisked his tail and trotted through the gate in fine style, and went gayly up the road.

"There's an old shoe," said Susan: "I'll throw it after her for good luck. Here goes!"

WHAT WAS SAID AT THE STAR TAVERN.

Blackey soon moderated his pace, but, as the road was level, he trotted along with some attempt at briskness until he came to the first hill, which was two miles from his home. On the top of this hill stood an ancient stone house, long and low. From a tall pole in front swung a blue board with a great, staring yellow star in its centre, thus announcing to all travelers the whereabouts of the Star Tavern. Mahala cast an evil eye upon this luminary, now brightly reflecting the rays of the sun, for she had her own reasons for disliking it. But her thoughts were recalled from this beautiful emblem by an ominous creaking, which made her start from her seat and look anxiously over at the swingle-tree. It was as she feared: there was a gaping crack in it. Much as she disliked it, she was forced to stop at the Star Tavern.

"I hope Anthony has gone to the 'raising,'" she thought as she reined up her horse under the sign.

A dirty, frowzy old woman appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Murray. You don't seem to know me?"

"Why, Mahaly, is that you? I didn't know you in the old wagon. I'm used to seeing you in your smart turn-out. Ain't you coming in?"

"No, I thank you. I am going to Harmony to the mill, as Will and Mike are both away. Are any of the men-folks about? My swingle-tree needs mending."

"I believe Anthony is somewhere on the place. There he is, coming out of the barn. Anthony! Anthony! this way!"

Anthony was a tall, lumbering young man, with his head and the lower part of his face covered with a thick crop of black hair. If he would only have looked people in the face when he spoke, and trimmed his hair and beard, he would have been a very presentable person, but, as it was, he was as ill-looking a fellow as one would care to meet on the open highway.

Mahala gave a little toss of her head when Anthony's name was called, and he saw it. He came up to the wagon in a half-bashful, half-sulky manner, and replied in a surly tone to Mahala's greeting. However, when he found what was wanted of him, his face brightened a little, and he returned to the barn for a rope. While he was gone, Mrs. Murray entertained Mahala by asking questions, but when he made his second appearance, she excused herself to return to her baking.

For a few minutes there was silence. Mahala was thinking what she could say to him that would be pleasant and would not lead to topics she did not wish touched upon, when suddenly Anthony lifted his eyes from the rope he was winding.

"I wonder you ain't afraid to trust me to mend your swingle-tree," he said, "when you treat me so bad."

"I do not treat you badly," said Ma-

hala, the color rushing into her face, for here was Anthony broaching the very subject she wished to avoid.

"Yes, you do. There ain't a slight you can put upon me that you don't do it."

"If I do, it is your own fault—you force me to it. If anybody slighted me, I would not speak to him again."

"I know you wish I wouldn't, but I ain't going to give up when everybody knows you are the girl I've had my eye on ever since we went to school together. And I'm not the man to be laughed at twice because he can't get the girl he wants."

"A great, strong man like you should not mind being laughed at. Can't you bear as much as Sam Peck? He courted Lu Miles for two years, and she refused him at last. And there is Will Price, who has asked every pretty girl in the neighborhood. Nearly all the young men around here have had the mitten from somebody. They don't mind it, but try their luck elsewhere. That is what you should do, for many a nice girl would jump at the chance of marrying Anthony Murray."

I am sorry to-day that Mahala did not believe this, but she was afraid of the man, and she was conscious that she had sometimes treated him with rudeness when provoked at his obtrusive attentions. Perhaps now he might revenge himself by tying the rope in such a cunning manner as to break her neck on Long Hill.

"Umph!" growled Anthony, feeling that he was being stroked into good humor, and determined not to submit to coaxing. "They will have to jump to a tune of another man's playing, then. But I know who will have to jump to a tune of my playing if he don't mend his manners;" and he passed the end of the rope through a loop, drew it fast and knotted it securely with angry force, as if the individual referred to were under it.

Mahala turned pale. "Do you know," she said, quickly, "that Mr. Carey is going to marry Bessie Jones?"

"No, I don't, and you don't, either," said Anthony, doggedly. Here he caught

hold of the bridle: "I am not to be turned from a purpose by any such thing as that. You don't often give me a chance to speak to you, and now I will have my say out. And I want you to tell Mr. Carey from me that Anthony Murray ain't going to see a man walk into the place that is his by right, and preachers had better keep out of it: that's all! Don't you think, yourself, Mahaly," he said, altering his tone and manner as he left the horse and leaned upon the wagon, "it is too bad when a fellow who has loved a girl ever since she was a little mite, and seen her grow up so pretty for him, has to stand aside for a whipper-snapper of a parson, who hasn't known her a year? I put it to you, Mahaly, if it is not too bad?"

"You have no right to talk to me this way, Anthony," said Mahala, now really angry (and besides the swingle-tree was mended). "I have never given you the least encouragement, and told you from the first it could never be. And it is very impertinent in you to send messages by me to Mr. Carey. He is nothing to me. Everybody says he is going to marry Bessie Jones, and I have no doubt it is true; and, if she is your girl, go and talk to her about it;" and she gathered up the lines and looked for her whip.

"Is that true?" said Anthony, his face brightening. "I beg your pardon, but I have felt sure about you and Carey ever since the pic-nic, and it has put me beside myself. But if it's Bessie Jones! I don't care that" (snapping his fingers) "for Bessie Jones! I wish you would let me go to Harmony with you. Mother wants me to go, but I told her I couldn't, for there is not a horse on the place."

"That would never do, Anthony, after all you have just said. Thank you for mending my swingle-tree;" and she thoughtlessly gave Blackey such a cut with the whip as made him spring forward, shaking Anthony off the wagon with such violence that he staggered.

He watched her with a scowling face until she was out of sight, and then he struck across the fields toward the Harmony road.

THE RACE.

As soon as Mahala was out of sight of the tavern she got out and examined the swingle-tree. It appeared to have been tied firmly.

"He had some idea of going with me," she thought, "and did not want his own precious neck broken."

A mile farther on she came to Long Hill, and old Blackey made so much ado going up, that, when arrived at the top, she was fain to let him rest a minute while she surveyed the prospect. At the foot of Long Hill lay a narrow valley, and right through it, to the distant hills, ran the turnpike on which Mahala now was. To the right of the valley was a long strip of forest, and through this was the road to Harmony, while some distance beyond the turning into this road, coming into the turnpike on the left, was a broad, open road winding up and down the hills from the town of Pineville. The first object Mahala saw was a man walking rapidly on the turnpike. He was too far for her to see him distinctly, but she knew by the way he lightly swung his cane, and by the elasticity of his walk, so different from the shuffling, loping gait of the country-people, that it was Mr. Carey.

"He is coming this way," she thought, "and will no doubt turn into the Harmony road on his way home. I will overtake him and offer him a seat. I wish now I had the carriage."

Just then another object caught her eye. It was a vehicle on the Pineville road, moving rapidly toward the turnpike. The next instant she had recognized Bessie Jones in her pretty little basket-carriage, and driving her fast-trotting bay pony. Mahala calculated the chances: "If she reaches the Harmony road first, good-bye to Mr. Carey. She has the fastest horse and lightest carriage, but I have the best road and shortest distance."

So thinking, and utterly regardless of the swingle-tree, she put Blackey at his fastest pace down the hill. By this time Bessie too had comprehended the situation, and the bay pony flew along the road. Mr. Carey, busily revolving some-

thing in his mind, was not aware of the approach of the two rival charioteers.

For some weeks all the neighborhood had been wondering which one he would marry. Sometimes it was Mahala beyond a doubt, and then just as certainly it was Bessie. The truth was, that Mr. Carey himself had never thought of marrying either. Of all the young ladies in the county who were dying for the popular young minister, he visited only these two with any constancy, which was not at all remarkable, as they were both pretty and attractive, and could talk pleasantly and intelligently, and play accompaniments and sing songs very sweetly. But the two girls knew, if he did not, that his heart was in a very critical condition, being all prepared for combustion, and that any accidental puff of circumstance might kindle the smouldering sparks into an ardent flame. Who, then, would have the good luck to give this gentle puff? Ah, who?

"If I reach the bottom of the hill before she gets to the milestone, I shall win," thought Mahala. "I may as well give up. She is almost there. Good! she is out of the carriage; something is the matter with the harness. Now I am all right."

But, alas! just here Blackey bethought himself that he was taught in his youth not to go down hill at such headlong speed, and therefore he subsided into a solemn walk, and neither whipping nor coaxing would turn him from the path of rectitude, greatly to the delight of Bessie, who had one eye on her pony and the other on Mahala.

On the level Blackey moved his stiff legs as fast as he could to conciliate his mistress, but it was then too late; for, just as Mr. Carey was about to turn into the Harmony road, and had lifted his hat to salute Mahala, now only a short distance from him, Bessie drew rein by his side. She gave a merry little laugh at his look of astonishment, and Mahala alone detected the malicious note of triumph in its ring.

"Are you going to Harmony, Mr. Carey?" said Bessie, very innocently and demurely.

Yes, Mr. Carey was going to Harmony.

"Then I shall be happy to give you a seat in my carriage, for I am on my way to Harmony to my aunt Ellis'."

Mr. Carey did not wait to be urged, but sprang at once into the little carriage, and Bessie turned into the wood, followed closely by Mahala, who, while chatting pleasantly with the two in front, was thinking with mortification of the guy she must look in that old, shackling wagon, and with deeper mortification of her defeat; and was wondering, too, how she could get the better of Bessie yet.

WHAT WAS DONE IN THE WOOD.

It was no part of Bessie's plan to walk her pony through this pleasant wood in her rival's company; so after a few minutes she nodded good-bye, and signified to the pony that he was to put on his best pace. But before the fast trotter could take them out of sight of Mahala, a sharp scream from that young lady caused both Bessie and Mr. Carey to look back. Blackey was standing still in the road and Mahala was springing out of the wagon. Bessie, having little doubt that this was some ruse, was disposed to let the pony go on, muttering something about being in a hurry to get to her aunt's; but Mr. Carey laid his hands upon the reins and checked the pony.

"Excuse me," he said, "but perhaps I can be of some assistance to Miss Bruce. But I won't detain you."

"Oh, I can wait a few minutes," said Bessie. "I won't go away and leave Mahala in trouble."

Before she had finished speaking, Mr. Carey was examining the broken swingle-tree. "I think this could be mended with a piece of rope," he said, "but I suppose you have nothing of the kind in your wagon."

"It was tied for me at the Star Tavern, and the rope cannot have been off very long," said Mahala, very much confused.

She had good reason for this belief, inasmuch as she had unwound it with

her own hands not two minutes before, and had thrown it as far back in the road as she could send it.

"I will look for it," said Mr. Carey, "for you could not travel a dozen yards with your swingle-tree in that condition. But do not wait for me, Miss Jones, as you are in a hurry to get to your aunt's. Miss Bruce will give me a seat in her wagon, I know, and in truth I am perfectly willing to walk."

"Oh yes," said Mahala, carelessly, although not well pleased at the conclusion of Mr. Carey's speech, not regarding it as particularly flattering; "there is plenty of room in the wagon; but it is a shame to make you ride in such a crazy, uncomfortable old concern. I think I can fix the swingle-tree myself."

Of course Mr. Carey protested that this was impossible, and of course Bessie, having no excuse for staying after she had said she was in a hurry, drove off in solitary state. Mr. Carey went up the road to look for the rope, and Mahala, being better able to guess where it might be, followed to assist in the search, leaving Blackey sound asleep in the middle of the road. Mr. Carey had passed the rope, which Mahala spied in a tuft of furze by the roadside. As she stooped to pick it up she was startled by a pair of eyes glaring out of a little thicket near by. They were as ferocious as those of a wild beast, but Mahala knew very well to whom they belonged. They did not seem to be aware of her vicinity, but were steadfastly regarding Mr. Carey with a look Mahala never forgot. Should she speak to Anthony? What could she say that would pacify him? It was clear that he had followed her, had witnessed the race, had seen her untie the rope. If she could only put Mr. Carey on his guard! But she could not do this without Anthony's knowledge, and that would only precipitate the catastrophe. And what was that catastrophe to be? It was not likely Anthony had any fixed purpose, and perhaps if she carried herself carelessly and got Mr. Carey away without loss of time, nothing would happen.

"See how much sharper my eyes are

than yours," she said, playfully, to Mr. Carey, holding up the rope. "And now we must be expeditious, for I ought to be in Harmony this minute. You must tie it very securely," she said as he took the rope, "for if anything happens to you, Bessie will never forgive me."

This was said for Anthony's benefit, and to remind him of what she had told him at the tavern. All this time Mahala was talking to Mr. Carey, and standing beside him impatiently watching his movements. She never for an instant turned her back upon the little thicket, but kept out of the corners of her eyes a keen if furtive glance upon the spot where she now distinctly saw a part of Anthony's head.

Mr. Carey looked at her in amazement when she made the remark about Bessie, but made no reply. He had loosened Blackey from the wagon, so that he could get in between the shafts, and was now tying up the old swingle-tree in a provokingly scientific manner. Blackey had taken a few steps forward and gone sound asleep again; and Mahala was wrought up to a pitch of nervous excitement by Mr. Carey's slowness, who, with his head bent down over the swingle-tree, was so tryingly unconscious of the danger near. But not for an instant did her glance wander from the thicket.

All was still as death in the forest; the very leaves had stilled their rustling. There! they are moving now, on that bush, the twigs: there is a gleam of something! It is the thing she has tried not to believe in, and yet has been watching for. With no thought now for anything but the dear life by her side, she stretched out her arm, and quicker than the speeding of the bullet she had pushed down Mr. Carey's head, and he fell into the road in a heap. Blackey took to his heels and was out of sight in a twinkling. A man's form was flitting among the distant trees. The bullet had cut off a little sapling and buried itself in the ground, but it had hit Mahala's arm in passing, and the sharp pain and the sight of her bloody sleeve, together with the mental agony she had suffered, suddenly took all the breath

out of her body. All this passed in the minute Mr. Carey lay on the ground, not having time to feel astonished at Mahala's treatment before the report of the pistol explained it. When he stood upon his feet again, he found her stretched upon the ground insensible.

He tore open her sleeve, but could not judge how badly her arm was hurt: he knew she was not dead, and he did not think her dying. So, instead of going into heroics, he bound his handkerchief and hers around her arm, and lifted her out of the road upon the grass, and ran to the brook to fill his hat with water, which he sprinkled over her face. As this did not seem to revive her, he chafed her hands, and, as she was very cold, he took her in his arms. Of course he drew her close to him, thinking how she had saved his life, at the almost certain risk of losing her own; and at the same time there were running through his mind certain bewildering thoughts that he had never known until now how beautiful she was. Sadly bewildered he must have been, for not a sound did he hear, and yet Mrs. Putnam's covered wagon had made no little noise jolting over the road.

To his great joy, Mahala opened her eyes, but neither of them spoke a word.

"My gracious! what has happened here? I declare if it ain't Mr. Carey and Mahala Bruce! Did I ever?"

And now the two culprits (for such they suddenly felt themselves to be) beheld the covered wagon, and Mrs. Putnam seated therein and looking down upon them with a severe countenance; for Mrs. Putnam was not of Mr. Carey's religious persuasion, and held him in slight esteem. That gentleman knew he ought to be glad to see her for Mahala's sake, as the old wagon without a horse was certainly not a very eligible conveyance; but nevertheless he wished Mrs. Putnam a thousand miles away. He was covered with confusion, and if Mahala had not withdrawn from his arms, he most certainly would have dropped her. He told what had happened in as few words as possible. Mrs. Putnam listened in grim silence until he had fin-

ished, when she turned to the blushing girl, now seated on the grass:

"You don't seem to be dead, Mahaly. You look real peert."

"I think my arm is broken," said Mahala.

"Can you get into my wagon, with Mr. Carey and me to help you?"

"I will lift her in," said Mr. Carey, taking her up in his arms without more ado, and carrying her gently to the wagon, to Mrs. Putnam's astonishment and admiration.

"Mahaly weighs a hundred and twenty-five, if it's a pound," she muttered to herself. "And he such a sapling-like fellow too! while I weigh a hundred and eighty, and can't so much as lift the wash-boiler!"

Meantime, Mr. Carey was arranging Mahala comfortably in the wagon, and took occasion to whisper his gratitude, while she, looking sorrowfully at him, wondered what he would think if he could know all.

"Don't you think you had better take Miss Bruce to Mrs. Sparkeses'?" said Mr. Carey, as Mrs. Putnam was tenderly laying Mahala's arm in a position where it would be least likely to be moved by the jolting of the wagon. "It is the nearest house."

"I shall take her *home*, to her *mother's*—that's where *she's* going," said Mrs. Putnam, with significant accents on some of her words. "And you had better go right through the woods here, a short cut to Dr. Strode's, and tell him to come to Widow Bruce's and set Mahaly's arm. I guess the man with the pistol is fur enough off by this time. And thank the Lord 'tain't no worse, for she might have been cut off unrepentant."

"I am giving you both a great deal of trouble," said Mahala, remorsefully.

"It will put me out a little," said Mrs. Putnam, "for I can't do my shopping now, and I don't get the horse every day; but I ain't going to leave you in the woods with a broken arm; and I'll tell you what, I ain't a-going to take you to Sparkeses'."

Throwing this last remark at Mr. Carey's head, she drove off.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

1. There were no hot biscuits for supper.

2. Blackey arrived at his stable-door at dusk, and as he showed no symptoms of exhaustion, it was conjectured that he did not run far after hearing the pistol-shot, but had proceeded homeward at a leisurely pace, stopping now and then to eat the choice bits of grass that came in his way.

3. Anthony Murray was missing from his home, and returned no more, which led everybody to the conclusion that he was the man who had attempted Mr. Carey's life, as it was remembered that he had dropped some threats against the minister. It was believed from Mahala's silence on this point that she had not seen the face of the man who fired the pistol. Not even to Mr. Carey, when they talked of the affair together, which she was always loth to do, did she ever mention the fact of having seen Anthony in the thicket.

4. The hurt on Mahala's arm proved to be only a flesh wound, which would have been well in a few days if she had not worried herself into a fever. She tormented herself day and night with reproaches. She pictured Anthony in some dark den of crime, hardened into a wretch to be shunned of men, and made such a one by her. He had always been violent-tempered, but it was probable that he might have led a respectable life at his own home if he had not loved her. He had loved her earnestly in his rough, uncouth way; and if she had shown him that she understood this love, though she could not return it, if she had been more forbearing, she might have wrought in him a better state of mind. Of all that she had said and done on that eventful drive she thought with shame and remorse. And nothing that she could say or do now would undo the mischief. So she held her peace, and worried herself into a low fever, which lasted several weeks.

5. Mr. Carey suddenly discovered, to his great surprise, that he had loved Mahala for a long time: he really could

not remember when he did not love her during the twelve months he had known her; and this he told her as soon as she got well. But she, having a better idea how things had been with him, knew pretty well when he stepped over the line between admiration and love. She feared, too, that some alloy of gratitude prompted this declaration; and how little cause he had for gratitude she only knew. Besides, if she married Mr. Carey, where would be her penance? for she was fully resolved not to take any of the good things her evil conduct might bring her. And then, too, there was Bessie Jones. She owed her atonement for having stolen an unlawful move in that little game they were playing. So she told Mr. Carey that he must say nothing on that subject, for she could not hear of it, and thought, but did not say, that now he would go to Bessie Jones.

6. Susan lost all faith in signs, and thereby missed seeing her lover at Christmas by going away, when she was distinctly warned of his coming by the scissors sticking straight up in the floor. "I don't believe in 'em," she said. "There was the old shoe ready in the road, as if put there a-purpose, and I threw it after Miss Mahaly for good luck; and of all the drives I ever hear tell on that was the most unluckiest."

HOT BISCUITS.

"I smell biscuits baking. Do shut the door, Will: it is intolerable."

"Why, Mahaly, what has come over you?" exclaimed Mrs. Bruce. "You used to like biscuits; and we haven't had any for so long, and you look so down-hearted, that I told Susan maybe they'd cheer you up a bit."

"I used to like them, I know," said Mahala, gently, touched by her mother's thoughtful care, "but now I hate them. They remind me of that dreadful drive three months ago (it seems like three years); and now the very smell of them makes me sick."

"Well, if Susan hadn't got them in the oven—"

"Oh never mind, mother: I must

learn to bear it. I can't go through my whole life without ever encountering hot biscuits ;" and she gave a profound sigh, as if she feared that life was going to be uncomfortably long.

"There is Mr. Carey riding up to the gate," said Will. "I wonder when he got back from New York? Of course he has come to see you, Mahala."

Mahala went into the parlor to receive him, although she thought she would rather not. There was no doubt of his pleasure in seeing her after a month's absence. He told Mahala that he had a letter for her from a friend in the city of New York. Mahala declared she knew no one there, but the letter, being produced, certainly bore her name on the back, written in a great, straggling hand. And these were its contents :

"MAHALA—Dear Miss : When I Fired that dredfull shot and see Mister Carey falle, I diddnt Care ecksept to git away as Fast as Ever I coule—But whenne I heerd afterwurds it wuz You I Killed noboddy can Never kno how owfullye I Felt. I cum to this Plaice because it wuz so Big, and I tried to Hide, and sumtimes I did think of drowneing—But thanke heaven I diddnt—And then Mister Carey cum hear, and Trakked Me out, and told Me you was alive, which wuz Like raiseinge Me from the Ded—And this is to let you kno that Ime going to Stay hear, having gotten a Good Plaice, and will live respektayble. I write this Because Mister Carey sed it woulde be a cumfurt To You. If I coule see you I woulde tell you howe sorry I am for enny Trouble I've been to you, and that you never did nuthing Wrong, but a little thoughtless like, but I ainte Used To writing—

"Yours trewley,

"ANTHONY MURRAY."

"Did you go to New York on purpose to find Anthony?" said Mahala, looking up from the note with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"For no other purpose. I knew you would be miserable until you knew that he was doing well, and so I determined that he should do well," answered Mr. Carey.

"You must have guessed," said Mahala, blushing and hesitating.

"I have guessed a great deal," said Mr. Carey, quickly and with a merry smile ; "and perhaps somebody helped me a little. You know Bessie Jones is engaged to Mr. Emmet, and so—"

"Don't put them biscuits right down in front of Mahaly, Will," said Mrs. Bruce as they were seated at supper. "You know she can't abide them."

"Oh, I have changed my mind, mother," said Mahala, with a little sly look at Mr. Carey. "My liking for them has returned."

Mr. Carey was so undignified as to throw back his head and laugh as if Mahala had said the funniest thing ever heard, and this made Mahala blush and Will play a tune on the floor with his boot-heels ; all of which caused Mrs. Bruce to look sharply at them over her spectacles. Just then Susan entered with a fresh supply of hot biscuits, and seeing the group before her, she exclaimed : "La ! sakes ! did I ever?" and in her astonishment and pleasure she turned the plate in her hand upside-down, whereupon the mischievous biscuits danced a merry jig over the floor, and then, as if ashamed of themselves, ran into all the corners and hid under the furniture.

"Well," said Susan, as she ran scrambling after them, "if I don't believe there's luck in old shoes, after all!"

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO ALASKA.

WITHIN the last twenty years it has required six weeks to reach San Francisco *viâ* Panama. To-day the traveler may, from the same starting-point, reach Sitka, *viâ* Omaha, Salt Lake and San Francisco, in twenty-three days, the present schedule time to San Francisco *viâ* Panama. It is difficult to realize the fact that Alaska is so near our doors; that the telegraph is working to a point within three hundred and fifty miles of Sitka—wonderful to reflect upon the gigantic strides which our empire has made on the Pacific seaboard. Before the treaty by which Russia ceded her American colonies to the United States and relaxed her hold from every acre of American soil, little indeed was known of the climate and resources of that region. Much was being incidentally elucidated by the explorers of the Russian American Telegraph Company, but the fund of knowledge accumulated by our whalers was hidden in their logs and retained as a mercantile commodity: the codfisheries sprang into life, but great secrecy was maintained as to the position of the fishing-banks. By the time the treaty of cession was ratified, a scientific party of the United States Coast Survey had been organized, equipped and reached San Francisco for the geographical reconnaissance of the Alaska coast, with general instructions to observe and study the law of the tides, to observe and collect information of the ocean currents, and discuss their influence upon the climate and vegetable productions of the country, and their bearing upon the important question of ocean steamship routes between San Francisco and Japan and China; to search for fishing-banks, to collect statistics of the furs and minerals and of the inhabitants, and their prospective relation to the new order of rule and trade. Much was demanded in a comparatively short and late season, and eight scientific assistants were detailed for special

duties under the direction of their chief. The official report of this exploration has been made, but it is impossible to condense within reasonable limits the amount of information obtained; and as a matter of purely scientific information, the astronomical and geodetical results are not discussed in this article, nor special reference made to the large duplicate collections in botany, conchology, geology and ornithology. No opinion is expressed in the report of the value and importance of the new territory to the United States. That is herein pronounced.

To those accustomed only to the low shores of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts the bold outline of the Pacific coast would be in strong contrast. The majestic mountain ranges of Mexico, verdure-clad to their summits, come squarely upon the well-named waters of the Pacific. On the trip from Panama, the light from the active volcano of Colima, distant sixty-five miles from the shore and over twelve thousand feet above the ocean, pierced the clouds at night as a lurid column of fire: on the return trip in December, the summit of its regular form stood against the morning eastern sky as a dark blue pyramid overtopping the heavy green coast-range. The peninsula of Lower California—destined in a few years to range itself under our flag—is a great mountain range five or six hundred miles long, attaining a general elevation of three or four thousand feet, and giving a coast line of bold headlands and safe approach. This is the dry region of America, for although mountain and valley are covered with herbage, chaparral, and some of the valleys marked by trees, yet rain sometimes does not fall for two or three years. Its continual clear blue skies grow oppressive: one yearns for the full volume of the cumulus or even the fantastic forms of the fairy cirrus. No marvel these pleasant seas, cheery skies and

easily-recognized landmarks beckoned the adventurous Cortes to send expedition after expedition to search for El Dorado. This rainless country is the home of earthquake action, while to the north and south, where rains abound, we find active volcanic action.

Northward, along the California coast, the same general features of high, abrupt capes, mountainous islands and sharp valleys, all verdure-clad, greet the voyager: the beauties of the Golden Gate and the end of his voyage finish the charm. Six years' absence from the magic city of the Pacific had prepared us in part for great advances in material wealth and improvement, but we contemplated its advancement with amazement, and left it in wonder.

Thence the main coast-range of mountains is flanked by smaller broken ranges of two and three thousand feet elevation within a mile or two of the shores. The climate, too, changes: the annual rainfall increases to twenty-five and thirty inches; the mountains become timber-covered with enormous pines, spruce and redwood. Before reaching latitude $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the crests of the coast-ridges, of twenty-two hundred feet elevation, are crowned with redwood from eight to eight and a half feet in diameter, and spruce five and a half feet and of proportionate height. This wooded country continues northward and westward far into the northern parts of Alaska. The seaboard section of Northern California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, to Cook's Inlet in latitude $60\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, is a sea of timber. Passing the mouth of the Columbia river in 46° , with its northern cape of basalt, the regularly-formed, snow-clad volcano of St. Helen's, nearly twelve thousand feet in elevation, is seen seventy-two miles up the valley of the "Great River of the West." In this latitude is found the region of maximum rain-fall on the Pacific coast, eighty-nine inches annually, being six inches more than at Sitka.

The north-western boundary of the United States, bordering on the Pacific, was in the Strait of Fuca, separating Washington Territory from Vancouver, in

$48^{\circ}30'$. This strait is the southern opening of that vast interior salt-water navigation extending from the head of Puget Sound, in latitude $47^{\circ}06'$, to the head of Chatham Strait, in $59^{\circ}15'$, on the parallel of Mount Fairweather. The great ocean bulwarks of this labyrinth of waters are the mountainous islands of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte, and the extensive Archipelago Alexander. Eighteen hundred miles of the shores of Washington are bathed by these navigable waters and timbered to their edge; yet this is not one-fourth of the wooded shore-line of the Alexander Archipelago alone.

From the port of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, where the first well-marked grooves of glacial action are met with, the expedition passed through the Canal de Haro, under the high peaks of San Juan Island, into the Gulf of Georgia, one hundred and twenty miles long by twenty-five in width, on either hand the continent and Vancouver, well diversified with high mountains, valleys and stretches of low, pleasant shores. In the southern entrance to Johnstone Strait, separating Vancouver from the main where the Gulf of Georgia terminates, the channel is contracted very sharply to half a mile in width, with nearly perpendicular walls of from two to four thousand feet elevation. The current rushes through this gap at certain stages of the tide with a velocity attaining a maximum of nine knots per hour, with an overfall of two or three feet. Just as the steamer was entering this, a fog suddenly shut down upon her, and for a time the vessel was in imminent danger. For one hundred and fifty miles through these ever-varying straits the scenery was grand: the channel, over a thousand feet deep, was rarely over a mile or two wide, and the measured altitudes of the precipitous mountains, within a mile of the shore, yet seemingly overhanging the water, ranged from thirty-five hundred to forty-seven hundred feet. As connecting straits and arms were passed, views of still grander scenery were opened on the continental side. Dark mountain masses stood in bold

outline against the sky, and deep gorges were marked by the snow filling them. With the current we shot past rocks, points and bays, but at one time the vessel was held for an hour and a half in one position by the seven-knot current being adverse—a smooth-surfaced, resistless mass, otherwise marking its strength only when tearing and boiling over some rock awash. At one point we had a fine view of Mount Estero, 6055 feet high, showing over a middle ground of serrated mountains, and between the spruce-clad slopes of two near mountains dipping into the deep waters of a narrow strait.

From Shadwell Passage, at the north end of Vancouver Island, where the U. S. sloop-of-war Suwanee was wrecked last June, the chain of interior waters is interrupted for twenty-five miles; and Queen Charlotte Sound is crossed to the entrance of Fitzhugh Strait, in latitude $51^{\circ} 23'$, one mile wide, with bold mountain shores. Thence, throughout these little-known waters of British Columbia, to the south part of Chatham Sound, in latitude $54^{\circ} 05'$, the channels become much contracted, increase to unfathomed depths, and are flanked by stupendous mountains of granite, up whose steep sides the spruce struggles for a foothold, and appears to flourish at an average elevation of twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. From the main channel numerous straits lead to yet other channels, and great arms penetrate seaward to the ocean on the west, and on the east to the flanks of the mountain range of the mainland. Here are hundreds and hundreds of miles of ocean Yo Semites; walls three and four thousand feet high, with bare granite summits; waters unfathomable half a ship's length from the rocks with one hundred and eighty fathoms of line. In every mile's progress was seen the track where the resistless avalanche of wet snow had rushed a thousand feet from the mountain brow to the water's edge, carrying thousands of great trees before it: some had swept their track clean into the water; others had piled the timber in fantastic confusion on the mass of

rock and débris at the base. Great lakes were embosomed in the mountains, and their overflow rushed, roared and foamed for hundreds of feet down the rocky face of the mountain. In latitude $53^{\circ} 03'$, on the west shore, is the outlet of an immense basin formed by a circular wall of granite nearly perpendicular and of great height. The cascade is not over twenty-five feet high, and during the fishing season is resorted to by bodies of Indians, who encamp along the edge of the rocks to lay in their winter stock of salmon. Beautiful weather added its charm to the glorious scenery, that words of ours cannot describe nor pencil delineate; frequent were the involuntary exclamations amid a general silence, which showed how each was impressed with its power. Different was the winter scene on our return, when the mountains were covered with snow well down into the timber, and clouds hung on their outline. The strong winds of November drove the cutting rain or heavy, wet snow-flakes thickly in horizontal lines through some of the narrow passages, while the shores were scarcely visible, though within three hundred yards on either hand. Yet now and then was passed the adventurous American pioneer trader in some twenty-ton craft, fighting his wintry way to Sitka to try his chances in the race for furs and fortune. Each night on our northward trip we sought some snug cove and anchored close under the shadow of the mountains; and as the long, lingering twilight disappeared, one believed the dark masses of wood and rock could be touched. To the navigator who believes in "plenty of sea-room" the land was in oppressive proximity. Through the somewhat dangerous Chatham Sound, between $54^{\circ} 05'$ and $54^{\circ} 40'$, with the continent on the east and the high lands of the Douglas Islands on the west, the geology of the country changes, and the physical features lose much of their wild abruptness. On the east occasional benches of low grassy slopes are passed, and when Duncan Bay was abeam, the low, pleasantly rolling land was marked by a thriving village,

where the spire of the Episcopalian missionary church exhibits the march of Christian civilization. At the stockaded post of the Hudson Bay Company, called Fort Simpson, and situated in latitude $54^{\circ} 34'$, at the north-east part of Chatham Sound, at the entrance to Portland Canal, and the northernmost sea-coast station of the Company, the expedition remained a week, endeavoring to make astronomical observations at what proved the commencement of three months of exceptionally bad weather. Here were obtained specimens of the silver-work and engraving of the Hyder Indians, and sketches made of the carved wooden pillars, forty feet high, at the entrance to the large wooden dwellings of the Chim-chæ-ans. At the trading season sixteen hundred Indians from Alaska and the adjacent regions bring in their furs to this factory. We had now reached the line of "fifty-four forty or fight," and the present southern boundary of Alaska—to us a terra incognita. From this parallel to that of $59^{\circ} 15'$, at the mouth of the Chilkah river, emptying into Chatham Strait, the vast assemblage of islands occupying a deep indentation of the coast has been named the Archipelago Alexander: its extent is nearly three hundred miles north and south, by seventy-five miles east and west. Most of the straits are wide, of great depth, with bold, rocky shores indented with hundreds of good harbors. Chatham Strait alone is one hundred and ninety-five miles long, with an average width of eight miles, and so straight that one course will carry a vessel through its length. Numerous arms connect it with other straits and sounds and with the Pacific. We failed to obtain bottom near the head with one hundred and fifty fathoms of line: the mountains of the island and mainland around it are very high. Many straits are narrow and tortuous, but afford short cuts to vessels of a few hundred tons burden. Several rivers empty into the waters of this archipelago, that of the Stakeen, in latitude $56^{\circ} 40'$, being the largest, and navigable for boats or for small steamers during the July floods, for a distance of one hun-

dred and twenty-five miles to Shek's Bar, a small English gold-mining settlement. The Takou and the Chilkah empty into the northern part of the archipelago. The Stakeen and Takou rise in the gold-producing mountains that stretch along the Pacific slope from California, and gold in paying quantities is found on the former river and reported in the latter. The islands of this archipelago reach about four thousand feet elevation, and are covered with a dense growth of large timber to a height of two thousand or twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. They remain unexplored, but from various points in the straits and bays, during our explorations through them in October and November, we found enormous glaciers on the main in several places, and discovered one on Baranoff Island, within ten miles of Sitka, at the head of Deep Lake, a body of fresh, deep water in the bottom of a cañon twenty-five hundred feet deep, one mile wide and twelve miles long. This glacier has retreated to the head of the cañon, and its moraine is covered with a heavy growth of alders and spruce. The view from the lake of the snow-capped and ice-covered mountains beyond, with a middle ground of autumnal-tinted foliage seen through the tops of lofty evergreen trees, is remarkable for its extreme beauty. The glacier about latitude $57^{\circ} 06'$, on the mainland, twenty-six miles northward of the Stakeen, comes down squarely to the waters of Frederick Sound, and vessels can load ice from its face. The Davidson Glacier, in latitude $59^{\circ} 07'$, near the Chilkah river, comes from the eastern flank of the Mount St. Elias range, from a sharp, deep gorge between two mountains of about four or five thousand feet elevation. Outside the gorge it spreads to a mile in width, with a spruce-covered moraine, forming part of the shore of Lynn Canal. For nearly five thousand feet from its face it has a very regular surface inclination of $4^{\circ} 23'$: one of its branches comes directly into the waters of the canal. The scenery at the northern part of Chatham Strait is grand in the extreme: the snow-clad peak of the Lion's Head, situated

on the mainland to the eastward, rises a thousand feet above the snow-range on the main and nearly six thousand feet above the sea. In Cross Sound or Icy Strait, in latitude $58^{\circ} 09'$, communicating between Chatham Strait and the Pacific, there are eight or ten great glaciers on the northern shores, coming down to the waters of the sound, and at certain seasons nearly blocking the narrow passes with great masses of floating ice. They flow from the southern extremity of the Mount St. Elias or Yukatat range.

The value and importance of this great archipelago consists in the size, quality and quantity of the timber. The coasts comprise over seventy-eight hundred statute miles of shore-line, densely wooded from the water's edge. Felled spruce trees were measured four feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet long: others standing near were six and eight feet in diameter, and estimated at two hundred and fifty feet high, and branchless for fifty to seventy-five feet. The yellow cedar is found throughout this region, and very little is obtained south of our boundary. It is the most valuable and durable ship-building timber on the Pacific coast, and of ample size for keels, frames and knees. It was found six feet in diameter, and estimated at one hundred and seventy-five high. Specimens were brought home, obtained from a Russian vessel, that had been built thirty-two years, and lying a wreck six years, yet the wood and the bolts of iron and copper are perfectly sound. The wood works well, takes a good polish, is very fragrant, and is a valuable addition to the cabinet woods of California. Hemlock is in abundance, and is valuable for its tanning properties.

The fisheries of the archipelago may be developed to any extent: the waters are really alive with fish, the chief being salmon. At the Redoubtski, on Sitka Sound, at the entrance to Deep Lake, an extensive series of traps has been constructed over the nine-foot rapids, and last year five hundred and twenty barrels were cured and exported in addition to the supply for Sitka. With American energy, and the increase of

the number of traps, the yield may be increased fivefold. At Kazarn Bay, in Clarence Sound, in latitude $55^{\circ} 25'$, the Russian fishery expects to pack three thousand barrels this season.

The minerals of this archipelago are undeveloped, but we know of the existence of gold on the Stakeen, and discoveries of gold on the Takou are reported. Lignite has been found in several localities, but this expedition found specimens of coal, which a qualitative analysis proved to be the best bituminous on the Pacific slope: in fact, when first discovered, it was believed by the geologist to be anthracite. An exhaustive exploration of the St. John Valley, in which water-worn specimens were found for five miles, was earnestly recommended to the government, especially as all the adjacent geological indications were very favorable. The lateness of the season and the densely-wooded valley prevented a thorough examination on our part. A bed of coal suitable for ocean-steamship consumption would be of incalculable value to the rapid development of our Pacific commerce, especially since the opening of the recent steamship lines to Mexico, Japan, China and the Sandwich Islands.

Since this article has been written news has been telegraphed that the bed of coal above indicated has been discovered, opened, and the article tried on the U. S. steamer *Saranac*, and reported anthracite.

This archipelago and the adjacent main had been leased to the Hudson Bay Company for the fur traffic with the Indians, and from one locality alone, at one trip, its agents obtained twenty-three hundred marten skins.

In the easternmost part of Sitka Sound, on the west shore of Baranoff Island, in latitude 57° , is situated the town of Sitka, or New Archangel, before two harbors of the same name. It is on a low ridge of ground from ten to sixty feet above the sea-level, and backed by mountains that rise to an elevation of 3381 feet within a mile of the shore. From the governor's gardens the sound to the west presents a beautiful view,

dotted by a multitude of pine-clad, rocky islets, while to the south-west rise great flanking peaks of 2500 feet; and thirteen miles to the west, on the north side of the sound, rises to 2800 feet the regular outline of the extinct volcano of Mount Edgumbe, with its dark, red-ribbed sides inclined at 25° , the horizontal rim of the crater being over 2100 feet in diameter.

The town comprises 116 houses, workshops, saw-mills, barracks, churches, bishop's house, hospital, magazines, governor's house, etc., etc., all substantially built of hewn logs, generally of two stories, plastered inside, and with double window-sashes to exclude the driving winds of winter. It was the chief establishment of the Russian American Company, and contained on the first of January, 1867, nine hundred and sixty-eight inhabitants. In 1833 it had 847 inhabitants, of which 591 were males and 256 females. In both cases this excludes the Koloshian village of Indians outside the stockade, and numbering about one thousand souls. The harbors of Sitka are good, of sufficient extent for dozens of vessels, and have good holding-ground. With proper aids to navigation they may be safely approached, and with good pilots all dangers are easily avoided.

Sitka, the present headquarters of the army in Alaska, is within three hundred and fifty miles of the terminus of the Russian extension of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Communication is regularly maintained by telegraph between San Francisco and Fort Stager on the Skeena river in British Columbia, in latitude $55^{\circ} 30'$, while the line has been carried very nearly to the parallel of 56° . This great line extends from Portland, Oregon, across the Cowlitz Valley to Olympia, at the head of Puget Sound; thence along the eastern shores of the sound and the Gulf of Georgia to Frazer river; then follows the general course of this river to the town of Quesnelle in latitude 53° , where it starts on a north-west course along a chain of lakes in part discovered by the explorers of the Telegraph Company, and lying about one hundred and fifty miles from

the coast. The terminus is now within one hundred and ten miles of the Stakeen river, where it receives the Skoot river, about latitude 57° , and about seventy-five miles from the mouth of the Stakeen, down whose valley the line must be taken. Thence it will cross the channels and islands of the archipelago for ninety miles to Sitka. In a military point of view it is very desirable this extension should be made at once, and for a proper control of the revenue vessels it is almost indispensable. When commerce increases, there is every reason why a submarine cable should be laid hence to Kadiak, about five hundred and fifty miles in a straight line. There it would be at the rendezvous of our whalers, fishermen, fur-traders, etc., and also connect our military stations on that island.

Along the coast to the northward and westward of Sitka, the great Yukatat or Mount St. Elias range commences at Icy Strait, in latitude $58^{\circ} 15'$, and stretches three hundred and fifty miles to Prince William Sound; then for two hundred miles it curves round the head of that sound and of Cook's Inlet, where it takes a sharp turn to the south-westward, and forms the peninsula of Alaska, the westernmost point of which is five hundred miles from the head of Cook's Inlet. Thence it stretches across the North Pacific to the Kamschatka peninsula, and forms the active volcanic mountain-islands of the Aleutian chain, that great barrier between the Behring Sea and the Pacific. The summits of this island barrier rise to an extreme elevation of nearly nine thousand feet almost directly from the sea.

The ocean shores of the Alexander Archipelago exhibit headlands, bays, mountains, with deep, sharp valleys unfit for agriculture, and every mile covered with hemlock, spruce, cedar, alder and willow. But the range of St. Elias is the home of the glacier. From Icy Strait to latitude $60\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, it reaches an average elevation of eight thousand or nine thousand feet, while the magnificent snow-clad, active volcanic peaks of Crillon, Fairweather and St. Elias tower

from twelve thousand to sixteen thousand feet above the ocean, and are clearly visible in fine weather at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. The sight of these grand mountains has ever extorted the admiration of all navigators. From every gorge in the range comes a great glacier fronting on the long, narrow border of lowland forming the immediate shores, and being in reality a wood-covered moraine. This range is broken through by Copper river, and probably by the Alsekh between Fairweather and St. Elias. The shores of Prince William Sound abound in timber, but the winters are reported very severe. Cook's Inlet, lying west of Prince William Sound, and between the Kenay and Alaska peninsulas, in longitude 152° , is esteemed by the Russian navigators and traders the pleasantest part of Alaska in summer, with its cheerful skies and well-wooded shores. It stretches far inland, and is out of the reach of the coast fogs. In winter the northern part is frozen over. The west shore is overlooked by the active volcanoes of Illamna and Redoubt, rising respectively to 12,066 and 11,270 feet above the sea, within twelve and ten miles of the wooded coasts. Coal is well known to exist here: one seam of seven feet thickness crops out along the northern shores of Tchugatchek Gulf for a distance of twenty miles. It has not been worked. Wosnessensky is our authority for saying that coal also exists along the shores for twenty miles north of Tchugatchek Gulf: he even gives sections of the formation, and states that in 1829 and 1830 one part of the vein on the Chnikchak was on fire for a year. Other harbors have coal veins, but the coal has proved of too poor quality for steamship purposes. Gold has been found for years on the Kakny river, emptying into the eastern side of Cook's Inlet at Fort Nicolas, in latitude $60^{\circ} 32'$; while the large river Suchitna, emptying into the head of the inlet in latitude $61^{\circ} 16'$, drains the same range as the Sacramento, Frazer and Stakeen, and may be predicted as affording gold deposits. But from the Stakeen northward the miners

cannot work over five or six months each year. On the Stakeen they informed us that with the rudest appliances they obtained from two to seven dollars' worth of gold per day, and then purchased articles for trading with the Indians for furs.

The great island of Kadiak, with Afognak and other adjacent islands, is nearly in the same latitude as Sitka, but six hundred miles to the westward, and lying within twenty-five miles of Alaska peninsula. The group is marked by mountains of two to three thousand feet elevation, by bold headlands, deep bays and numerous straits; but the pleasantly diversified character of the northern part, in the latitude of St. Paul, $57^{\circ} 48'$, is a great relief to the eye accustomed to the dark foliage of the evergreens of Alexander Archipelago. Rolling lands, wooded in parts, and covered with rich grass smiling with myriads of gay flowers, greet the voyager. Settlements of Aleutes and freedmen from the Russian Company's service are passed on the shores of the Narrow and Northern Straits, and numbers of plump cattle indicate the nature of the pasturage, which Western men in our party pronounced equal to the prairies of the West. The grass was from two to three feet high at the end of August, growing from the carpet of *sphagnum* that covers the whole face of Alaska as far as we saw it. The hay, stacked in the open air, was well cured and sweet; but labor is not abundant enough, nor are the inhabitants sufficiently farseeing, to provide for the occasional long and severe winters. There are about two hundred head of Siberian cattle here. The timber is not nearly so large as at Sitka, and the yellow cedar is wanting; but we measured cut logs over forty feet long and two and a half feet in diameter. The growth was rapid, as determined by measuring the thickness of the annual rings. Hemlock is in sufficient abundance for all tanning purposes of this region; and at the mouth of Uyak Bay, on the west coast of Kadiak, the Russian Company has long since established a tannery.

It is a curious physical feature of the

productions of the coast that on the southern and western part of the Kadiak group, and on the Alaska peninsula a little to the westward, timber ceases to grow: not a stick is found hence through the Aleutian chain to Kam-schatka; although all the islands are thickly covered with luxuriant vegetation of great variety. Northward of the peninsula, to the latitude of 68° on the main, wood is found.

The settlement of St. Paul, on the north-eastern part of Kadiak, is the second establishment of the Russian American Company in importance. It has a small harbor, but good roadstead. It comprises about one hundred houses, including dwellings, offices, magazines, workshops, church, etc. The population was 283 on the first of January, 1867. From Governor Pavloff was obtained a specimen of volcanic ashes that fell in March, 1867, over this place to the depth of half an inch. The nearest volcano is that of the Redoubt, 11,270 feet high, on the west shore of Cook's Inlet, and distant in a straight line one hundred and sixty-five miles.

On Wood Island, opposite St. Paul, is the dammed-up lake which supplies the Pacific coast with its ice, the Sitka winters not forming clear, solid ice.

Off the north-east coast of Kadiak the expedition discovered a very extensive bank, and ran a line of soundings over it, with a depth of only forty fathoms in one place.

Leaving St. Paul, the expedition passed between Kadiak and Afognak Islands to Chelekov Straits, west of the group, and thence to the southward and westward toward Unalaska; was nearly lost in thick weather on Sannakh Island; discovered an extensive cod-bank off the Unimak Strait, and surveyed the harbors of Iliouliouk and Olakhtha in Unalaska Bay, as they had done those of Sitka and St. Paul.

At Iliouliouk, the expedition reached its western limit in longitude $166^{\circ} 27'$, and latitude $53^{\circ} 53'$; the season was well advanced, and no depôts of coal had been provided. The settlement of Iliouliouk, in Unalaska Bay, on the

north-east part of the island, and opening upon Behring Sea, is the third settlement of the Company. It comprises only six or eight dwellings and store-houses, a nice Greek church and from forty to sixty habitations of the Aleutes. There are 309 inhabitants in Iliouliouk, and 570 on the whole island. The island, about seventy-five miles long, is in great part covered with mountains from twenty-five hundred to three thousand feet in elevation, with a very bold coast-line on the Pacific and Behring Sea, but indented by about fifty bays and harbors. It is throughout covered with verdure to an elevation of about three thousand feet. The highest peak on the northern shore is the active volcano Makushin, 5691 feet high, covered with perpetual snow, and marked by a small glacier at the head of the valley on its east flank. This volcano was ascended by a Coast Survey party with instruments: a brief view was had of the great crater, whence are constantly emitted volumes of sulphurous vapor, steam, etc. The face of the glacier was found to be 2100 feet above the ocean; the snow-level 3100 feet, and the line of vegetation ceased at 2450 feet. From Unalaska Bay we had a fine view of the volcano: the position of the crater was well marked by the smoke issuing from it, and the curving track of the glacier plainly visible. Between it and the shores are numerous extinct but lower volcanoes, especially one of remarkably regular outline, like that of Mount Edgumbe at the entrance to Sitka Sound. It forms Cape Cheerful, and is 2937 feet high. From the precipitous rocky wall forming the base of this extinct volcano a large cascade falls into the sea, from an elevation of about one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. When south of these islands, upon our return eastward, we had a splendid view of the great snow-covered volcanic peaks of Devastation, Shishaldin and Isanotskaya, the first two very symmetrical in outline, and respectively 5523 and 8954 feet in elevation, and seventy-five and one hundred and five statute miles distant. The deep blue of the smooth sea around us, and the dark, bold outlines

of the Krinitin Islands, twenty miles from us, formed an impressive picture—all in repose, where a few years since violent eruptions shook the islands, and with showers of ashes and stones that, darkening the atmosphere, destroyed the inhabitants fleeing in their bidarkas or seal-skin canoes, at a distance of twenty and more miles. From the volcano Redoubt to the island of Attu no less than forty-eight active volcanoes are laid down by Grewingk. The chain of the Aleutians is, nevertheless, of immense advantage to the United States, not only as being in the centre of the cod-fishing and whaling region, but on account of the number of bays and harbors among them, where our fishing-vessels may resort; and because a hardy race of people occupy many of the bays, and would furnish a good amount of labor in catching and curing fish. These Aleutes, numbering 4268 in January, 1867, from Attu Island to Sitka, are not genuine North American Indians. We were at once struck with the remarkable resemblance of many of them to Chinese and Japanese. They are docile, honest, industrious and very ingenious: the women of Unalaska have always been noted for the beauty and variety of their needlework. The priest of the Greek Church at Iliouliouk is a full-blooded Aleute, a man of ability and good conversational powers, an observer and recorder of natural phenomena. He informed us that no murder had been perpetrated among the nation for fifty-two years, and then it had struck the whole race with horror. The thirty-eight charts in the Hydrographic Atlas of Tebenkoff were drawn and engraved on copper by an Aleute. The instrument-maker of the Company at Sitka is an Aleute, educated as an optician at St. Petersburg: his wife, a full-blooded Koloshian, and their daughter, were at the ball given by Prince and Princess Maksoutoff to the American officers in October, 1867. Throughout the country these people are the tried and trusted servants and employés of the Company, and are in responsible positions upon their vessels and at their trading-posts. Though not

numerous, they will exercise an important part in the development of our cod-fisheries and in pursuit of the sea-otter, the most valuable fur-bearing animal in the country, whose *habitat* is now circumscribed to these islands, and which in a few years threatens to be extinguished. From a study of these people, the ancient names of their chiefs, the names of their islands, and especially from a consideration of the course of the Kamschatka branch of the Japanese warm current, we are satisfied their origin is from Japan. Even as late as 1862, a Japanese junk was carried over twelve hundred miles from Japan by this branch, and wrecked with her crew on the island of Attu, the westernmost of the chain.

The population of the colony of the Russian American Company on the first of January, 1867, O. S., was:

Russians	430
Foreigners	2
Creoles, or descendants of colonists	1926
Aleutes	4268
Indians	3272

9898

Deduct the inhabitants of the islands of Limusin, Behring and Copper	450
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Total colonial population 9448

Of this population it is probable that three-fourths of the Russian inhabitants will leave within three years. To these totals must be added the Koloshian Indians—genuine North American Indians—numbering 5800, according to the details of Bishop Benjaminoff, and principally located on the Archipelago Alexander and thence to Copper river. North of Fort St. Michael we encounter the Esquimaux, numbering, according to Beechey, in 1817, about 2500. This will give a total sea-coast population of nearly eighteen thousand people, of whom all but the Esquimaux traded with the Russian American Company.

The commercial value and political importance of Alaska to the United States are comprised under the heads of its

Fisheries, Furs, Timber, Minerals, Harbors, and its Geographical Position and Configuration.

THE FISHERIES

Are the immediate sources of wealth; not simply that new grounds have been discovered, but because their money-value has been demonstrated by four years' trial and continued success, while a new industry has been opened for our vessels, sailors and ship-builders. Numberless harbors, hitherto sealed, are opened in which to catch and to cure fish, with an abundance of cheap, willing and tried labor to assist in catching and curing. The acquisition of the territory gives the right to our hardy fishermen to fish in every bay when heavy weather compels them to leave the banks; and they will no longer be compelled to carry their bait at large cost and some risk from San Francisco. The opportunities for the successful curing of fish are certainly as great, if not greater than exist on the south shores of Newfoundland. Bishop Benjaminoff gives us meteorological observations at Unalaska for nine years, and says that rain falls during some part of the twenty-four hours upon one hundred and fifty days of each year; and estimates the total rain-fall at only twenty-seven inches; which, however, seems an under-estimate. Hitherto our cod-fishers have been forced to keep their fish salted down from April to September, and, in carrying them direct to Australia, even longer. This has deteriorated the quality of the fish and lessened their market value. The cod we caught upon the Unimal Bank were larger, fatter, and of better flavor than the freshly-caught cod we obtained and ate from the fishing-boats on the south shores of Newfoundland eleven months before. Instead of making the long trip to and from San Francisco, and of keeping the fish so long in salt, generally imperfectly cleaned, it appears practicable to make depôts and curing-stations, whence the fish may be collected and carried to California, Asia or Australia. Hundreds of fishermen may carry on the

business with no other capital than open fishing-boats, and in waters always less than fifty fathoms deep. Along the south shores of Newfoundland the open boats fish in "three-line" or ninety-fathom water within a mile of shore. The Alaska banks would be an ocean paradise to the Newfoundland fishermen. The number of American fishing-vessels employed among the Shumagin Islands, off the south-east shores of the Alaska peninsula, in 1867, was twenty-seven; the average catch, nearly one hundred tons; the average cost of outfit, labor, etc., three thousand dollars in gold; and the average value, nine and a half cents per pound in coin. The supply from the Alaska banks has already closed the regular importation of codfish from the Eastern ports to San Francisco. The recent cod discoveries were made in 1864 off the north end of Saghalin Island, in the Ochotsk Sea, near the mouth of the Amoor river. In 1865, seven vessels fitted for that sea; in 1866, of the eighteen vessels that left San Francisco, not less than twelve went to the Ochotsk, the others to the Shumagin and Fox Islands, and on a "fishing cruise." In 1867, we believe every vessel went to the Alaska banks. Along the west shore of Kamschatka peninsula, in the Ochotsk Sea, the fish are poor in May, and their livers green: this is not reported to be the case among the Shumagins.

The eastern part of Behring Sea is a "mighty reservoir of cod," and the area within the limits of fifty fathoms of water is no less than eighteen thousand square miles. The banks along the shores of Alaska, bordering the Gulf of Alaska, and south of part of the Aleutian chain, will add not less than forty-five thousand square miles, making a total of sixty-three thousand square miles, with an average depth not greater than fifty fathoms. We caught cod, from fourteen to twenty-seven pounds in weight, one, two and three on a line, in sixty-five fathoms on the Unimal bank; Cook caught "abundance of fine cod" in seventy-five fathoms in the north-western part of Behring Sea: if we

therefore extend the fishing limits to one hundred fathoms depth, the area will reach not less than one hundred thousand square miles! It is useless to dilate upon the value of this boundless and unceasing source of wealth and maritime power to the United States, and especially to California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska. What the Banks of Newfoundland have been to the British colonies, to Great Britain, to France and to the United States, the cod-banks of Alaska will be to the Pacific coast in a greater degree. If California can supply the Pacific with wheat, and ship it to the Atlantic States and Europe, why cannot she supply them in time with codfish?

An average of not less than seventy American whalers (there were ninety in 1865, when the pirate steamer *Shenandoah* destroyed twenty-eight in Behring Strait) fish through the Western Behring Sea and Arctic Ocean, and carry their oil and whalebone to the Sandwich Islands and San Francisco. The new territory not only affords them a new market for obtaining men accustomed to taking the whale, sea-elephants, seal and sea-otter, but it opens the broad question of economy—whether whaling cannot be more effectually and more profitably carried on with smaller vessels especially constructed for capturing the whale, and by storing the oil at some depôt in Behring Sea, whence it can be regularly shipped to destination, while the small whaling-vessel discharges her crew among their Aleutian homes and lays up for the winter, ready for the whaling-grounds at the earliest opening of spring. Kadiak Island offers advantages for repairing that no other place farther west does. If this be done, the American fleet can sweep the field from the foreign whalers (averaging about ten), who have hitherto shared the old disadvantages, and must now bear them all.

The Gulf of Alaska has always been celebrated for its whale-fisheries. Between the Pamplona Reef and the coast abreast of Mount Fairweather, only one hundred and seventy-five miles beyond Sitka, lies the celebrated "Fairweather Ground;" between the Kadiak group

and Prince William Sound, four hundred miles beyond Sitka, the old navigators frequently record their mistaking the blowing of schools of whale on the horizon for breakers upon extensive reefs! The waters of the Archipelago Alexander abound in whale. In June and July, every bay, harbor and strait, and the off-shore water, is covered with the "whale's food." This mollusk is carried by the Alaska Gulf current to the northward, westward and south-westward along the coast, at the rate of about sixteen or twenty miles per day, and appears to collect under the lee of the submarine range of Pamplona from the last of June to the middle of July, when the whaling season is at its height. For years this prolific field has been nearly abandoned. The reason assigned by the whalers for preferring the Arctic regions over the Gulf of Alaska is the shallower water. In the Arctic and in a great part of the Behring Sea, the average depth of water is about twenty-five fathoms, and the harpooned whale, in "sounding," drives his head and shoulders into the soft, muddy bottom, rises apparently confused by the shock, and is killed and secured before he can "sound" a second time. They frequently come to the surface one-third of their length covered with mud. The whaler rapidly learns where and when the animal will rise from such a depth under such circumstances, and is prepared for the next and final attack; but in the deeper waters of the Gulf of Alaska the whale does not strike bottom in "sounding," and it is next to impossible to judge when and where he will rise: not unfrequently he sounds again and again at long distances, and thus draws the boats in pursuit far from the vessel. From not being disturbed for years this field ought to be extremely rich.

Sperm whale abound in the waters about the Aleutians: we saw numbers in the straits off Unalaska and Unimak. We overhauled a sperm whaler in Mar-mot Bay of the Kadiak group. The principal sperm-fishing-ground has been off Queen Charlotte Island.

The salmon throughout Alaska are more numerous than even in the prolific waters of Washington and Oregon. Two thousand have been taken by the seine at one haul. On the south-east shores of Alaska peninsula, in the bays with small streams at their heads, the salmon are crowded so thickly that the progress of a boat is impeded among them, and should a south-east storm suddenly arise at such times, they are driven on the beach in innumerable quantities; one of the Russian navigators assures us that he has seen the beach strewn two to three feet thick with the stranded salmon. Vancouver saw them in Burrough's Inlet cast up on the beach in great numbers.

Herring are very plenty, and we caught them of large size, and of much finer flavor than those caught on the California coast.

Halibut abound in all the bays and harbors, and are frequently of great size; at the entrance to Portland Canal they were caught from six to eight feet long: off Sannakh Island, Cook caught over a hundred, ranging from twenty-five to one hundred pounds.

Walrus ivory is obtained to the amount of ten tons annually from the Indians of Bristol Bay, on the north shores of Alaska peninsula, but no systematic efforts are made to obtain it or the walrus oil. This would be a new industry: the northern waters abound in walrus, which are easily captured, and the ivory is worth seventy cents per pound in gold.

THE FUR TRADE.

It is not easy to form a correct judgment of the number and value of the different varieties of the skins obtained by the Russian American Company, as the profits of its trade depended upon the secrecy with which it was conducted: that the Company has been able to maintain a large and well-appointed establishment in persons and material, and divided good profits, is circumstantial evidence of the value of this traffic. The almost absurdly small amount of trading articles paid to the Indians and Aleutes

for their most valuable furs was ascertained from its low tariff of prices—marvelously low compared to their prices in our markets. Sables ranged from thirty to seventy-five cents each; fine sea-otters, for which ten to twenty dollars would be paid, are worth seven hundred to a thousand dollars in the London market.

The organization of the Company has been, in fact, that of a despotic colonial government, and the governor of the Company was by its charter an officer of the army or navy, with power over all questions but life and death. All the Russian employes are soldiers, and selected on account of their proficiency in some handicraft. The immediate traffic of the Company has given trade to fifteen thousand Russians, Creoles, Aleutes, Aglemutians, etc., besides fifty-eight hundred Koloshes, and as many more of other tribes. The Company has built numerous stations and factories; maintained nearly one thousand persons regularly; has two fine trading-steamers, built in New York, and several smaller ones; six or eight large trading-ships, barks and brigs, and numerous boats, etc. All the geographical explorations for the charts of this coast have been made by the Company's captains.

The money-value of the furs may be estimated at not less than one million dollars in gold annually, as the Company insures its yearly shipments for six hundred thousand dollars in gold. By the time the furs have reached our dealers they are doubled and quadrupled in price. The policy of the Company has been to maintain a regular supply, and to this end it has placed restrictions upon the capture of the animals, even designating islands and localities where the animals shall or shall not be taken. When the number of any species is decreasing too rapidly, or an island is found peculiarly adapted to support certain kinds, a stock is placed upon the island and the natives forbidden to hunt thereon for a series of years. The governor has a map in colors exhibiting at a glance the *habitat* of every fur animal and its abundance. This map, and the facts upon which it is based, prove

Campbell's poetic license greater than his knowledge of natural history. "The wolf's long howl on Ounalaska's shore" cannot well be heard where the wolf never existed.

THE MINERALS.

The known facts about the minerals of the territory are few, as the development of all industries has been repressed: even the whaling and ship-building establishment in Resurrection Bay was abandoned for the fur trade. Gold is known to exist, as heretofore stated; specimens of silver ore were furnished us by order of the governor; iron ore, coal and limestone are found near Sitka; bismuth is obtained on the flank of Verstova mountain; pure copper is found on the Atna or Copper river, about twenty-five or thirty miles above its mouth, in masses that may be handled. Bishop Benjaminoff says that near Makushin Bay, in Unalaska Island, metallic copper is found along the shores of a lake high among the mountains. We received specimens of pure copper and copper mixed with quartz. Petroleum covers the three streams emptying into Katmay Bay on the shores of Alaska peninsula abreast of the Kadiak group; and specimens obtained three years since by the Company were given to us. Of the deposits of coal we have stated the known facts when describing Sitka and Cook's Inlet.

TIMBER.

Enough has been stated respecting this article to show its value. In the Archipelago Alexander, ships may load in a hundred harbors with spruce, cedar or hemlock, or simply with the bark of the latter for tanning. It may be, at this early day, commercially unprofitable to cut and ship even the yellow cedar for California markets, while Oregon and Washington afford such a sea of "Oregon pine," unless native labor be regularly obtained at low rates. Yet, if practically unavailable at the present time, it affords an inexhaustible resource in future. At any rate, the hulls and

spars of all trading and fishing-vessels on this new coast may be constructed of this durable wood, as has been done by the Russians.

JAPAN WARM OCEAN CURRENT.

Before speaking of the harbors and general configuration of Alaska, and the navigation of the coast, it appears proper to describe in general terms the oceanic currents of the North Pacific, and their influence upon the climate of the coast. One of the popular errors concerning this new territory is the belief in the rigor of its climate; and on account of its great latitude, extending from $54^{\circ} 40'$ to $71^{\circ} 30'$, it is difficult to disabuse the popular mind by simple assertion to the contrary; and a great array of figures is frequently looked upon as fallacious. In this connection it is curious to recollect how completely the question of climate was ignored pending the negotiations of the Oregon boundary in 1845-6, when the nation demanded "fifty-four forty or fight;" this very latitude being the southern boundary of Alaska. On the sea-coast of British Columbia, which we then claimed as part of Oregon, the climate is quite as severe as that of Alaska in the region of Sitka: the annual rain-fall at the mouth of the Columbia, between Oregon and Washington, is even six inches greater than at Sitka. The mean annual temperature of Sitka is a fraction higher than that of Montreal, Canada and Portland, Maine; and the mean temperature of winter is only one and a third degrees below that of Philadelphia. These statements are not based upon isolated facts, but deduced from the results of systematic observations carried on hourly since 1847 by Russian officers at regularly-appointed observatories in Alaska. This work was undertaken in concert with similar observatories established throughout Europe, the United States, Canada, parts of Asia, at the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, and even in Australia. The results are accepted throughout the scientific world, and personal examination of the observatory and observers

at Sitka satisfied us of the trustworthy quality of the results. They may, however, appear delusive to the non-scientific mind until the deeper laws are made plain. If the rigor of the climate was as great as that of the same latitude on the eastern coast of America or in the interior of the continent, the value of the territory would be very problematical except in its political aspects; and therefore it seems essential to first demonstrate the causes producing such a comparatively warm sea-coast climate in such high latitudes.

There exists in the Pacific a mighty ocean-river of warm water, remarkably analogous to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, but of greater volume, greater velocity and higher temperature. The main body of this Japanese warm stream stretches from the coast of Nippon, in latitude 35°, eastward and northward through the broad Pacific, thirty-three hundred nautical miles, to about latitude 48° and longitude 148°, where it is within eight or nine hundred miles of the American coast. It there divides, and the greater part continues toward the coast of Queen Charlotte and Vancouver Islands, and thence down the coast of Washington, Oregon and California, stamping well-known peculiarities upon that coast climate. The smaller part continues to the coast of the Alexander Archipelago; is thence deflected to the northward and westward along the shores of the great Gulf of Alaska, and, embracing the Kadiak group, it follows the south-east shores of the Alaska peninsula and outlying islands, and thence continues southward and westward past the eastern part of the Aleutian chain. Here it joins the current coming through the middle of the chain of islands from Behring Sea, and can be traced southward until it strikes the northern edge of the great stream, forcing it southward and underrunning it. Were observations wanting to sustain this deduction, the well-established fact of Japanese junks having been carried by the main stream between four and five thousand miles to the coasts of Oregon and Washington, and there wrecked,

would demonstrate it. As late as 1833 a Japanese junk was wrecked near Cape Flattery, in latitude 48°, on the coast of Washington; and about 1854 a junk was relieved in mid-ocean in the centre of this great stream, being slowly but irresistibly carried to the American coast. This great Japan stream, in longitude 165° West, or nearly fourteen hundred nautical miles from our coast, has a breadth of over twelve hundred miles, and a temperature of 78° on its southern limit in latitude 22°, and 64° on its northern edge in latitude 43°, being eleven degrees to thirteen degrees warmer than the variable returning currents north of it. Off the Alaska coast, in latitude 57°, the temperature of the surface-water was observed on this expedition to be from 52° to 50° in August and September, while the average temperature of the air was almost uniformly three degrees higher. In the Gulf of Alaska the current of the northern branch has, at times, a velocity as high as thirty-six miles per day: near the Sannakh Island we found an exceptionally strong current running three or four knots per hour, part of which may, however, have been tidal current toward the Unimak Strait into Behring Sea.

When the great Japan stream leaves the coast of Nippon, a small branch, called the "Kamschatka current," continues along the Asiatic coast, through the western part of Behring Sea and Behring Strait, to the Arctic Ocean, with a velocity at times of one and a half miles per hour through the strait. Part of this mass of water, just before reaching Behring Strait, is deflected eastward by the islands south of it, sweeps round the American coast, receives the waters of the great rivers Kvichpak, Kuskovin, etc., and circles southward and westward through the middle of the Aleutian chain, affecting their climate remarkably. At the island of St. Lawrence, in latitude 63°, the temperature of this warm stream is 47°; north of the Aleutians, 47°; near these islands and south of them, 49°. At the head of Unalaska Bay we observed the temperature of the surface-water to be 45½° in the middle of Sep-

tember. Between this current and the Asiatic coast a Polar current works its way southward, exactly as the Polar current follows our eastern coast inside the Gulf Stream. Two out of many remarkable proofs in the cumulative observations leading to the above deductions are, that, north of the coast of Nippon, Japanese woods and disabled vessels are never thrown upon the Asiatic shores, but upon the westernmost of the Aleutians, upon the American coast north of the Alaska peninsula, and even into the Arctic Ocean; and that icebergs are never carried by the current from the Arctic Ocean to Behring Sea.

The influence of these great volumes of warm water upon the coast climate of Alaska, as well as that farther south, is perhaps even more marked than the influence of the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic upon the coast of Europe. The results of the condensation of the warm vapor-laden air, and the consequent precipitation of rain, by the colder and drier airs of the continent, are exhibited in the enormous and quick growth of the timber; the rapid development of grasses and plants; the carpet of moss that covers the sea-coast region as far south as Vancouver Island; the high thermal condition of the air; the very small difference between the temperatures of the wet and dry bulb thermometers, indicating slow evaporation; the non-formation at Sitka, in latitude $57^{\circ} 03'$, of ice clear and solid enough for the California market; the existence of timber seven degrees farther north than on our eastern coast; the "gay flowers" and "the rarest and most beautiful plants along the Arctic shore," that "make even Cape Lisburne, in latitude $58^{\circ} 52'$, look like a garden," etc., etc.

However, lest these generalizations be considered merely theorizing or deduced from insufficient observations, the following tables, condensed from the printed observations at Sitka, are introduced. By this abstract it will be seen that the mean annual temperature at Sitka, in latitude $57^{\circ} 03'$, derived from twelve years' observations, is $42^{\circ}.9$ Fahrenheit:

MONTHS.	DEGREES, FAHRENHEIT.	SEASON.
March	35.5	Spring, 41° 3.
April	41.3	
May	47.2	
June	51.7	Summer, 54° 3.
July	55.3	
August	55.8	
September	51.2	Autumn, 44° 2.
October	44.2	
November	37.8	
December	31.7	Winter, 31° 9.
January	31.1	
February	32.9	

In the extended table prepared by the expedition, only one month of unusual cold and extraordinary clearness of weather is recorded. In November, 1853, the mean temperature was $19^{\circ}.85$, only 0.451 inch of snow (melted) fell upon parts of six days, and the month was marked by strong north-east winds, blowing directly off the continent. The highest average for any month in twelve years is $58^{\circ}.3$, for July, 1860, during which month nine days are recorded upon which rain fell, but no record appears of the amount. An examination of the extended tables shows a remarkably equable climate.

The average annual amount of rain, melted snow and hail that fell between 1847 and 1864, with one year's observations not obtained, was 82.66 inches, or within a fraction of seven feet (yet five inches less than falls at the mouth of the Columbia river in Oregon); and the average annual number of days upon which rain, snow or hail fell, or heavy fogs prevailed, was two hundred and forty-five, while it does not follow that the other days had cloudless skies.

The following table exhibits the rainfall for different months within the above period:

MONTHS.	INCHES.	SEASON, INCHES.	RAINY DAYS, MONTH.	RAINY DAYS, SEASON.
March	4.97	Spring, 14.26.	19	Spring, 55.
April	5.20		18	
May	4.09		18	
June	3.71	Summer 14.89.	22	Summer, 66.
July	4.39		21	
August	6.79		23	
September	9.97	Autumn 30.88.	23	Autumn, 72.
October	11.91		26	
November	9.00		23	
December	7.80	Winter, 22.63.	19	Winter, 57.
January	7.63		20	
February	7.11		18	

The greatest amount of rain that fell during any single year was 95.8 inches, or eight feet, in 1850—the least was 58.6 inches, in 1861. The most that fell in any one month was 19.5 inches, in October, 1853—the least was 0.5 inch, in November, 1853.

But while the expedition was in that region there was a rain-fall of 21.3 inches in August; 16.0 inches in September, and about 15 inches in October, or quite 52 inches in three months.

The enormous amount of rain-fall along a seaboard essentially cloudy throughout the year has its normal effect upon the class of vegetation that will succeed in ripening under such conditions. The extent of country subject to these rains is covered with *sphagnum* from one to two feet deep, and even on the steepest hill-sides this carpet of moss is saturated with water, and progress through it is very slow and difficult, especially where there is a heavy growth of timber and underbrush. At Fort Simpson, the Stakeen, the Chilkah, Kadiak, Unalaska, and the islands westward and the continent northward, this morass exists to the summits or snow-line of the mountains. In no part of the coast, except on two or three mountain-sides on Chatham Strait, between 58° and 59° of latitude, did we see herbage or trees destroyed by fire, as is so universally resorted to in Washington and Oregon both by natives and settlers.

In Cook's Inlet, north of latitude 60°, Dixon reports that from July 19 to August 30, 1786, he observed the mean state of the thermometer to be 58½°: unless exceptional, this is warmer than Sitka. Tebenkoff says the temperature is more variable than that of the rest of the colonies—that the thermometer in summer frequently rises to 95°, and in winter falls as low as 58° below zero, when the inlet, from ten to twenty miles wide, freezes for sixty miles. We have doubts about this excessive cold until records are obtained, because in Prince William Sound, in the same latitude, Meares, in 1786, found the lowest temperature to be 14° Fahr. above zero in a position where his vessel was deprived

of the direct sunlight for two months. The uniformity of temperature observed that year in Prince William Sound was remarkable, being below 32° for six months; yet in summer Tebenkoff says the thermometer shows 59° in fair days in July and August, and 46° on rainy days.

At Kadiak no regular record of observations has been kept. The lowest temperature observed in ten years, at the Ice Company's station, in an exposed position, has been 17° below zero. The ice-crop is almost the same as that at Boston for clearness, solidity and thickness.

At Iliouliouk, on Unalaska Island, one of the Aleutian chain, eleven hundred miles west of Sitka, and in latitude 53° 53', the meteorological observations of Bishop Benjaminoff, made from 1825 to 1834, afford us a fair comparison with that of Sitka. The dates are reckoned according to the "old style." The mean temperature for the year, from nine years' observations, is 38°.03 Fahr., or 4°.9 below that of Sitka.

MONTHS.	DEGREES, FAHRENHEIT.	SEASON.
March.....	29.9 }	Spring,
April.....	33.4 }	
May.....	41.3 }	Summer,
June.....	46.2 }	
July.....	50.6 }	
August.....	51.0 }	Autumn,
September.....	43.7 }	
October.....	36.7 }	
November.....	32.4 }	Winter,
December.....	29.0 }	
January.....	29.6 }	
February.....	31.6 }	

The mean range during the day, from the morning to the afternoon observation, is only 5°. The highest temperature recorded is 77° upon two occasions; and the lowest 0°.6 below zero; but only upon nine days was it observed lower than ten degrees above zero.

Thunder-storms are very rare, only seventeen being recorded in seven years, and none have occurred in winter.

Bishop Benjaminoff reports that rain falls during some part of the twenty-four hours upon one hundred and fifty days each year, and estimates the total fall at twenty-seven inches; which we judge to be an under-estimate.

The aurora borealis is rarely seen at Unalaska, it being recorded but once during the above period, when it appeared like the dawn of day, on the 15th of February, 1831, O. S. The Coast Survey tidal reports state that none had occurred up to the middle of last winter. At Sitka and along the continent the aurora is very frequent and brilliant.

At Unalaska earthquakes are comparatively frequent, no less than thirty-two being recorded in seven years. We examined the cracks in the earth at Iliouliouk, occasioned by a shock last year, when several marked depressions also took place.

These climatic tables, with the practical experience of the Russians and the actual conditions we observed, satisfy us that no cereals can be raised on the Alaskan coast or among the Aleutians. Root-crops will grow in the soil after the *sphagnum* is removed, but the product will not be large. Fruits will not mature: they have been carefully tried in the governor's garden at Sitka. All berries grow rapidly and to a large size, but were generally acid during the very wet season of 1867. At Unalaska Bay we found the pea (*Pisum maritimum*) in great abundance, and from its luxuriant growth and good size have little doubt it could be readily improved by cultivation. Our whalers have found it as far north as latitude 64°.

The grasses grow luxuriantly everywhere, and are in great variety: they spring from the vegetable mould in the upper part of the moss, and are cut at Kadiak and Unalaska about the first of August. Cattle can be raised in sufficient numbers to supply our whalers, fishermen and traders with as fine beef as can be found on the Pacific slope. At Unalaska they are sheltered in earth-huts built of sod, in the same manner as the Mexican houses are constructed of adobes.

Hogs have been placed on one of the islands without care or shelter, and increased rapidly, but in exceptionally cold winters they are destroyed: all that is needed for successfully raising them is proper shelter in winter.

THE HARBORS OF ALASKA.

It is difficult to name the number of good harbors in Alaska. They abound throughout the Alexander Archipelago, where vessels may lay alongside the shores and receive their timber. So numerous are the bays and straits that many of them are yet unexplored, or known only in their general characteristics to the trader. On the ocean coast bays are found every few miles as far north as Icy Strait; thence to Prince William Sound are the harbors in Port François and Behring Bay: numerous harbors and "ports" are found in Prince William Sound and Cook's Inlet; around the Kadiak group and the Alaska peninsula are many fine bays and straits; and no less than eighty-six bays and harbors exist among the Aleutians, of which not less than forty are found around Unalaska Island, giving it great advantages in the future commercial development of this region. North of the Alaska peninsula are several great bays and sounds, with three large rivers emptying into Behring Sea, and affording communication with the interior of the continent. The Russian American Telegraph Company examined the Kvichpak river for sixteen hundred miles to Fort Selkirk, which is only two hundred and seventy-five miles in a direct line from the northern arms of the Archipelago Alexander.

With a knowledge of the currents, and the geographical positions of the islands, headlands and reefs well determined, navigation will not be more hazardous than along the coasts of Maine, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Without charts, and with inefficient means of determining their positions, the old navigators and discoverers examined these coasts in sailing-vessels of from one hundred to three hundred tons burden, and none were lost; the early fur-traders had yet smaller and more scantily-manned vessels, and only one failed to reach her destination in China; the Russian American vessels have made over four hundred voyages between the Asiatic and American coasts, and no vessel has been lost

in stress of weather; and the Unalaska and Kadiak people formerly made coasting voyages of fifteen hundred miles in their bidarkas or skin-canoes. Vancouver found seven hundred canoes and fourteen hundred men from the above places at Behring Bay, being respectively eleven and six hundred nautical miles from those islands by the coast; and Baranoff conducted nearly as many from the same places to Sitka, two hundred and fifty miles farther. Of the fleets of American and English cod-fishers that have fished these waters and the Ochotsk Sea, only one vessel has not been heard from. Of the yearly fleet of seventy or eighty whalers fighting their way even among Arctic ice, we cannot recollect one being lost for many years back. Only two, out of one hundred American and foreign, were disabled in 1865, when the pirate Semmes burnt twenty-eight, many of whom were then succoring a disabled Frenchman. Of the ice-ships that have regularly visited first Sitka, and then Kadiak and Afognak, none have suffered from stress of weather or in Alaskan harbors. A Japanese junk was relieved in mid-Pacific by the barque Aukland, and those thrown on American and Aleutian shores were unmanageable by their worn-out crews: a knowledge of available harbors might have saved even these clumsy craft after their unwilling voyages. On the Atlantic coast the harbors of Newfoundland freeze every winter—even Boston Harbor freezes occasionally; but the harbors of the Alexander Archipelago never freeze: even among the Aleutian chain it is rarely that the harbors exposed to the north freeze, though that of Iliouliouk was frozen in 1863.

PECULIAR GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION AND CONFIGURATION.

Characterizing the territory of Alaska in broad, general terms, it is the right shoulder and arm of the American continent stretching northward and westward to embrace the whole North Pacific. The iron nerves of the telegraph already reach within three hundred and

fifty miles of Sitka, and, with a barely living support from our government, could to-day have thrilled from sunrise to sunset of the United States. The vast interior navigation from the Chilkah to Puget Sound, through seven hundred and forty miles of latitude, stands unequalled in the world for safe and bold navigation: the fiords of Norway sink into insignificance before the dimensions of these channels, sounds and bays. Our smallest craft can make their trading trips through them without the risk of a sea voyage, giving to the hardy but moneyless adventurer a means of adding to his wealth and to our power. Should coal be developed near Sitka, as our discoveries foretell, it need be carried only a tithe of the distance and furnished at one-fifth of the present prices of the Pennsylvania anthracite or Welsh coal now used. With a dépôt in mid-ocean, the four-thousand-ton steamships running between San Francisco and Japan would have to carry only one-half their present supply, leaving each ship with about six hundred tons more space for cargo, or permitting smaller and less expensive steamships to be employed.

A glance at the map of the Pacific coast north of Mexico exhibits but one short link of five and a half degrees of latitude along the seaboard between Washington and Alaska not belonging to the United States, and it is not presumptive or speculative to assert the conviction that the whole region, west of the Rocky Mountains at least, will inevitably come under our flag. With the unusual rate of taxes bearing upon the inhabitants of British Columbia, and their openly-expressed discontent thereat, and with an energetic and restless American population on either side obtaining government lands at one-fifth the rate of their British neighbors, and owning the minerals in the soil they purchase, the colonists cannot compete with our people in commerce, mining and agriculture. The far-seeing policy of the United States has always been to obtain the control of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico: the magic States on the Pacific are thoroughly imbued with a

similar feeling. They stand alone as an example of a country emerging so suddenly from obscurity, and at one gigantic stride assuming the importance and complicated relations of a large empire. Their vessels reach every harbor in the Pacific, and last year two hundred and twenty-six wheat-laden ships sailed for the Atlantic States and Europe. And yet, with a commerce in San Francisco second alone to that of New York in magnitude and customs, there is only the other safe but small harbor of San Diego between the Mexican boundary, in $32^{\circ} 32'$, and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, in $48^{\circ} 30'$. The entrance to the Columbia is frequently dangerous to large steamers, and for sailing-vessels some-

times impracticable for weeks. The numerous harbors of Alaska open fresh fields for the capital, enterprise and adventure of the Pacific States: they afford already refuge, protection and rights not accorded while Russia held autocratic power over them, and our whalers need no longer sail through thirty or forty degrees of latitude to reach a port of transshipment for their hard-won cargoes. In a few years we will control the Pacific coast as effectually and certainly as we control the Atlantic: already the trade of the Northern Pacific is in our hands. It is only twenty years since California vitalized our Pacific slope: who can predict our position twenty years hence?

FATA MORGANA: A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

DOWN in the silent, emerald water
 The Sea King dwelt, and his lovely daughter.
 Grand was the palace under the wave,
 And gay with the troops of mermen brave—
 Rich with a wealth of sea-gems rare,
 And decked with all that was bright and fair;
 But richest and brightest and fairest of all
 Were the royal maiden's bower and hall,
 Whose myriad arches, firm and light,
 Upsprang from clustering pillars bright
 Of rainbow opal, and sapphire blue,
 And ruby and crystal of every hue.
 The gardens were full of strange sea-flowers,
 The brilliant growths of the coral bowers—
 Gay floating blossoms and stars on stems,
 And stony palm trees with diadems
 Of soft, outstreaming, delicate blooms,
 Whose living and ever-waving plumes
 Would disappear if a sound too rude
 Invaded their peaceful solitude.
 And gayly along each winding walk
 Pealed lightsome laughter and merry talk,
 Or mermaids' singing, so sweet and clear
 That the dolphin, passing, paused to hear.
 'Twas a joyous life they led, and free,
 These beautiful maidens of the sea;

For mild and sweet was the Sea Queen's sway:
'Twas pleasure to see her, and joy to obey.
Not one of the nymphs, nor wild-wood elves,
Nor even the fairy band themselves,
Surpassed in sweet and delicate grace
The witching charm of her form and face.

I wonder who to the King of Gold
The wondrous tale of her beauty told?
Perhaps 'twas the Sea Fog, landward bound,
Clinging his desolate crags around:
Perchance some Sea Breeze, carried away
Too far from shore on a summer day,
And lost on the mountains grim and hoary,
To the Goblin King revealed the story.
All night he was pacing his vaulted room,
Grand and solemn with height and gloom,
Like the monstrous burial-chamber hid
In the heart of Cheops' pyramid.
The roof was of jet; and the columns tall,
In shadowy rows by the porphyry wall,
Were of massive marble of many a hue,
But mostly sombre; yet one or two
Loomed up, great giants in girth and height,
Startling and ghostly, of snowy white.
'Twas down at the roots of the mountains old,
Among the treasures of iron and gold—
The mountains around whose frosty peaks
The storms were playing their wildest freaks,
Muttering thunders out of the mists,
Smiting the crags with their fiery fists,
Till the stony splinters rattled like hail
Down the mountains' rugged coat of mail.
But down in the goblin hall beneath
'Twas chill, and awful, and still as death,
Save that the King, in the grim torchlight,
Kept one faint Echo awake all night,
Repeating still, in a hollow tone,
His spur's sharp ring on the floor of stone.
Already his brilliant embassy
Was riding fast to the distant sea,
Through leagues of forest which stretch between,
To ask in marriage the Ocean Queen.

The Sea King's laughter was long and loud,
And echoed by all the courtier crowd:
"Bid the antelope leave her covert fair
And wheel with the bat in the dusky air;
Or the broad-winged butterfly crawl and creep
With the sightless mole in his burrow deep:
The fairy child of the ocean wave
Could never live in yon goblin cave.
The very sea-shells die on the strand,
The white foam melts on the burning sand;

The flowers of the sea their beauty lose,
Their delicate forms and vivid hues,
If thrown by storms on the fatal shore,
And the fishes die and return no more.
Ye may tell your King that my child shall go
When her native ocean currents flow
From her deep sea-bower to his mountain halls,
And the surf is breaking against his walls:
Then, coming by ship to claim his bride,
I swear it, he shall not be denied!"

Back sped the troop from the sounding surge,
Pursued by winds to the forest's verge;
But scarce had they passed from the sandy plain
Into the shadowy gloom again,
When they met their monarch, who, loth to wait
For their slow return to the palace gate,
Impatient, chafed at the long delay,
Had striven to hurry the hours away,
And quiet his heart with the restless speed
Of a furious ride on his fiery steed.
When he heard the message he did not speak,
But his dark eyes flashed at the scorn, and his cheek
Grew pale with passion. His spurs struck deep:
Not one could follow his charger's leap;
And miles behind he had left them all
When he entered alone his silent hall,
Tossed the black locks back from his burning brow,
And muttered: "But One can help me now!"

It is not for Christian tongue to tell
By what black art, what charm and spell,
What incantation or wicked rite,
Or whispered words of infernal might,
This Mountain King of a goblin race
Conferred with the Evil One face to face.
Enough that no gleam on the mountain's brow
Foretold the dawn, when a ponderous plough—
Which was driven by One whose dreadful look
Not the boldest of mortal men could brook,
And drawn by shadowy, shapeless forms,
Huge as the clouds in thunder-storms—
A furrow had hollowed, deep and straight,
Down to the sea from the palace-gate.
The water-spouts gathered in dread array
To meet it there at the dawn of day,
And filled the channel from side to side
With a torrent of muddy waters wide.
The waves dashed into the monarch's hall,
And flung their foam on the porphyry wall;
Then down at the feet of those columns old
Lay silent and motionless, calm and cold.
The goblins were watching the wondrous sight
With curious eyes from the craggy height:

Distorted kobolds and weirdest gnomes
Peered out from among the old gray stones,
And there pealed an elfish laugh around,
When, sudden as lightning, without a sound,
A stately galley appeared on the tide,
Like a sea-gull pausing with wings spread wide.

The first on board was the King himself,
And after him followed many an elf,
In silk, and velvet, and cloth of gold,
And jewels, and splendors manifold.
Down stream they dropped, in the early day,
So fast that ere noon the vessel lay
Afloat on the surge of the swelling sea,
With flags unfurled to the salt breeze free.

I will not sadden my verse with all
The sorrow which darkened the Sea King's hall
When the galley appeared on the heaving tide,
And the Mountain Monarch claimed his bride.
As the words were spoken which sealed her doom,
All things seemed altered from light to gloom;
The King was dumb with his sudden grief,
And his strong hand shook like an aspen leaf;
The mermen gazed, in their wild surprise,
At the strange intruders, with angry eyes;
And the mermaids, thronging with anxious ears,
Were bursting out into sobs and tears;
But queen-like and still stood the lady there,
With the pallor of grief on her cheek so fair:
Her sea-blue eyes had a sorrowful look,
And she calmly spoke, though her sweet voice shook.
"My father," she said, "since your word was passed,
Though you meant not this, it hath bound us fast.
We may not dally with vain regret,
But guard your honor unsullied yet.
Though my heart clings here, yet I proudly say,
'My father hath spoken, and I obey!'
And look! how broad is the glittering road
Which leads from home to the King's abode!
I shall greet you there, in the mountain hall,
And often and often shall see you all!"

It is noon again on the shining sea,
Which glitters with pomp and pageantry,
With the dazzling trains of the Elfin King,
And a thousand banners fluttering.
The parting is over, the farewells said,
And the goblin-galley turns its head
To glide up the watery road which lies
Like a burnished snake 'neath the sunny skies.
The lady stands in the gilded stern,
And nothing her beautiful eyes can turn
From their lingering, mournful gaze toward home,
And the long green surges which break in foam.

But see! how the river's shores unite!
 The wondering gazers doubt their sight;
 But it *is* so! The cleft earth shuts again:
 The sandy beach and the broad green plain
 Close up behind as the ship speeds on,
 And the lady's last sweet hope is gone.
 She only utters one faint, low cry,
 One startled moan, but her eyes are dry.
 This woe is too deep for words or tears;
 Despair hath frozen her hopes and fears:
 The smile and the sweet, arch look give place
 To a marble calm on her fair, pale face.

When the Goblin King and his silent bride
 At the palace gate leave the vessel's side,
 It is gone like a bubble, and naught is seen
 Behind them but forests of sombre green:
 The broad doors ope in the mountain wall,
 And they enter the monarch's gloomy hall.

The lady hath dreamed that the crags command
 A glimpse of the ocean beyond the land;
 She has painfully climbed the mountain height,
 And eagerly strains her anxious sight;
 She scans the wood to its utmost bound,
 And the far horizon round and round;
 But nowhere breaks on her longing view
 The gleaming line of the ocean blue.
 She looks till the watching powers of air
 Take pity at sight of her dumb despair;
 And lo! o'er the forest's immense expanse
 The surges play and the bright waves dance;
 The grand blue distant curve is seen,
 And under the sun the silver sheen;
 And nearer, the surf and its tossing spray,
 And the white foam blown by the winds away,
 The passionate dash o'er the rock-ledge brown,
 And the white-winged sea-bird flashing down.

Gazing, she sits in the dying light
 Till slowly the vision has faded from sight,
 And only the forest and mountains are there
 As she dreamily climbs down the rocky stair;
 But only to mount it from time to time,
 To feast her eyes on the scene sublime,
 And live in a dream of a life foregone,
 And wake and weep when the night draws on,
 And the vision dies, and the gray rocks cold
 Enclose her within their dreary fold.

Alas, when the Present and Future are dead,
 And the heart has only its Past instead,
 Mirages the only joys to crave,
 Its life is death and its home a grave!

And now, though the goblins have passed away
 (Or never were, as the sages say),

The traveler far on the mountain height,
 May sometimes gaze on the wondrous sight
 Of widespread ocean and distant shore,
 Where only the forest was seen before;
 And the peasants sigh, as they view the scene,
 O'er the mournful fate of the Ocean Queen.

THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

ONE day, very soon after Louis Philippe had fled, and that eccentric body which styled itself "The Provisional Government" had installed itself at the Hotel de Ville, a letter was quietly placed on the table around which its members were gathered. It was opened and read amid profound silence. This was its purport:

"MESSIEURS:

"The people of Paris, having destroyed, by their heroism, the last vestiges of foreign invasion, I hasten from exile to range myself under the flag of the Republic, which has just been proclaimed. Without any other ambition than that of serving my country, I come to announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and to assure them of my devotion to the cause which they represent, as well as of my sympathy for their persons.

"Accept, messieurs, the assurance of my sentiments.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

History does not record the details of the discussion which ensued, but it must have been a long and stormy one. It was clear that a little bombshell had fallen in among messieurs the Provisional governors. To some of them—for example, to Socialist Louis Blanc, to Jacobin Ledru-Rollin, to Albert the workman—the letter was a menace, its writer a terrible danger, to the infant Republic. To others—doubtless to astronomical Arago and poetical Lamartine—it seemed absurd to give the docu-

ment and him from whom it came so undue an importance. This Monsieur Bonaparte, who so naïvely characterized that innocent old patriot, Louis Philippe, as the "last vestige of foreign invasion"—who talked so modestly about "serving his country"—who protested so fervidly his "devotion to the Republic"—who so slyly hinted martyrdom in referring to his "exile"—was he worth fearing or not? Yes, said one side: he is so restless, intriguing and really able a fellow that he will assuredly assassinate our one and indivisible Republic. No, said the other side: he is stupid, an *imbécile*, and therefore harmless. Is not this the man who acted the farce at Boulogne, who deliberately walked into the fire at Strasbourg? Admit him, said the first, and we are lost men. Forbid him, said the last, and you give him the only arm which can make him dangerous. The counsel of the fearful finally prevailed: Monsieur Bonaparte's service was refused, and his presence in France, for the while, dispensed with.

The invader of Boulogne and the escaped convict of Ham accepted the decision with a sardonic smile, relapsed into a temporary obscurity, and waited.

A time soon came with his opportunity. The Republic, pledged to universal suffrage by its very origin, called upon every adult Frenchman to vote for a Constituent Assembly. Monsieur Bonaparte, although he had apparently passed quite out of the minds of men, had not been idle. He had been furiously hard at work. His emissaries had

been busy "preparing public opinion:" the glories of the old Empire were indiscreetly raked up for the popular edification, and hopes of a new were hinted: the formidable little letter was printed and scattered broadcast: people were given to understand, in a quiet way, that the heir of Napoleon stood ready to serve his country, and would work for his country in a high place or a low, as the nation willed.

Of a sudden the news flashed across France—upsetting Louis Blanc in his Socialistic cogitations, bringing Ledru-Rollin's coquetry with the clubs to a momentary pause, causing stern old Cavaignac to frown, and startling even the serene Arago among his planets—that Monsieur Bonaparte was a deputy of the Constituent—that no less than four electoral districts had simultaneously chosen him as their representative! But the bearing of the bugbear soothed the excited politicians and persuaded away their fears. No longer Prince Bonaparte, nor even Monsieur Bonaparte—plain Citizen Bonaparte, servant of the Republic, one and indivisible—he quietly glides into the Assembly, modestly takes his place on a back bench, and ranges himself with the radical democrats who occupy the extreme Left. The traditions of the old Revolution are revived, and the Left once more becomes the Mountain; and there, where once you saw the great and bloody triumvirate—Robespierre and Danton and Marat—behold now sits the grim and silent man who has his star and believes in Fate, and puts on this mask for a while, awaiting the certain destiny!

Eight months of a Republic in which there appeared no harmonious and controlling principle, which had so far only served as a battle-ground for rival theorists and a contested prize for antagonistic utopists—of a Republic which found it necessary to suspend alike the freedom of the press and of meeting, and to elevate a dictator to power—seem to have exhausted the patience of France, and to have thrown her straight into the arms of the second man of destiny. During his brief career as a Constituent deputy,

Citizen Bonaparte, talking little, protesting, when he did talk, in a suspicious enthusiasm for the Republic, was quietly gathering about him a circle of practical and ambitious men, secretly inculcating among the people a longing for the Empire, and keenly watching the course of events. He would rise on the faults of the founders of the Republic. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the day for electing the first President approached, a banner was unfolded to the gaze of France announcing Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as a candidate.

How the contest was, as all political contests in France must be, hot and bitter; how Dictator Cavaignac became the standard-bearer of the many sects who dreaded alike the establishment of an Empire and (the same thing) their own political destruction; how, on the 10th of December, 1848, seven millions of Frenchmen, hastening to use that revolutionary right of suffrage which had just been granted, went to the polls, with singing of the Marseillaise, drinking of wine, dancing, gesticulating and screaming; how five of the seven millions chose the grim "Child of Fate" to rule over them, while Cavaignac had but a million, Ledru-Rollin, Jacobin candidate, but four hundred thousand, Raspail, Socialist, thirty-six thousand, Lamartine, poetical candidate, seventeen thousand, and all others sixteen thousand—thus giving Bonaparte some three millions clear majority; how, in fine, this demure little man, disciple of Mirabeau in that he "believed in himself," and inheritor of Napoleon's creed of irresistible destiny, strode from exile to the summit of Republican power within a twelvemonth,—we need not recount in greater detail.

Let us pass with equal brevity over the four years during which President Bonaparte, periodically swearing devotion to the Republic, one and eternal, gradually conducted France toward the goal which Fate had set up for him. France—prostrate with dissension, torn by rival factions, dreading a new Terror, frightened at infant Jacobin clubs and Cordeliers, quaking at Socialism, her Church threatened, her property men-

aced, her liberty half-filched in the name of democracy, dominated by a turbulent and mob-ridden capital—rested and took breath, and was grateful for the respite. Neither loving nor confiding in her President, she yet clung to him as the only feeble hope of peace. Throughout these four years there was a constant conflict between the President and those heterogeneous elements which had for a moment seemed to fuse in the days of February. There were high-handed acts of power on the part of the President: there was fierce resistance on the part of the single legislative body, where one man thought himself Robespierre and became atrabilious, another thought himself Danton and roared lion-like, and a third thought himself Siéyes and built Mountain-ous constitutions, and affected to sit aloft, Jove-like, contemptuous of the herd. But these were poor imitations, and reacted against each other; while the executive was no Capet, had no burden of centuries of wrong fastened to his back, but in name and in word reminded France of its golden epoch of glory and world-awed power. The term of Bonaparte's presidency approached its close; the legislative tempest was at its noisiest: it became a question whether the President would be re-elected; laws were passed rendering re-election, under the existing constitution, impossible. The Chamber opposed the President at every point. Meantime, the President had been busy laying the foundations of permanent power. He had established universal suffrage. He had restored the Pope to the throne of St. Peter. He had gone through France in person, to attract for himself the devotion of the peasants. He had discovered and destroyed more than one conspiracy. In every conflict with the Assembly he had won the day. He had quietly organized the army and the police. He had gathered about him a strong personal party; and, in short, he had fully determined not to retire at the end of his term, despite the threats of the legislative power.

As the crisis approached, that same atmosphere of silent but intense expect-

tation which seems always to have crept over Paris on the eve of a great event, pervaded the metropolis. Bonaparte had counted his party, had reckoned his risk, had felt his instruments, had completed his plans. On the evening of the first of December, 1851, the ordinary Presidential levée was held at the Palais Elysée, the Presidential residence. There was an unusually large concourse, mostly of the President's friends: every one spoke openly of a critical event about to ensue—spoke of it, however, with smiling faces and joyous tones. The excited and expectant feeling at the levée was universal, and all the conversation was confined to a single topic. Meantime, the President moved quietly from group to group, preserving an imperturbable calm, seemingly unconscious of the dangerous game in which he had involved himself, and betraying no sign, even the remotest, of unwonted agitation. At eleven the levée broke up, the guests rattled off in their coaches, the chatter of excited voices was hushed. It was then that four persons met the President in the silence of midnight and in the privacy of his cabinet. These were to be the principal actors of the morrow's drama. They were General St. Arnaud, Minister of War, the Count de Morny, M. de Maupas, Prefect of Police, and M. de Béville, Chief of Staff. To each of these the President assigned a distinct and precise part. St. Arnaud was to direct the action of the Army of Paris—in plain words, to suppress all resistance on the part of the people. De Morny was to assume the portfolio of the Interior and to take measures for the general security; the Prefect of Police was to effect the arrests which had been decided on; Béville was to see to the printing of the proclamations and decrees which would announce to France that the sun of the Republic had set and that of the Empire was appearing at the horizon. The distributions of the troops and the arrests by the police were to take place simultaneously. The plan thus developed by President Bonaparte was followed with marvelous precision. At seven o'clock on the morning of De-

ember 2d every battalion was at the post assigned to it; eighteen deputies and sixty chiefs of secret clubs had been seized in their houses, and were safe in Mazas prison, guarded by a strong force. Two hundred and seventeen deputies were arrested later in the day. The troops commanded by Magnan, devoted to the President, were posted at the Palace of the Legislature, the Tuileries, the Quai d'Orsay, the Place de la Concorde, the Avenue de Marigny (where we find puffy Canrobert commanding) and the Palais Elysée. A proclamation of the President was read to the soldiers, who applauded; the Assembly, which tried to meet, was dissolved by the troops, and the deputies thrust from the hall; and the Cabinet, which had not been let into the secret, was dismissed. Paris, though expectant but not surprised, was stupefied and silent. Speechless (or only muttering) crowds swept through the streets, gazing at the troops, hurriedly reading the placards on the walls, waiting for the next event. There were no cheers, no groans. The people heard of the dissolution of the Assembly with neither applause nor censure. In the midst of this excitement, so profound that it was noiseless, there came out of the Presidential Cabinet of the Elysée this famous decree: "In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic decrees: I. the National Assembly is dissolved. II. Universal suffrage is established. III. The French people is convoked in council from December 14 to December 21. IV. The state of siege is decreed throughout the extent of the first military division (Paris and suburbs). V. the Council of State is dissolved." This was at once followed by a proclamation appealing to the people to vote whether they would have a President for ten years; and in this proclamation was foreshadowed the scheme of the Empire as it exists to-day.

The coup d'état was not accomplished, however, without resistance: during the week that followed, when the people had recovered their presence of mind, insurrection broke out. A committee, in

which we find the name of Jules Favre, now so famous, was at once organized to oppose the usurpation; barricades were thrown up on the boulevards and in some of the long, narrow streets which led into them; St. Antoine once more surged and howled, threatening to pour out again its human lava upon the central quarter of the capital. But Bonaparte was not the Bourbon, nor Magnan, De Broglie: the troops promptly resisted the popular commotion—Parisian blood once more bathed the broad Parisian streets. I am afraid this was not the worst of the affair: I am afraid that orders came from the Elysée to give the soldiers drink that they might be furious, and that, becoming so, they sacked houses, shot women and old men, bayoneted babes in dead mothers' arms, and poured volleys upon unoffending passers-by along the street. There are some pathetic stories of innocent young girls who were going on errands—of decrepit old beggars who could not fly—of simple household matrons sitting at the home-window; these sent in an instant to eternity because of that order to make demons of the soldiers of France. But the insurrection was subdued, the coup d'état was a success, the Assembly was dispersed, Paris was bound hand and foot, and France was called on to speak her mind. France said to all that Bonaparte asked, Yes; remain President for ten years. It was the same as saying, Be Emperor; give us back the old Napoleonic era; let the Ministers be your responsible tools; let there be a Legislative Assembly elected by universal suffrage; create yourself a second Assembly, "formed of all the illustrious of the country," conservative, protector of public liberties. France said all this, in perfect compliance with her President's demand, by a vote of seven millions and a half against six hundred thousand not-contents. Seven million dagger-strokes at the Republic—seven million architects of the Imperial edifice. That the vote was a fair one there is, in France, no conflict of opinion. One of the most distinguished of French Republicans, one of the choicest haters of Napoleon III.,

said to the writer of this article: "There is no doubt at all that France really chose the Empire by an immense majority; which only shows," he added, "that France was *bête*."

Prince President Bonaparte—for "Citizen" had now disappeared, and the royal title been adopted as a straw thrown out to see which way the popular wind would waft it—gave himself a year to make his "destiny" ripe. The Empire was certain after the vote of December 31st; for Bonaparte himself, with a boldness which has always characterized him in a crisis, had openly talked, in his proclamation, of "the cause of which my name is the symbol," of "the France regenerated by the Revolution of '89 and organized by the Emperor," and of "closing the era of revolutions." The second of December was history repeating the 18th of Brumaire. From December, 1851, to December, 1852, the Consulate was once more laying the foundations of the Empire. It was necessary then for him "whose name was the symbol" of the Consular epoch to revert to that epoch for his materials. Surrounding himself by devoted partisans, among whom were Persigny, Morny, Rouher and Baroche, the Prince President took for his basis the Napoleonic constitution of the year VIII., and by its principles established that of 1852: meanwhile he recognized the fact that the world had grown, ideas had advanced, opinion had changed somewhat; so that the constitution of the year VIII. was so modified as to suit the later generation. The constitution of VIII. did not grant full, universal suffrage: that of 1852 established it without reserve. The Corps Législatif in the former was little more than a creature of the Senate—the latter made it the creature of the people. The right of discussion was added to its prerogatives. These were the two most important of the changes made. It was the constitution promulgated in January, 1852—for our shrewd man of destiny lost no time in perfecting his project—which founded the Empire; and it is that constitution which now exists in France. Its features may be stated in

a few words; and the reader who considers them may comprehend many things concerning the Imperial régime and policy not otherwise to be fully understood.

The constitution of the Empire endows France with a strong and ostensibly popular hereditary monarchy, limited by fixed rules. It establishes a supreme, irresponsible power, at once legislative and executive, independent in its sphere, bounded by organic laws. It establishes two legislative houses.* The Corps Législatif, elected periodically by universal suffrage, corresponds thereby to our House of Representatives: the Senate, nominated by the Emperor, and the senators sitting for life, is the French parallel to the American body of the same name. The Corps Législatif votes the laws and the imposts: it is restricted by the power which the Emperor possesses to convoke it, to adjourn or dissolve it, to nominate its presiding officer, to take away the right of address, and to deprive it of the tribune. The Senate considers, revises, confirms or rejects the laws voted by the lower house. It is dominated by the Emperor's right of nomination, consists of the great Church and military dignitaries, and other persons of high consideration, and is permanent in its organization. The Cabinet, or ministry, is not a political body, but is composed merely of individual heads of departments, who give advice to the Emperor when they are asked, have no distinct prerogatives of government, are responsible to the Emperor alone, and are only responsible for the acts which concern each in his own department. The Council of State is an unusual body, seldom found in the constitutions at least of modern civilized States: it is derived from the First Empire. It is intended to enlighten, without controlling, the supreme power, to elaborate and devise projects of law and the regulations of the public administration, and in the name of the government sustains before the two legislative bodies the laws proposed. The

* Under the Republic there was but one—the National Assembly.

councilors to whom is committed this last duty are not regarded as being, in presence of the Chamber, responsible administrators, but entirely as government advocates. The judiciary power emanates from the Emperor, who appoints the judges, presidents and procureurs : it is quite independent of the legislative power. Such, in brief, are the salient characteristics of the organization of the Second Empire—such are the foundations upon which the Imperial ambition of the second Bonaparte rests.

When we have laid down the organic basis of the Empire, we have, it is true, some idea of the framework in which the Empire is set ; but what the Empire actually is, what was the object of this or that rule, what has been done and what is promised, how it has been governed, what has been its internal and its foreign policy, its effect upon commerce and society—the picture, in short, of which the constitution is but the frame—of this we have as yet but a faint conception. I have promised myself to give a clear and substantial picture both of the man and his work—to show France as it exists under the Empire, the parties into which she is divided, her social and commercial and political and religious state. It is clear that a man who would study the American republic does well to begin by reading the Constitution : having, in like manner, seen in epitome upon what foundations of paper the Empire rose, let us leave the region of law and approach that of facts.

And first : this man—who, after a life of singular vicissitudes, of ups and downs which in a story would make up an exciting romance, so strangely arrived at the object the seeking of which had exhausted youth and early prime—what is really the truth concerning him ? Is he, as Victor Hugo would have us believe, a dolt, an *imbécile*, in whom one sees that anomaly in nature, foolishness combined with knavery, and whose success is only to be explained by the fact that he was the pet and not the victim of circumstance ? Or is he, accepting the fullsome eulogy of Granier de Cassagnac, the inspired inheritor not only

of the ideas and system, but also of the military and civic genius of Cæsar, of Charlemagne and of Napoleon ?—a man, as Cassagnac says, of not more brilliant action and lucid comprehensiveness of thought than of sensitive conscientiousness and of fervid, unselfish patriotism ? Or, taking the view of a third, is he one whose ambition is united to an indomitable will, heightened by great energy, and has been made both bold and cautious by vicissitude and repeated failure ; who learned, by experience, how to wait what was and what was not an opportunity, when to strike and when to hold back the arm, how to read character not only of men, but of nations also ; having faith in himself, troubled by no great keenness of conscience, passably courageous, rather possessed of common sense and practical shrewdness than any great brilliancy of genius—cool, self-controlling and always ready—a man, on the whole, *supremely politic* ; not tyrannical or cruel, perhaps, by nature, but doing any and all things to achieve his purpose ?

There are two views which seem to divide the opinions of those intelligent Frenchmen who have had the means of knowing Napoleon III. best—one, that he is a profound statesman, a thorough believer in his uncle and in the Napoleonic system, convinced that that system is the best for France, and that he can best perpetuate it ; another, that he is an adventurer, who seizes advantage of the name of Napoleon to arrive at power, and will take any means, Napoleonic, Bourbonian, Republican, or what not, to retain his authority.

Judging from his career and his character as it has developed to the public view during the score of years in which he has ruled, it seems probable that there is some truth in both these views, which are not wholly inconsistent. That he has governed France, at least internally, with singular success, is certain ; and this would indicate that he is a proficient in the art of statesmanship. That, on the contrary, he has broken many a pledge, violated many an oath, failed in many a promise, and departed widely in

many respects from the policy of Napoleon I., is equally true; and this would indicate that he is guided by no fixed principle, and that his great object is less to provide the best government for France than to serve his own ambition. The verdict of a foreigner, who, outside the passions which divide France into two great and very excited political camps, has observed Napoleon's career, taken note of the hints of character which now and then appear, will perhaps approach nearest to the truth; and such would doubtless be, that he is, in the sense of an ambition dominating every other impulse, an adventurer; that he has great practical ability, that he has used well his ripe experience, that he is cool and bold in design, and, above all, politic—politic in carrying out a line of conduct which shall rivet his dynasty on France, and establish himself as the author of a permanent system. He is one of those rare men who know the golden quality of silence; he has studied and comprehends the French character, and how to deal with it; he is willing to concede when concession is necessary to safety; he has studied history with profit, and, unlike his Bourbon predecessors, can both forget and learn when occasion demands; he prefers conciliation to menace, yet uses both without compunction; and he has the will, the spirit and the energy to rule in person, trusting no man, but himself directing every department of the State. Few believe that Napoleon has much religious or moral principle; and how it is that a man devoid of these has been so successful is a question well fitted to puzzle the theologians and philosophers. In a word, we believe the true description of the French Emperor to be, that his predominant impulse is Ambition, and his only motive of action, Policy.

Looking deeper down than the narrative of history, than the actual constitution which he introduced, how did he succeed in re-establishing the Empire? What elements did he have to deal with, what ideas to oppose or develop, what powers to conciliate and enlist on his side? It is clear that he, a wanderer

and an exile, could never have reached the Imperial purple had there not been an element in France ready to receive him. There were, perhaps, two prevailing causes why, when he appeared, he became at once the centre of a party and a political power. There can be no doubt that the memory of the First Empire was still a fervid sentiment among the people, especially in the provinces: it was a glorious and still glowing tradition, and this ardent race was still, after the lapse of thirty-five years, wrapped spellbound in it. The tradition was not only one of military splendor: it was one of the reign of law, security of property, stability in finance, establishment of rights, internal tranquillity—just such a system as the peasants, of all men, liked and would sustain. To the peasants the word Revolution was, and indeed is to this day, as terrible as that which designates the infernal regions.* The Empire, if not to the rustic mind quite endowed with the felicity of heaven, had at least one element of it—that order which is Heaven's first law. Another class—the military class—were quite as much devoted to the Imperial memories: the French soldier looked upon the Napoleonic era as the soldier's millennium. It was all glory and action, the terrific fun of the battle-field, the winning of the admiral's chapeau by a dash at Trafalgar, or a marshal's baton by bursting a square at Austerlitz. Republics, reigns of peace, universal fraternity—these meant to the French soldier either rotting in filthy barracks or being turned loose to find a living where one could—perhaps by digging potatoes, likely enough by mere abject begging. The army, then, was ready: anything rather than this Republic—above all, the birth of a new Empire! These two classes, the army and the peasantry, were precisely the two instruments which a bold and ambitious man like Napoleon III. wanted to achieve his end. He would be able to reach power by the first, and to establish it by the

* A peasant not long ago told the writer that his conception of hell was, "A French revolution made perpetual."

last. And this, without doubt, he was not slow to perceive. Once in power, how would these two classes act? Evidently, the army would give the Empire its force, would enable it to rule by the bayonet: for that rule the peasants would furnish an excuse. How? The peasants composed by far the majority of the population of France. Given universal suffrage, the peasants would send a majority of Imperialist deputies to the legislature—the legislature would legalize the military despotism: here, then, there would be for military rule a perfect legal excuse, an endorsement of it by “the nation.” And this is just what has occurred. But there was one obstacle in the way of this plan. It was at least doubtful whether the support of the peasantry could be won unless that of the priesthood could be won also. It was doubtful whether the devotion of the peasants to a stable Empire would be superior to their devotion to the Church. Only those who have lived and observed long in the French provinces can comprehend how strong the hold of the priests upon the peasants is. The priest is, in rural France, literally the keeper of the peasant’s conscience. He knows all his secrets, he advises him in all his affairs, he persuades to or dissuades from marriage, he instructs him how to vote as well as how to live: he easily imposes upon him whatever superstition or miracle it may become useful to propagate. The priest is to the peasant a kind of consecrated patriarch, all goodness and all wisdom; and the most miserly and poorest rustic will often be persuaded to give all his savings for the benefit of his curate. It was evident from the beginning that the army, rank and file, was ready to re-establish the Empire: its chiefs at Paris were pledged to Bonaparte long before the coup d’état. The support of the Church was far more doubtful; and without the Church, that fine project of legalizing military rule by means of universal suffrage might very likely miscarry.

Napoleon, when he became President, found three parties in presence of each

other, of whom two were tolerably compact, and the third was divided into a dozen fractions. These were—the Legitimist party, who were partisans of the elder branch of the Bourbons, who had been the friends of the Restoration and of Charles X., who looked upon Henry Count of Chambord as rightful king of France, and acknowledged as their party leaders Berryer and Montalembert; the Orleanist party, devoted to constitutionalism, lovers of the English system, partisans of Louis Philippe and of his heirs, and represented by Guizot, Thiers and Molé; and the Republican party, divided, discouraged and disorganized by the hostility of its own factions against each other. The Legitimists comprised the remains of that proud and unteachable nobility, the larger proportion of whom had been driven from France or guillotined in the great Revolution, many of whom had returned to enjoy a brief space of prosperity after the final fall of the first Napoleon. It was essentially the aristocratic and absolute-monarchy party, including many large proprietors, some army officers, and, above all, the priesthood and the most devoted children of the Romish Church. The Orleanists were composed of the majority of literary men, philosophers and the great middle class of the towns—the “bourgeoisie”—of those men who thought it practicable to unite liberty with constitutional order and hereditary kingship, who dreaded republicanism because they “had a stake in the country,” and were convinced that in France republicanism could never be anything but anarchy. The Republicans consisted mostly of the lower classes in the cities, led by able men with radical ideas, free-thinking philosophers, Socialists, Communists, utopists; and many, too, more moderate, who proposed to found in France a conservative republic, like that of the United States. Thus the ancient aristocracy, allied with the priests, were Legitimists: the conservative liberals, the middle classes, were Orleanists; the lower classes of the cities, allied with a large and able body of bold and independent thinkers, were Repub-

licans. Which of these had a redoubtable influence in France, and in what did that influence consist? The Orleanists had but little hold upon the country—neither priests, popular masses, peasantry, nor army; only the powerless, because peaceable, middle class, and a coterie of learned historians and speculative statesmen. The Legitimists, on the contrary, had very great influence—influence as landlords, but far more influence as the party of the priests, who in turn controlled the peasants. The Republicans, too, had influence, could it have been brought to a focus—the influence of bold and democratic ideas, pleasing to ardent minds like those of the French, and the influence of the urban masses, those which had achieved the three Revolutions, and had given a temporary protection to the two Republics. The army, very far from Republican, was certainly neither strongly Legitimist nor strongly Orleanist before the second Bonaparte came: when he came, it was certainly Bonapartist.

The President and Emperor knew from the first that he could in no way secure to himself the Republican influence or the support of Paris and her sister cities. He had dealt the Republic a fatal blow; he had made every Republican leader an active personal enemy; he knew that the worst dangers to such a dynasty as that which it was his purpose to found would inevitably come from the popular masses of the cities, and that it was quite impossible to permanently conciliate those masses: Revolution was the irreconcilable enemy to all monarchies whatsoever, whether Bourbon, Orleanist or Napoleonic. How counteract this hostile element? A new idea seems to have struck him. Paris should no longer, as Louis XIV. had boasted, be France. If he could not rely on Paris, he must dethrone Paris and rely on France. To govern the dethroned queen of cities he had the army; and to sustain himself at the head of the army he must win extra-Parisian France. He tried, therefore, to take the wind out of the Legitimists, bladder by tempting away from them the priesthood. We

have seen how he restored the Pope to the Vatican, from which the old man had been expelled by Revolution. He did more: he restored the priests to their ancient authority in France. In what they had suffered by the Republic he indemnified them. He made them even better off than they had been under patriarchal Citizen-King Louis Philippe. He strengthened himself with the Church by making a devoted daughter of Catholicism—such a devotee of Rome as Spain alone could produce—his Empress and the partner of his reign. No means were left untried to win the priests and to assure them of every protection and every encouragement. The history of the Empire during eighteen years shows a constant endeavor on the part of Napoleon—with the exception of one generous and memorable act—to draw to his support this great and ancient power, the priesthood. With that view he protected the Pope in his temporal sovereignty during fifteen years by an expensive armament—with that view he outraged, last autumn, the universal liberal sentiment of France by pitting French soldiers against Garibaldi, and by blotting out, with a rude hand, the gratitude of Italy for Solferino. Knowing that with the priesthood and the army he could make Napoleonism steadfast, he has neglected to conciliate those who seek to establish liberty in France, and would persuade him to enter upon a new and magnanimously liberal career. But he has found the priesthood hard to seduce: as long as he favors them, they will perhaps refrain from active hostility, but they do not trust him. He is a Bonaparte—the incarnation of Policy. The priests know well that no scruple of conscience enters into his anxiety to conciliate them: it does not require an eye as keen as that of a Jesuit to perceive that he would sacrifice the Church as readily as he has the liberals to his own security. The priesthood, therefore, guided by such able prelates as Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and Cardinal de Bonnechose, watch him suspiciously, sustain him grudgingly, and would turn against him to-morrow if there were a

chance of restoring the Bourbon to the throne. This is apparently the grossest ingratitude, when we consider how much pains the Emperor has taken to please them; but, apart from the fact that priests are not notably a grateful body, and that of all men the Pope himself has shown but a meagre sense of Napoleon's services, gratitude and hearty alliance can hardly be extended to a man who is not trusted, and whose acts, calling for such a return, are suspected to have been prompted by self-interest alone.

It is partly due, at least, to the absence of active hostility on the part of the priests that Napoleon has, as he certainly has, been able to obtain the support of rural France. The several parties of the opposition are so weak that, bound together by at least one common sentiment—a common hatred of the Empire—they are fain to unite their forces in the several electoral districts, electing deputies thus by coalition. In this way Legitimists and Ultra-montanes are called upon, here and there, to sustain Radical democratic candidates; and to the priests there is small choice between a Voltairean Republican and an Imperialist: if any, the latter is preferable to them; and herein we see why the priests do not take advantage of universal suffrage to oppose the reigning dynasty. The peasantry, therefore, left much to themselves in political matters, as far as the priests are concerned, vote *en masse* for the Empire. It has grown to be a maxim in France, that the peasants at all times will sustain the powers that be: they have property, more or less, and above all things, as has been said, they have a horror of revolutions—an instinctive dread of change. There is among them a dim tradition of the order and internal tranquillity of the First Empire—of a delectable time, when the peasant could till his field in peace, attend his church on a Sunday, and be protected by an all-powerful police; and they say to themselves that that time has renewed itself.

Perhaps a more perfect system of internal administration never existed than

that which has been established by the present Empire. It is not the least of Napoleon's triumphs. The police, the organization of the departments and of municipal corporations, the whole administrative machinery is harmonious and efficient, and acts promptly in accordance with the controlling will. France is divided into eighty-eight departments, and Algeria, her colony, constitutes an eighty-ninth: under the Republic there were eighty-six, and the annexation of Savoy and Nice added two more in 1860. Over each of these departments is placed a prefect, who is the governor, the representative of the Emperor, controlling the province in his name, responsible to him for his official acts, and in all respects the medium of his will. Each city and town has its mayor and municipal council: the mayor is so chosen that the choice must necessarily fall upon a partisan of the Empire. The minor officials, who have control of the rural districts, are in like manner servants rather of the Emperor than of the nation, and stand at all times prepared to do his will. It is needless to refer to the perfect efficiency of the French police, both metropolitan and provincial: it is hardly possible that any human system could be more perfect. The police are under the control of officers thoroughly devoted to the Empire, and are themselves chosen with the greatest care, with a view as much to their fidelity to the dynasty as to their professional efficiency. Imagine, now, this ever-active, wakeful and all-pervading corps, whose first duty is to forward the interests of the dynasty; take into consideration that there is no freedom of speech, no opportunity for the opposition to disseminate their views in public or to meet the people in assembly; that the press is so bound that its influence on the electors is almost nothing, thus leaving to the government officials a clear field to work in; and you will no longer wonder how a military despotism could have committed the anomaly of universal suffrage, and how it is that that universal suffrage has responded by confirming Napoleon on the throne. At

this day, therefore, we find the cities, almost without exception, in opposition to the Empire—the rural districts equally strong in its favor. Paris sending a full delegation of Republicans and Orleanists to the Chamber; Marseilles, and Bordeaux, and Lyons, and Havre, and Nantes, all following the example of the capital: these are yet far outvoted by the country districts, which swell the Imperialist majorities in the legislature to hundreds. Universal suffrage, that watchword of pure democrats the world over, that bright particular dream of the genuine radical everywhere, is the staff and the shield of the greatest of personal despotisms, the refuge of safety to the most systematic of modern tyrannies!

Thus, by the co-operation of the army, by the elaborate machinery of internal administration, by the support of the peasantry and of that miscellaneous body which, in every State, consists of those who always sustain an existing power, and of those who ever follow in the wake of success—be it successful despotism or successful revolution; by the operation of universal suffrage, and by the sufferance rather than the advocacy of the priesthood, this adventurous and self-confident Child of Fate has established himself on the throne of the Bourbon and of his illustrious uncle. Is the foundation a sound one? Has Napoleon in his favor the prevailing elements of a permanent dynasty—those elements which are to prevail in the future?

You must look deeper down, to discover what France really is, than that glittering and alluring surface to which the vision of the passing tourist is confined. You have there only the froth and foam—the upper effervescence of the stiller and calmer stream which passes beneath. Apply the microscopic test of keener observation, and you will discover at least three distinct, separately-moving, characteristic Frances. You see one, best illustrated by the splendid recklessness of the capital—a France, social, brilliant, sparkling, chivalric, immoral, fascinating, boastful, showily vain, impulsive, in a perpetual whirlwind of

fashion and of gilded folly. You find vice legalized, the government seriously engaged in stimulating the thoughtlessness and recklessness of the people, diverting them thus from more dangerous pastimes, turning them thus from the grim sport of overturning dynasties. A second France—the France of which we speak when we speak, as it were, officially—the France we mean when we say that France has intervened again at Rome, that France is fortifying and arming herself for the contingency of a Prussian war—this is the imperial France, that gigantic machine, with its wheels in wheels, with its thousands of authorities great and small, its politic statesmen, its perfect order, and, crowning all, its Imperial head, who has built it all up, and is the heart at which all these arteries and veins of office-life are centred. Then there is the third France, which I cannot but think to be the France of the future—it is to be hoped so;—a France no longer priestridden, but which has thrown off all shackles to free thought: a France no longer intolerant, either as Romanism was or as the Robespierrean era was, but which has experienced and can distinguish between the wheat and the chaff of the Revolutions: a France calm and seriously thoughtful, inquiring and philosophic, moral, loving intelligent liberty, venerating science in its every department, silently and surely working its way, spreading its ideas, swelling in numbers, and guided by the loftiest of living French minds.

Those who do not recognize this great though hardly discernible movement of ideas know not France in her truest and most admirable phase. It is thus hidden because it is checked at every point by the existing despotism. It works in an under-current, because the rigid dominion of personal law drives it beneath the surface. But it is there, everywhere, and when it has grown sufficiently it will appear and overcome. What has been going on in England ever since the days of William of Orange, openly and in the sight of all the world, is now going on *sub rosa* in France.

England reached her present liberties by slow, gradual and bloodless progressions. France, more impulsive, leaping at once from tyranny and no-thought to mental exaltation—converted, like Saul of Tarsus, in an instant—inspired suddenly by gorgeous ideas of liberty and fraternity, thought to reach the same end in a month which her more phlegmatic neighbor had reached after the toil of a patient century. England was the tortoise of the political race—France the hare; and the tortoise first reached the goal. The First Revolution was the result of the attempt of the French to be free in a day: it resulted in the seductive despotism of Napoleon. It was an experience, and a lesson was learned. In consequence, we find the Second Revolution, that of 1830, and the third, that of 1848, less virulent, more sage, and more productive of the elements of a wise liberty. The Revolution of July even placed an hereditary monarch upon the throne. That of 1848—to its glory be it spoken!—abolished capital punishment for political offences, and thus condemned the ancient Terror; suppressed the stamps on journals, thus perfecting the freedom of the press; suspended corporeal restraint, thus assuring liberty to the citizens; abolished the *octroi*, thus establishing the liberty of internal trade: did more, in a word, to build up a free State in six months than the First Revolution did in as many years. But that attempt too, failed, leaving behind a still greater experience to be added to that of the last century. It is this long experience which has operated to make philosophic and liberal France more cautious and thoughtful, inspired it to think more profoundly, impelled it to shun the savage elements of revolutions too grossly physical, too transcendently ideal. It has been necessary to begin anew to adopt sound principles, and educate the people to them; no longer to grope in the dark, but to toil slowly and surely, tortoise-English-like, toward the goal. In that revolution which is to be, therefore—in which liberal France confidently believes—there will be no terrific storms of popular commotion, no indulgence in

utopian extravagance. It will be approached gradually: its forces will have become intelligent and irresistible, and the succession of the people to self-sovereignty will be accomplished rather by a natural sequence than by a natural convulsion. In this liberal France there is a prevailing idea that the future government ought to be founded on legislative supremacy, so that it is looking forward to the same end which our own republic seems to have just reached. The will of the people, centred and made operative in the national legislature as respects the whole nation, in the council of the department as respects the province, and in the municipal council as respects the towns and communes, shall, each in its sphere, constitute the supreme law-making and governing power. The executive—the chief of the State, the prefect of the department, the mayor of the town or the commune—shall be merely the agent of the legislative bodies, carrying out the national, provincial and local will as by them expressed, and having no independent or obstructive power whatever. This is called the system of "Control;" and it has its advocates in almost all parties, recruiting for that great, liberal and thinking France of which we speak alike from Monarchists and Republicans.

There is in this liberal and thoughtful element a vital danger to the Cæsarian dynasty which now rules in France. The Empire has founded itself upon a basis which becomes feebler every day: it has permanently alienated itself from elements which every day sees stronger. The influence of the priesthood, as the world is now drifting, must decay and die in time. Government by an army must at last become too heavy and burdensome to be borne; especially as such government does not shed glory upon itself, as did that of the great Napoleon, by brilliant military feats. The liberal and intelligent ideas of the soundest thinkers, always growing, must finally penetrate the military ranks themselves: the whole people will perceive the evil of being ruled by bayonets. So, in time, it must be that this great prop of uni-

versal suffrage will fail to sustain the Cæsarian Arcadia of Napoleon III. Men who go to France from the Anglo-Saxon countries are apt to exclaim against the immorality and vice, the irreligion, frivolity and want of principle, which they observe in the French: they see in France history repeating the scenes of the Roman Empire in its voluptuous decline; they see how that centuries of priestly rule have driven multitudes to a scoffing and virtue-despising infidelity; in the pleasures to which the Parisian gives himself up they recognize the apples of Sodom and the painted sepulchre; and they predict for France a similar fate to that of the Southern Empire, and a blasting ruin descending from heaven, such as overtook the godless city of Gomorrah. But these, as has been said, see only the surface. There is still a regenerating principle in France, which grows with time. There are yet men who can save her—men who respect all sincere beliefs, who hate immorality, and who seem to have learned the true quality of liberty. Out of all these bitter struggles with

Jesuitism, with Absolutism, with vice of every shade and bad systems of every kind, it must be that these men of reason and of virtue will emerge triumphant. They have learned patience—a quality which is hardly yet a national one, and the want of which gave opportunity to a Robespierre, a Napoleon, and again another Napoleon.

It is a fatal mistake of the Empire that it takes little heed of this grand movement—that the true statesmen of modern France are regarded as so many demagogues seeking power, and willing to drive France through the fire of another Terror to obtain it. It makes, here and there, a concession to the liberal spirit, but not from principle. It is necessary to the security of the hour: it is but one more stroke of that Policy always supreme in the Imperial mind, which has been tortuous and guided by no great idea from beginning to end. Such concessions will not suffice, and the day will come when Policy uninfluenced by Principle will meet its proper reward.

DR. AAR.

THE gossips of the exclusive town of Ernsford held a morning-session in Mrs. Lockhart's parlor, and entered at once upon the discussion of that momentous question—"a new doctor among us." Argument ran high, and debate waxed loud and warm; Mrs. Claquet, whose erratic and versatile genius enabled her to enact every selected rôle *con amore*, gesticulated strangely after the manner of her kind; Mrs. Cavendish Green, who cultivated the fancy that she and the Dukes of Devonshire were blue-blooded alike, forswore her calm of long descent, and talked excitedly of strangers, and charlatans, and nobodies; and Miss Nancy Leger, a maiden lady of wealth

unquestioned and summers unrecorded, launched madly forth upon a sea of perverse moods and tenses and divers Legerisms. These were the leaders in the august council. At times, Mrs. Lockhart, or some other presumptuous feminine, would feebly essay a word or two, but quite in vain: the trio aforesaid, although not Turks, "could bear no other near the throne."

"He has been here five days," said Mrs. Claquet, "and no one has seen him. Why should there be all this mystery?"

Mrs. Claquet affected the melo-dramatic upon this occasion, deeming it especially becoming in the case.

"I saw him," a modest voice replied, negating the serious charge.

"But when?" was the contemptuous question. "At night, making his way over the fields where— Who knows where?" And the questioner looked defiantly round, as if threatening instant annihilation to any one who presumed to know where.

"To 'Black Ben's' cottage," was the astonishing answer.

"To 'Black Ben's' cottage!" ejaculated the dame, flinging up a pair of fat hands to give full expression to her horror. "Black Ben is an infidel and a thief. What takes any one to his cottage?"

"His child is sick."

"Well, what of that? Dr. Mayland never put his foot inside the place: that I know," said Mrs. Cavendish Green, emphatically.

"Black Ben would not let him," said the timid little woman who had, unwittingly, submitted herself to cross-examination at the hands of the ruling three.

"How do you know?" Miss Nancy Leger asked sharply, turning her face—that charmingly youthful face—full upon the offender.

"Dr. Mayland told me that Ben permitted no licensed poisoners within his doors: so Ben said to the doctor one day."

"How did *this* man succeed in storming the castle?" said Mrs. Cavendish Green, with a sneering smile. "Probably Ben is a friend of his—probably: these adventurers, you know." The "high-born ladye" languished into silence at thought of the terrible probability.

"I can tell you all about it," said Mrs. Lockhart, coming bravely to the rescue of her timid little friend. "As this strange doctor was coming up the street, the night of his arrival in Ernsford, he heard a woman's voice crying out wildly, and at the same moment a man, bare-headed and evidently intoxicated, ran across his path: the doctor stood still, wondering what it all meant, and unable to see a yard before him, so dark and stormy was the night. Again the wo-

man's voice shrieked out some unintelligible words, and the doctor leaped the fence that divided him from the fields upon his left, and started in the direction from which that cry of agony had come. A dim light in the distance was his only guide, and in a few minutes he was able to discern the miserable dwelling in the hollow. The door stood wide open, just as the man, who so suddenly confronted the doctor, had left it: the wind whistled and moaned unceasingly, and the rain beat through the open door of the wretched hut. The doctor walked boldly in, and saw a woman, ragged and pinched with want, holding a child in her arms and sobbing piteously."

"Black Ben's mother, I suppose," Mrs. Claquet interrupted: the lady lacked one perfection—she was not a good listener.

"Yes," Mrs. Lockhart replied, "it was Ben's mother, and the child in her arms was Ben's little girl."

"What a merciful dispensation the death of that child would be!" said Mrs. Cavendish Green, kindly suggesting improvements upon the Providence that guards so jealously the gates of life and death.

"I would not say so," Mrs. Lockhart gravely replied: "that little child has strange influence over Ben, fierce and wicked as he is; and I believe that this influence will be all for the best: it will keep Ben back from his dreadful life, unless there be no such thing as keeping a sinner of his stamp from the error of his ways."

"You are an optimist, Mrs. Lockhart," Mrs. Cavendish Green mockingly commented.

"Yes, yes, you are an optimist, Mrs. Lockhart—a little old-fashioned in your notions," chimed in the lisping Miss Nancy Leger, who evidently entertained the idea that an "optimist" was a fossiliferous formation, bearing traces of those primitive ages in which the sons of men were weak enough to confess themselves *not* omniscient and omnipotent. Miss Nancy was not eminent as a philologist: indeed both sound and sense were frequently immolated upon the shrine

of conversation according to my lady's pleasure.

Mrs. Lockhart smiled at the doubtful compliment, and resumed her story: "The woman looked up at the doctor's entrance, fixing upon him her strange, wild eyes, and sobbing all the while with that heart-broken wail of one from whom hope is passing away. 'What can I do for you?' said the doctor, coming closer, and endeavoring to get a look at the face of the child. 'Is the child sick?' he went on, bending low and laying his hand upon the little head pressed to the woman's breast. 'She is dying,' the woman answered. 'Did you meet *him* on the road?' she asked, still with that fixed and stony look in her eyes. 'He could not bear to see her die, and he went out, leaving me alone with her.' Here the child stirred uneasily, and moaned some broken words. 'Perhaps I can do something for her,' the doctor said: 'let me look at her.' The woman obeyed mechanically, letting the stranger take the child from her arms and lay it upon its little bed in the corner of the room. Miserable as the place was, that little bed was clean and white, betokening the loving care lavished upon the little one."

"Who can believe all this? The new doctor is an adept in the line of fiction, if this narration be a sample," said Mrs. Cavendish Green, who, in her diluted Pyrrhonism, regarded universal doubt of good as the only true wisdom.

"Ben's mother told the story to Dr. Mayland," said Mrs. Lockhart, warmly entering upon the defence of the absent; "and Ben himself gave it as I am giving it to you."

"Go on, Mrs. Lockhart," said Miss Nancy Leger: "I am dying to hear the rest of it."

"That you may not die, then, I will finish," Mrs. Lockhart returned, unconsciously giving a sarcastic inflection to the remark. "The child was in a high fever: that the doctor saw at a glance. He bathed the hot face and hands, cut away the tangled hair that lay in heavy masses upon the child's head, and, taking from his pocket a small vial,

administered some prescribed remedy to induce sleep and quiet. The woman watched him eagerly, submissive to all his orders, going hither and thither to close this door or open that window, to move the light away or bring cool water, according to the commands so quietly spoken. The child lay with her head upon the doctor's arm: she moaned pitifully if he attempted to withdraw her from that resting-place. At length the moaning and tossing ceased: the powerful medicine, given, as it had been, just in the nick of time, did its work well; and when Ben came back to his hut not many minutes after, the child was sleeping quietly, her head still upon the doctor's arm. You may imagine how Ben stared at the strange scene: he had returned in expectation of finding death already within those miserable walls; and how widely different was the realization! There lay his little girl, with that ominous scarlet flush faded almost to a natural color, the eyes that he had last seen wide and burning with fever were peacefully closed, and the childish moaning voice was still. 'Is she dead?' he asked, advancing with uncertain step to the bedside. 'No,' the doctor replied: 'please God, she will soon be herself again.' 'How did you come here?' Ben whispered hoarsely. 'We will not talk now,' the doctor answered, 'lest we wake the little one. Some other time I will tell you.' 'Tell me this now,' Ben persisted—'will she live? Do not deceive me.' 'So far as my judgment goes,' replied the doctor, 'I answer you truly—she will live.' Ben sat down and covered his face with his hands, evidently desiring to conceal the emotion that manifested itself in every lineament. After a long silence, Ben looked up and said, rapidly and fiercely: 'They call me an infidel, yet last Sunday I went in where a preacher talked of God, and I begin to believe in him. Are you come from God? I tell you that that child was the only thing upon earth that loved me and was not afraid of me. God could not let her die!' The doctor made no answer to the passionate words, and again Ben buried his face in his hands, sitting

there before the fire silent and motionless as the dead. The doctor remained with the child until long after midnight, and then he came to Dr. Mayland's in strange company: Black Ben was his escort."

"What did Dr. Mayland say to such late hours?" Miss Nancy Leger inquired, unable to frame a question of higher import.

"Oh! doctors are used to late hours: a 'sick call,' you know, is at all hours a reasonable excuse."

"It is not possible," said Mrs. Cavendish Green, "that the higher families will patronize this new-comer."

"No, not the higher families," echoed Miss Nancy, erecting her head, and compressing her thin lips until you might have looked in vain for the "line of beauty." Now Miss Nancy belonged to the "higher families" of Ernsford—to the very highest, in fact: not that her father had attained to eminence in any particular line, but her grandfather had: he had been a coachman in his time, and if you rate rank atmospherically, the defunct coachman had been "high" enough, in all reason.

"Mr. Gray will not have him," Mrs. Cavendish Green further remarked: "he will send to Philadelphia for Dr. Archdale, should there be occasion for medical advice at Grayswood. I will do the same."

Mrs. Lockhart smiled dubiously: Mrs. Cavendish Green lived extensively upon credit, and it mattered little to any physician whether she patronized him or not: hence Mrs. Lockhart's smile at the remark, "I will do the same."

"Perhaps Mr. Winchester will employ him," suggested Mrs. Claquet.

That remark was laughed at, as being quite a delicate stroke of wit, Mr. Winchester's poverty rendering *his* favor of very little account.

"How long was Dr. Mayland in Ernsford?" Miss Nancy asked.

"All his life," Mrs. Lockhart replied. "He practiced for thirty years and more in this town; so that you cannot wonder at the aversion our good people have to a strange doctor."

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After a running fire of remarks, directed chiefly against the "strange doctor," the feminine conclave adjourned, agreeing to meet again when further information upon the subject could be given.

Despite all their threats and forebodings, the new doctor gained ground rapidly among the people of Ernsford. Dr. Mayland, who had been the chief medical practitioner in the town for many years, had gone abroad with his niece, a young girl whose failing health demanded change of climate. Before his departure he consulted an old friend in Philadelphia, Dr. Archdale, in reference to a successor in his practice, and the result of the conference was, that a stranger came to Ernsford one bleak night in March, and laid his credentials before Dr. Mayland. The old doctor took a strange fancy to the new-comer, and welcomed him cordially, wishing him fame and fortune in his new field of labor; and thus Dr. Aar came to fill Dr. Mayland's place in Ernsford. From the beginning his poor patients kept him busy: down among the hollows and by the river fever and sickness of various kinds made the wretched homes even more wretched, and the faithful physician found his labors almost too much for him; yet there never was cause for complaint of neglect or indifference: what Dr. Aar did, he did willingly and well. He lived plainly and unassumingly: it was hard to tell whether he was rich or poor. The house which he occupied was comfortable, yet by no means suggestive of extravagance. A stout country-woman presided over his ménage and looked after his interests generally, while a melancholy-faced man came occasionally to see that the well-kept garden in front of the house did credit to the owner.

As the doctor was coming in at his gate one evening, not many weeks after his arrival in Ernsford, a light touch upon his arm suddenly checked his footsteps. He turned to see who detained him, and found it to be the old negro who lived opposite—a white-haired old man, with little, if any, Caucasian blood in his veins.

"Does yer want an office-boy, Massa Doctor?" said the old man, with a courtesy profound enough for the presence of a king.

"I've been thinking about it," said the doctor, pleasantly. "Do you know of one?"

"Must he make de fires, and 'tend to de door, and take de names ob de poor folk who can't put der own name on de slate?"

"Yes, I believe that is the usual work for him."

"Won't he hab to mind nobody but *you*?" was the anxious question.

"I think not. Why do you ask that?"

"Not Missus Dabbs?" Mrs. Dabbs was the doctor's housekeeper, a very worthy woman, but a very peculiar specimen of worthiness.

Dr. Aar laughed as he answered, "There need be no fear of Mrs. Dabbs. She will let the boy alone."

"Den I's de boy, Massa Doctor!" said the old man, triumphantly, executing again that model of courtesies.

"You!" the doctor exclaimed, with difficulty repressing a smile.

"Yes, Massa Doctor, I's de boy!" returned the old man. "I used to be wid Massa Mayland before de rheumatis' sot in. Den I was too ole to work and I went home to Massa Gray's, and dey nussed me well again. Eberybody know me, I 'spect—old Uncle Mem. I's strong, Massa Doctor, and berry well now: dey spell de rheumatis', I 'spect. Dese old bones is good as new again. I can sit in de office and do de work, and I's better dan a boy. Dese boys, Massa Doctor, is drefful: dere ain't no bein' up to dem. Dey pussecutes de cat, and pulls de vi'lets, and eats 'nuff for de great el'phant hisself." The old man paused in his oration to wipe his shining face with a gorgeous bandana of the dimensions of an ordinary table-cover.

Dr. Aar was laughing heartily at the well-drawn picture of "dese boys," and Uncle Mem gathered encouragement therefrom.

"Is I de boy, Massa Doctor?"

"If you think it will not be too hard

for you. Come in, until I have a talk with you," said the doctor, leading the way to the house.

"No, I's bery t'ankful, massa; but yer's terrible tired, and I'll go 'long home now."

"No, no," the doctor returned, impatiently. "I want to talk to you about your duties and yourself. Come in."

Old Uncle Mem followed the doctor into the office at a very dignified pace, so proud was he of the honor conferred on him.

"What is your name?" said the doctor, when they were seated.

"Agamemnon," the old man answered, delighted that he possessed so high-sounding a name, "but dey call me Uncle Mem. I 'spect de oder name's too hard for de little folks to say."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, massa: I learn dat eber so long ago," was the prompt reply. "My young massa, he say, when de teacher come to him, 'You learn, Mem, den I'll learn too'; den I laugh and say, 'Neber mind, massa, I's only a poor ole nigger.' Den he cry and beg bery hard, and ole massa he say, 'Mem, you'll hab to do it, I 'spect, or de boy'll neber learn nuffin'.' Den I learn my A, B, C, and all de oder beginnin'ments, and bery soon dey gib me a book, and I spell, and I so bery slow my young massa he often say, 'Mem, you's dumber dan I is,' and I laugh and hurry up; but it was drefful hard, massa, drefful hard, and on'y for lub of my young massa I gib up ebery day."

"Were you a slave then?"

"Yes, massa, down in ole Virginny. Yer see, massa, my ole massa he marry my missus, Miss Lubly A'bufnot: den I go 'long wid *her*, and Massa Gray he my massa den, and young massa he Miss Lubly's son—young Massa A'bufnot Gray. Dey bring me Norf many a time, but I go back again to ole Virginny, I lub my missus and young massa so. Den when my missus, good Miss Lubly, die, she say to Massa Gray, 'Mem neber to be sold: I leab Mem to my son.' Bymeby, young massa he grow up to be a man, and he say to Mem, 'Uncle Mem, I gib

you your freedom, and your ole woman's too—my moder said so.' Den I cry out, 'I neber leab you, Massa A'bufnot! I don't want no freedom;' and my young massa he take my hand and say, 'Uncle Mem, you can lib wid me for eber'n'eber, but I gib you your freedom: my moder make me promise dat, you know.' Den dey all go 'way to France and oder places, and I go 'long wid dem, to 'tend to my young massa. Den, byme-by, de great trouble come. Massa Gray, he say drefful things to my young massa, and my young missus, Miss Lubly's oder chile, she get bery sick, and dey bring her home; but Massa A'bufnot, he neber come home no more, no more."

Tears were in the old man's eyes as he repeated the sadly-spoken "no more," and he fixed his gaze so earnestly upon Dr. Aar that the latter half averted his face from that keen scrutiny.

"What became of him?" the doctor asked.

"I neber know. He go 'way one night, and ole massa he say, 'Neber say his name in dis house—he no son of mine;' and I come home 'long wid dem, and byme-by de news come dat Massa A'bufnot die eber so fur 'way. Den I keep quiet till my ole heart break, and I cry out, 'Leab me speak, Massa Gray! leab me say something 'bout young massa, on'y to gib my ole heart peace!' And Massa Gray turn 'round to me and say, 'Mem, *you* lub him better dan all. God bress you, Mem!' And my ole massa he cry like a baby, because he lub young massa all along. I 'spect, massa," said the old man, rising as he concluded, "you's tired list'nin' to my old talk, but you so bery kind, massa, I 'mos' fo'get. Good-night, massa; I's on hand to-morrow." And Uncle Mem passed out of the office, followed closely by the doctor.

"Good-night, Uncle Mem," said the doctor, from the hall door, watching the old man as he passed down the garden walk.

Mem turned, and seemed for a moment on the point of returning: then he called out, in a husky voice, "Good-night, and God lub you, Massa Aar!"

The old man walked slowly out of the gate and across the road to his home, pausing a while before he entered, and saying to himself, half aloud, "I wonder if he know?" And Dr. Aar, standing there upon his own threshold, with his eyes vacantly gazing into the silent night, spoke the selfsame words, "I wonder if he knows?" Knows what? and who is the "he" so strangely remembered under the solemn stars?

Uncle Mem proved himself a very model of "office-boys," winning golden words of commendation even from Mrs. Dabbs, whose rigid views of human frailty impelled her to regard praise, in the abstract, as a ministration to the Evil One. The school-boys, who were the good housekeeper's especial abominations, owing to their thousand-and-one offences in the way of ringing the office-bell, chasing the cat, etc., made an informal truce upon the accession of Mem to his circumscribed sovereignty. They would gather in little groups about the gate, and ply the old man with questions. "Did you find out where he came from?" "Does he never shave?" "Is his beard more than a yard long?" "Is he a Dutchman?" "What's his first name?" and a host of like interrogatories were stock always on hand among the boisterous crew. Old Mem would laugh at the inquisitiveness of the boys, and shake his head in answer to all questions regarding Dr. Aar: he liked the boys very well, but he could not or would not tell them anything about his master. "Tell us the time, then, Uncle Mem: I guess dinner's ready." Then Mem would draw out his watch, a ponderous contrivance—"present from young massa, eber so long 'go"—and, after careful calculation, would announce the exact time by his means of reckoning: if, perchance, some unbeliever might say, teasingly, "Look at the sun, Mem; the sun's ahead of you—your watch is slow," the old man had the same oracular answer always at command: "De sun may vary and de-vary, but my watch he neber do." Then came the boyish shouts and cheers for "Uncle Mem and his stunnin' old watch!"

One morning, as Uncle Mem was closing the door upon a departing visitor, he espied an old gentleman riding down the street toward Dr. Aar's office. Mem flung the door wide open, and in a moment had reached the gate and was standing upon the path outside. The rider, a powerfully-built, vigorous old man, upon whom the years sat lightly, save that the luxuriant hair was thickly sown with white, checked his horse and leaned down to shake hands with Mem:

"What are you doing here, Mem?"

"I's de office-boy, Massa Gray—Massa Aar's office-boy."

"Massa what, Mem?" was the hasty question, and Mr. Gray—for the horseman was Mem's old master—set his sharp gaze upon Mem's face. "What did you say? Ah!" he continued, recollecting himself in a flash, "I know now: you are Dr. Aar's office-boy. That's quite a joke!"

"No, Massa Gray, de bressed trufe: I's bery busy now," Mem replied, with an air of dignity.

"You need not be, Mem: come home and live with us—Addie will take good care of you."

"Yes, massa, you bery good to poor ole Mem, and Miss Ad'laide she one o' de bery angels; but de old times, massa, de ole times—dey neber come back."

Mr. Gray's handsome face clouded over at the words, and for a while there was silence: then Mem asked,

"When you come home, Massa Gray?"

"This morning, Mem—about an hour ago. I am going to Mr. Winchester's now: they say he has not been well lately. Has your wonderful doctor been down there yet?"

"Massa Winch'ster neber send for no doctor."

Again that strange cloud settled upon Mr. Gray's face, as if some memory, dark and sorrowful, had risen like a shadow before him. It was well known in Ernsford why Mr. Winchester never called in a doctor: he was too poor to venture upon such luxuries as professional advisers in any line, and too proud to take more than his money's worth even from those he loved best. He

lived in a curious old house, picturesque enough in the summer-time, with its mantling vines and its wealth of roses, but gloomy and unattractive in the dreary winter days. The gossiping community speculated upon his manner and means of living, but had little chance of ascertaining whether their speculations were well or ill founded. Few visitors crossed the threshold of that lonely home: the master was not inhospitable, but he lacked the means of displaying still the princely hospitality which had reigned supreme in a statelier home and an unforgotten time, when the Winchesters had owned their broad lands and their dusky bondmen, and had, by right of long descent and honorable bearing, been kings among their fellows. The stately home was ashes now, and the time, not so long past, a memory only: the broad lands had other owners, and the dusky bondmen called no man master; and they that had ruled right royally were scattered from their kingdom. Times had changed, and Stephen Winchester sat by his lonely hearth and grew strangely old with thinking—thinking by night and by day—of the storm of war that had swept his possessions away, and of the harvest of death which had gathered from him his best beloved. His pride kept his anguish from the open gaze of the world; yet he sorrowed unceasingly—not for himself, but for the sake of his daughter, the last left to him of all his children. His own days of life were well-nigh spent, and in the grave would come forgetfulness and rest; but then for *her*, so carefully reared, so tenderly beloved, what remained but a dark, uncertain future of poverty and care?

"Mem," said Mr. Gray, as he rode away from Dr. Aar's, "if you grow tired here, come home. Good-bye, and do not forget—come home whenever they begin to treat you badly."

Mem was profuse in his thanks, but Mr. Gray heard little of the old man's words: the spirited horse was already some distance down the road, and his master spurred him on, impatient to reach Mr. Winchester's. Not an hour

had passed when the noise of clattering hoofs again brought Mem to the garden gate: Mr. Gray was riding up the road at a furious pace, clouds of dust marking the rapid progress that the faithful horse was making. So terrified was Mem at the paleness of Mr. Gray's face that he could not at first find words to ask what the trouble was. Reining in his horse so suddenly as to force the noble animal back with the violence of the strain, the rider called out, "Mem, is the doctor at home?"

"Yes, massa. Nobody sick at home, Massa Gray?" The old servant's face betrayed how anxiously the question was asked.

"No, Mem, but Mr. Winchester is very bad. Tell the doctor to go at once: I think Mr. Winchester is dying. I cannot wait a moment—I promised to return as soon as possible." And again the horse was spurred on his journey.

When Dr. Aar reached Mr. Winchester's, he found Mr. Gray impatiently waiting for him.

"Mr. Winchester has been failing for some time, and to-day I brought him news that did no good, yet he compelled me to be candid with him and withhold nothing," Mr. Gray explained, upon the doctor's arrival.

Standing together in a darkened room, neither gentleman could rightly distinguish the features of the other, and all that Mr. Gray saw was a tall, lithe-limbed man, with fair hair and a foreign-looking beard: as he was not at all curious regarding the new doctor's personal appearance, he did not scan him closely.

Mr. Winchester had suffered a severe shock, yet was in no immediate danger of dying. "His face has grown twenty years older," said Mr. Gray, in a low voice, and the doctor nodded his head gravely: evidently he was a man of few words. Then Mr. Gray went down stairs, leaving the doctor with Mr. Winchester and his daughter, who had not left her father for a moment since that sudden faint had come upon him. Dr. Aar looked at the patient earnestly, marking the worn face and the snow-white hair, that told their tale of sorrow

as well as of years: then he glanced at the daughter, with her dark eyes and pale, clear-cut features, and thought of the sad story of pride and poverty that all Ernsford knew so well. When Dr. Aar rose to leave, Mary Winchester followed him out of the room, and, half closing the door, said, in the voice of one who would not be quieted by mere evasion or professional expressions of fallacious hope, "Dr. Aar, will my father live?"

"There is reason to hope that he will be almost himself again in a very few days."

"You would not deceive me?" she returned, laying her hand upon the doctor's arm, in her eagerness to induce perfect candor upon his part.

"Believe me, Miss Winchester," Dr. Aar answered, fixing his eyes upon the pale face that looked up so pleadingly, "I will not deceive you: a sudden change may come—your father is broken down in health—but there is no immediate danger under the present circumstances."

She thanked him for his candor, and suddenly extending her hand to him—she scarce knew what impulse prompted the action—said, while her shining eyes filled with tears, "My father will wonder why I delay. Good-morning." Then she withdrew her hand from his, and stole back to the quiet of the darkened room.

The days passed on, and the summer sun was waning: still, Stephen Winchester was a prisoner in his lonely home. Too weak to "go out under the open sky," he sat within, and grew sick at heart with very dread of his own danger.

"Why do I continue so feeble?" he asked, impatiently, one day. "I am not a very old man—Gray is older than I—yet here I am, chained to this spot day after day. Will it never end?"

"Mr. Winchester," replied Dr. Aar, to whom the remarks had been addressed, "your mind wears upon your body—you think too much."

"How can I help it?" was the fierce question. "Think too much! God

pity me! Thought is not so pleasant that I would not banish it for ever if I could." A long silence followed; then Mr. Winchester continued: "Do not think, Dr. Aar, that it is the mere physical shrinking from death that makes me a coward: it is not in our blood to fear death." In his glittering eyes came a gleam that told of the warrior-blood in his veins, and the shaken voice had in its tones a ring of warrior-pride. "I will tell you why I pray to live," the old man went on, leaning forward and clutching eagerly at Dr. Aar's hand, that lay upon the arm of Mr. Winchester's chair: "I want *her* to die first! I *will* not leave her: she has suffered enough, and she shall not struggle through the world alone. Surely God will be thus merciful to me, and take *her* first. *This* keeps me thinking: this and memory are wearing my soul away—wearing my soul away!"

Dr. Aar sat still, watching Mr. Winchester, and nervously moving the hand that the old man had grasped so fiercely in his excitement. Mary Winchester came into the room at this moment, saying, in her low, sweet voice, "Father, Mr. Gray will come home to Ernsford this afternoon."

"Will he, Mary? How do you know?"

"Ben came down with the message."

"Ben is one of your converts," said Mr. Winchester, turning with a smile to Dr. Aar. "Yes, and I think Mary also can put in a claim that way."

Mary Winchester colored and turned away from the earnest eyes of the doctor, while Mr. Winchester continued: "Addie Gray and my daughter were the only women in Ernsford who would set foot in Black Ben's cottage when that little child of his was in such need of care; and they tell me, Dr. Aar, that *you* saved the life of the little one. Ben is one of the best men in Gray's 'Works'—thanks to you for obtaining him an honest man's means of earning a living. Were you not afraid to recommend him?"

"They took him on probation: he is a superior workman, but his habits and his evil fame were a barrier in his way.

His very name—Black Ben—was given to him in derision, because the people around half fancied him in league with the Prince of Darkness. Whatever faults Ben has, ingratitude is not one of them, let them talk as they will."

"He would go through fire and blood for you," said Mary Winchester, addressing the doctor, while the crimson cheek and the flashing eyes gave her words strange significance.

"And he has made Mary's garden a very wonder of beauty: he came down in the evenings after his work, and spent hours in the garden, sparing neither time nor toil. There is some good even in the worst of men, but it takes no ordinary hand to draw it out. Mary tells me that on the first night of my sickness Ben came down as usual, and did not go home until morning, watching outside all night, lest you, Dr. Aar, might be needed here again, and no one at hand to summon you. He would not come in—he was obstinate on that point—and there he kept guard faithfully. Think of it! Black Ben, whom Ernsford righteousness looks upon as little better than an untamed animal!" Mr. Winchester concluded with a bitter smile at the thought of the so-called "righteousness" that lacked one thing in all its vaunted perfection; that one thing, the crown and glory of all righteousness—"Christian charity." "And Gray's coming home this afternoon?" the old man added, changing the subject with the question. "He has been here, and there, and everywhere, doing what he could to gather up my scattered fortunes, and without success. There's not a truer friend in all the world than Frederick Gray. We grew up together, studied together and traveled together, until marriage settled us down apart from each other—he in Virginia and I in Louisiana. We are Northern men by birth, but his parents and mine were Southerners, who lived part of the year in Philadelphia and part in Richmond. His father owned valuable mines in Pennsylvania, but all the possessions of my family were in the South; and when the war made havoc in the land—I was

in Philadelphia then, with Mary—I was left without home and fortune. Gray had been living in Ernsford for two or three years before that time: he had freed many of his slaves, and had come North for a purpose at first unknown to me. Afterward he told me that it was in the endeavor to retrieve his fortunes: an extravagant son had, in a European tour, done his best to bring the family to ruin. Poor Arbuthnot Gray! Like my boy Harry, he tried his father's heart many a time, yet how dearly that father loved him! Both are dead, both wayward sons, and here I am, an old man, where my boy Harry should be."

"Father!" said Mary Winchester, appealingly, going to her father's side and laying her hand upon his bowed head as if to calm him.

"Yes, Mary: I know what you mean, but I must talk about it now. I have been quiet for a long, long time. Let me talk of my boys, or I must think of them without a word, and that will fret me more. Let Dr. Aar see what my sons were like," Mr. Winchester said, pointing to heavy black drapery that hung in folds against the wall opposite to the window.

Mary Winchester drew the folds aside, and Dr. Aar saw two pictured faces—handsome, dark faces—startling one with their strange beauty. Upon the frame of each portrait was twined a wreath of evergreen, and pistol and sabre were crossed above, telling that a soldier's name and a soldier's fame kept these dark-faced Winchesters in undying memory. Dr. Aar looked at the portraits with a face so ghastly that Mary Winchester, noticing it, said, "Doctor, you look tired. Have you been so busy lately?"

"Very busy," he said, glad of an excuse for his strange agitation. "I came down to rest a while, and to talk to your father if I found him well enough to let me talk to him." He sat down again, and laid his hand, as it had before been laid, upon the arm of Mr. Winchester's chair.

"Were they not sons to be proud of?" the old man asked. "The Win-

chesters have had handsome men among them, but none like my boy Harry or baby Fred, as we called the younger. When the news came that poor Harry would trouble me no more, the night fell upon me for ever, and then—"

Mr. Winchester left his sentence unfinished: the hand that had been resting on his chair dropped like lead, and Dr. Aar fell heavily back with a hoarse cry, as of one dying. He heard the sad words that closed the old man's lament: then he forgot the singing birds and the summer sun, and again he was amid the blaze of lamps and the tumult of angry voices in a group of desperate men: he saw the face of Harry Winchester, the man he had murdered years before in that dreadful gambling-house in Baden. His pulses were on fire, and his heart seemed girt about with flame, and then he remembered nothing more until a woman's voice aroused him. A woman's hand was upon his brow, and dark eyes—were they Harry Winchester's splendid eyes again mocking him?—were anxiously bent upon his face. What did it all mean? He looked up, and saw the face of the picture—that soldier's face so strangely beautiful—and then he closed his eyes wearily, scarce dreading the death that seemed even then to be stealing his senses. He soon recovered consciousness: strong with extraordinary strength, the struggle was fierce, and in a few minutes he was almost himself again. He tried to rise, but he could not, and he said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "The physician has turned patient. Pardon me for forgetting my part."

"You have been overworking yourself," said Mr. Winchester, anxiously.

"Yes, and now the crisis has past," said the doctor, looking vacantly around.

Intervals of silence and fragmentary conversation followed, and then Dr. Aar asked, returning to the subject so unceremoniously interrupted, "Were both your sons soldiers? You did not tell me that, I believe."

"Yes, both were soldiers, trained to the profession of arms from their boyhood. Fred remained in the army, but

Harry resigned soon after his graduation, and went abroad. The navy would have suited him better; yet he made his choice of his own free will, because he did not wish to be separated from Fred, who thought West Point the *ultima thule* of a boy's ambitious longings. Until Harry went abroad, the two brothers were seldom seen apart; and time proved that this rare union had kept each from forming intimacies less worthy. While Harry was in Europe, his generous, uncalculating disposition drew around him hosts of men who called themselves friends, but few of them honored the title. At one time, Fred thought it best to follow Harry and bring him home; but the war broke out and the soldier could not desert his post: then Harry, without having given us any intimation of his return, came one day to say good-bye, and he too had resolved upon taking up arms. When the time came to part, Harry said, turning to Fred last of all, and kissing, with tenderness almost womanly, the face so like his own: "Good-bye, baby Fred: we are parted now for ever;" and then only was the dark truth made manifest to us—brother against brother! Was not my cup of bitterness full?"

Dr. Aar sat like one transfixed. Did he hear aright, or was it all a dream whose awakening would be the agony of death itself? Mr. Winchester went on abstractedly, not perceiving the strange look upon the doctor's face:

"They fell upon the same day, in the same battle—one on one side, and one on the other; and they came home, after all, together, my brave boys whom I loved so well! One—baby Fred—was buried with all the honors of war, amid the rattle of musketry, and floating flags, and mourning voices, with the stars and stripes that he had died for folded above his coffin; and the other—my boy Harry—we laid in his quiet grave, with the blood-stained rebel flag upon his breast, just as his comrades had left him. 'For Fred's sake, father,' Mary says, when she twines the evergreen upon *that* picture, but her heart says, 'For Harry's sake, whom we loved

so well!' Now, Mary," Mr. Winchester concluded, "I will talk no more: is that what your entreating eyes mean, my darling? Do they mean that Dr. Aar is tired and I am tired, and quiet is needed for both of us? Bring me the paper, then, and I will do your bidding dutifully."

"What could I do without her, after all?" he said, when she had left the room. "And yet—and yet—" He broke off abruptly, relapsing into the dreamy state peculiar to him.

"Mr. Winchester," said Dr. Aar, rising and looking straight at Mr. Winchester with the look of one nerved to desperate action, "what I am going to say has been in my heart for many a day, yet I never dared to say it until now. I have loved your daughter since that day upon which I first set foot in your house." Here he hesitated, the face that had been so pale was crimson, while the low deep voice betrayed the intensity of a strong man's passionate emotion.

"Well?" said Mr. Winchester, looking up wonderingly, as if he scarce understood what the doctor was saying.

"If I can win her for my wife, what will you say to me?" Finding that the old man made no reply, the doctor continued: "I am a gentleman by birth and education, as society rates such things—"

"I believe you *are* a gentleman," Mr. Winchester interrupted, "and no man but a gentleman shall come to me to ask consent to marry *my* daughter. Though she has no fortune at command, she is a lady," was the proud reflection. "Give me time to think—this is so new to me."

Mary Winchester's entrance put a stop to the conversation and prompted the sudden withdrawal of Dr. Aar. Mr. Winchester said nothing to induce him to remain, yet gave this word of hope as they shook hands at parting: "You ask me what I would say to you. I say it now, Dr. Aar: let *her* answer be mine. Good-bye."

Mary Winchester came down stairs with the doctor: she detained him a mo-

ment to say, "Are you not afraid that walking in the hot sun will affect you again?"

"I will drive home: Mrs. Lockhart's sister is sick, and I must pay a visit there on my way, or I would stay longer. May I come again this evening?" He bent his earnest eyes upon her, and caught both her trembling hands in his. "Did you hear what your father said: 'Let *her* answer be mine'? Yes? but you did not understand. Do you now? Will you be my wife, or will you send me from you for ever? Tell me. I thought myself patient, but I am not now." The trembling hands were closely clasped in his, and the shining eyes—those dark eyes so like dead Harry Winchester's—looked up a moment, wide and wondering: then the great tears fell, and Mary Winchester bent her face over the clasped hands and sobbed aloud—only for a moment, one brief moment, in which not a word was spoken—and again she raised her head and said, in her low, sweet tones, "I have answered you: let me go now." He said, "Good-bye" reluctantly. Looking back as he drove off, he saw her standing in the doorway, still watching him: he nodded gayly, and then gave the word to his impatient horse. Ten minutes later he was in Mrs. Lockhart's parlor. He listened to the chatter of the ladies assembled there—Mrs. Lockhart's sister had reached that stage of convalescence justifying the infliction of gossiping visitors—he submitted to Miss Nancy Leger's insipidity, smiled at Mrs. Claquet's questionings, and was deference itself to the nobly-connected Mrs. Cavendish Green, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. They rallied him upon his constant attendance at Mr. Winchester's, and criticised freely the "ridiculous pride of a poor, old, broken-down gentleman!" This was a sore point with Mrs. Claquet, as the "ridiculous pride" aforesaid had scorned the son of Madame Claquet when he had pompously presented his proposals for the hand of the "broken-down gentleman's" daughter.

"I thought of asking her to give singing-lessons to my children," said

Mrs. Cavendish Green, "but I have hesitated, as her conduct does not altogether please me."

"Poor creature!" Miss Nancy ejaculated, endeavoring to smuggle a tear aboard her waterproof and weather-warped eyes; but the "eyes" had it this time, and Miss Nancy's endeavor was a signal failure.

Dr. Aar's face darkened ominously, and his fingers twitched nervously at the moustache shading his firm lip.

"She must give up her walks in the garden and her visits to Black Ben's cottage if she wishes to retain her friends; unless, perchance," insinuated the venomous dame, "you are the friend she cares most to retain."

"I hope so," was the quiet answer, and Dr. Aar bowed himself out without another word, smiling to himself at the consternation which he had created.

"A penniless doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Cavendish Green, in dismay. Then the Babel of voices and the charming reflections upon "an adventurer who might have been a felon for all that was known of him!" Might have been, indeed, Mrs. Cavendish Green, but who was not, thank God! since Harry Winchester had not died on that dreadful night in Baden, and the weight of murder was thus lifted from a penitent soul.

When Dr. Aar reached Mr. Winchester's that evening, he found Mr. Gray standing at the window of the lower room, talking to Mary of his journey.

"Good-evening, doctor. I believe I knew your step, although I heard it but once before. It has a familiar ring to me."

"Good-evening," the doctor briefly returned, passing in at once and going up to Mr. Winchester's room.

"What an alarmingly silent man!" Mr. Gray commented, turning to look after the doctor. "He'll give you time to talk, child: you need not fear that. What! blushing again? I thought you blushed yourself out while your father was telling this new story to me. Never mind, my little one," he fondly added, kissing the crimson cheek: "you know I am an old friend—I am privileged to

tease you. I like this Dr. Aar, yet I have not exchanged a dozen sentences with him: indeed, I have never seen his face distinctly. I have been away from home so often that I had little chance of making his acquaintance. After the lights are lit, I'll take a good look at him."

"Enjoying the moonlight?" said Mr. Gray, when he and Mary entered Mr. Winchester's room. "It is far more pleasant to me to sit in this mellowed glow than to endure the glare of gas on a warm night."

"Gas is a luxury in Ernsford; therefore it must be preferable to the moon, in the estimation of some of our people," Mary Winchester replied.

"What do you say, Doctor Aar?" asked Mr. Gray, anxious to draw the "alarmingly silent man" into conversation. "Are you superstitious upon any point?"

"I think not: perhaps I am, however. The day of fairies may not yet be past."

"The day of giants is not," Mr. Gray returned, with a smile, "when this little town of Ernsford holds two men of our build. Do you want to rob me of the palm? I was the tallest man in Ernsford, but I think you overtop me an inch or so." Mr. Gray walked over toward the doctor, as if desirous of proving what he had said.

"If I overtop you an inch or so," said the doctor, rising and standing where the moonlight fell upon him, "I have gained it since we last measured heights: you were the taller then."

"Then!" Mr. Gray repeated, in bewilderment. Mr. Winchester, forgetting his feebleness, rose suddenly to his feet, while Mary, at her father's side, held his arm closely, dreading the excitement for him. Mr. Gray saw the doctor's face, fairly and clearly outlined in the moonlight, caught the well-remembered look in the earnest eyes, and then called out, hoarsely and passionately: "Tell me who you are!" at the same time laying his hand heavily upon the doctor's shoulder.

"I am Arbuthnot Gray." And the two men stood—father and son, so long

parted, so strangely reunited—silently confronting each other in the moonlight. Mr. Winchester moved forward a pace and then stood still, and Mary stole out of the room, unable to control her tears because of this Arbuthnot Gray, who had come back, as it were, from the dead! She soon returned to say that Mem had come with a message for the doctor.

"Tell him to come up," said Mr. Gray, half glad of the interruption. "But before you go, child, say one word to this son of mine."

Woman-like, she could not say "one word" to him: a painful, choking sensation made the low, sweet voice a recreant in that moment, and all that Mary Winchester could do was to look up, with eyes shining in tears, and lay her hand in the doctor's: then, quickly withdrawing from his close grasp, she passed out of the room and summoned old Mem. By this time the lights were lit, and when the old servant came in he saw Mr. Gray and the doctor standing side by side.

"Mem," said Mr. Gray, "do you know who this is?"

"Oh, massa, I know'd it all along!" And old Mem broke down ingloriously.

"Knew it all along! I've a mind to thrash you, you black rascal! But I cannot do that, I suppose: though you are black, you're free," returned Mr. Gray, laughingly teasing the faithful old man.

"Yes, massa, do' I's black, I's free. De trufe make me free—young massa's trufe. Young massa t'rash me if he like, but nobody else neber t'rash ole Mem."

"And you knew me all along?" asked the doctor, shaking old Mem's trembling hand.

"Yes, Massa Aar. De name tell me little, and de face tell me more. Den I say to ole Mem, 'Massa Aar say nuffin' to ole Mem, Mem say nuffin' to him;' and I keep berry quiet, and byme-by, bress de Lord! de trufe fin' hisself out." Here Mem suddenly recollected that he had a message to deliver. "A note from Missus Cabendish Green, fust cousin or some'hin' to de Duke o' Debilsbeer,

whereber dat is," said Mem, with a broad grin at his own humor.

The doctor read the note, and then held it over the flame of the lamp until little remained of the dainty sheet with its monogram and pretentious crest—the crest of the "younger branch of the Cavendishes!" This covert insult was all that the note contained: "It may be well for you to know that a friend of Miss Leger's, just arrived in Ernsford, knew you when you were *not* Dr. Aar." The doctor guessed at once who the "friend" was—tormenting Tom Archdale, Dr. Archdale's son, who had come home from California not twenty-four hours before, and who had, during the course of a visit to "Dr. Aar," threatened "to raise a row among the old women in the town" before the day would be over, by hinting that "Dr. Aar" was merely an assumed name.

"Where are you going, Mem?" said Mr. Gray, when the lateness of the hour warned the visitors that it was time to leave.

"Whereber young massa go: de ole times, Massa Gray, dey come back now, you know," said old Mem with a grave face. "If Massa Ar go wid you, den I go—for eber'n'eber, young massa say eber so long 'go."

"When I left you," said the doctor, as they walked home in the moonlight, and old Mem trotted after, singing low snatches of unearthly melody, "on that night in which I shot Harry Winchester, I thought we had parted for ever. Your words, 'No murderer shall call himself my son,' rang in my ears night and day, and I wandered over the world, outcast and disowned, remorse my closest companion. Until to-day I did not know the truth about Harry Winchester: I thought he had died that night in Baden. I met Tom Archdale in California, and he knew me at once: you remember we took our degrees in medicine at the same German universities. Then I came to Philadelphia with a letter of introduction to Tom's father, and a strange chance brought me to Ernsford. At the time I did not know that you had taken up your residence here permanently."

Before they reached Grayswood, the doctor had given many of the details of his wanderings. Addie Gray was waiting for her father, and was surprised to see him enter with the man whom she had seen once or twice as "Dr. Aar." "Tell her yourself, boy," said Mr. Gray, urging the doctor forward, and the story was soon told, while Addie Gray wept and laughed by turns, and all the while clung to the brother whom she had so idolized and had never learned to forget.

By noon of the next day, Ernsford rang with the news. With Tom Archdale as herald-in-chief, and old Mem his faithful ally, it would have been more than wonderful had there remained in the town one person yet unadvised or unbelieving.

"If you do not take care," said reckless Tom to the doctor, "Miss Nancy Leger will marry you. They tell me she had a hankering after your father, and that hankering may devolve upon your father's son."

When Mr. Gray drove down to the "Iron Works" that evening, he took his son with him. They found the workmen assembled in an open field adjoining, and checked their horses, wondering what the crowd meant: they were soon enlightened. Black Ben, who had got up the "demonstration," stepped forward and, in a brief, well-worded address, congratulated the master and welcomed "the master's son:" then the brawny-armed multitude flung their caps in the air, and cheered and shouted like madmen for "Mr. Gray and the doctor!" Tradition runs that Dr. Arbuthnot Gray made a speech on the occasion: perhaps he did, but he told his dark-eyed wife, many a day afterward, that the "lump in his throat" rendered his voice very unmanageable on that memorable day.

Before the autumn passed there was a wedding in Ernsford church—a double wedding, such as one does not see every day. Mrs. Cavendish Green was "indisposed," and could not attend, but Mrs. Claquet occupied a conspicuous seat, and Miss Nancy Leger's charming face, porcelain-finished, beamed from a post

of honor. Mr. Winchester, erect and almost strong again, gave his daughter away; and from a front pew, looking on at the ceremony, a broad-brimmed old gentleman saw his son Tom "walk out of meeting" virtually and for ever with one of the "world's people," that one of the "world's people" being Addie Gray.

There is a "new doctor" in Ernsford, and his name is Tom Archdale, and the people have no reason to complain of him; but then you must understand these are not a progressive people, and they are given to strange fondnesses and fancies: such, for instance, as believing that the poor and the afflicted in all Ernsford can find no friend like "Dr.

Aar." Perhaps they are right: his dark-eyed wife thinks so; and the "broken-down gentleman" who sits by Arbuthnot Gray's fireside and talks of "my boy Harry, whom I loved so well," is happy in the selfsame thought. Black Ben, now Mr. Benjamin Harris, foreman in the "Works," does not say much, but thinks all the more, and lets his honesty and fidelity to the trust imposed in him supply the place of mere words of grateful esteem. If you want to know old Mem's opinion, he will give it for the asking; and, furthermore, he will supplement his answer by a long account of "de ole time, and my fust missus, young massa's moder, good Miss Luby, who am now a saint in heben!"

FOREST RECOLLECTIONS.

HAVING been born on the very margin of the continuous woods, and been somewhat of a wanderer among them in our earlier and later years, we propose to have a quiet talk about them with those who can appreciate their manifold influences. While endeavoring to communicate a certain amount of information, we shall speak more as a lover of nature and the picturesque than as a student of science. The subject is fruitful in more senses than one, and as the forests of the United States, in their variety and extent, are unsurpassed by those of any other country, it will be our own fault if we cannot entertain our readers for a passing hour with a few personal recollections.

We begin our remarks with the pine forests of Maine. Their extent can only be realized by fixing the mind upon the whole northern half of the State, which they cover with their sombre green, and by remembering the fact that no less than four splendid rivers have their birth in this great wilderness—the St. Croix, the Penobscot, the Kennebec and the

Androscoggin. According to such figures as we have been able to collect, the number of saw-mills and other lumbering machines in operation on the above rivers, just before the rebellion, was nearly nine hundred, the number of men employed about seventeen thousand, and of horses and oxen perhaps ten thousand; while the towns which are, to a great extent, supported by the lumbering business are Calais, Bangor, Augusta and Brunswick, as well as Portland. The predominating tree in the wilderness under consideration, as is the case in Minnesota and Wisconsin, is the white pine, but the hemlock, the fir and the spruce are also abundant in all its borders. It is said that fifty years ago specimens of the pine were found in Maine which attained the height of more than two hundred feet, but in these times it is but seldom that we find a tree exceeding one hundred and fifty feet in length. The grand old monarchs of the land would seem to have perished with grief on beholding the ravages of man. But there is an aristocracy existing in these woods at

the present day, for it has been observed that there are different classes of trees—families of nobility clustering together in one place—while the more plebeian varieties congregate in communities by themselves. Were it not for the changing seasons and its living creatures the monotony of this forest scenery would be wellnigh unbearable; but summer fills every sunny nook with its bright flowers, and winter scatters everywhere the fantastic creations of the frost and snow. It is in these solitudes that the bold and hardy Penobscot Indian hunter tracks the moose and the deer, fights the bear in his den, decoys the gray wolf, and sets his traps for the wildcat and mink, the marten, the sable and the beaver; and if, in the most genial seasons, there should be found a scarcity of birds, you can never fail to hear the plaintive whistle of the Canada-bird, or *muscipapa* of scientific dreamers. In the Valley of the Potomac this favorite bird of ours is the very first harbinger of spring, coming from the South even before the blue-bird; and when heard there late in autumn, you may be sure that winter has asserted his empire on the Northern frontiers. We have heard it in the pine forests of Florida, among the mountains of Carolina and Tennessee, along the glorious rivers of New Brunswick, Canada and a part of Labrador, but never with more pleasure than in the forests of Maine. When away from home, it always carries us back in fancy to the region where our lot is cast, and to our friends; and when at home it reminds us of far-off places and other friends linked with happy recollections. Its whole life, it seems to us, is devoted to singing, in a kind of monotone, about the joys of the wilderness.

Of permanent human inhabitants the forests of Maine can boast of but a small supply; but for about nine months in the year the hardy lumbermen, consisting of explorers and choppers, of swamper or road-cutters and teamsters, make their dim, interminable aisles alive and cheery with their presence and manifold employments. In the autumn, small parties, equipped like trappers, go up the

rivers in canoes and locate the lands which are to be grappled with in winter; and when winter comes, the great majority, with their oxen and axes, their salt pork and flour, migrate to the selected grounds, and after housing themselves and their cattle in cabins half-covered with snow, they proceed to the work of extermination; and when the spring arrives, down to the tributary streams do they drag their logs; and when the first great thaw arrives, away they go down the larger rivers, driving the produce of their toil through lakes and lakelets and over waterfalls, with many a wild and wayward shout, until they reach the *booms* where they would be; and then for home and their happy families nearer the sea. All this for money? Most true. But where will you find better specimens of true manhood than among these lumbermen? And as for poetry and romance, where can we find their equal among the laborers for hire in any land but ours? Fancy the heart-bursts of true patriotism and the wild stories told by the side of their watch-fires: the hoot of the great white owl at midnight in those dim solitudes; the white moonlight on the still whiter snow; the ringing cadences of the frost; the wolf prowling for food around the sleeping camps; the cave-like forest pictured against the cold blue sky; the terrible storms of sleet and hail; and then the thousand dreams of wives and children sleeping in their distant and peaceful homes.

The continuousness of the Maine woods, taken in connection with their extent, is one of their most impressive features. Unless there were something to relieve their monotony, a sensitive man could never have journeyed from one extremity to another without becoming a personification of gloom; but behold with what exquisite taste and skill Nature interposes her relief! She plants old Moosehead near the centre of the great forest, and scatters a thousand smaller gems of purest water on every side; bids a few mountain-peaks rise up as watch-towers against the northern sky; sends the most beautiful

rivers like flashes of light in every direction singing to the sea; and in a few localities spreads out those wonderful fields which have been denominated "oceans of moss," sometimes several feet in thickness, and in one instance covering a space of many miles. But more than this: around the lakes and along the water-courses are permitted to grow as great a variety of the more delicate and graceful trees as the climate will allow, with shrubs and vines and flowers innumerable. All this is the workmanship of Nature; but it is man who marks the earth with ruin, and, not content with robbing the old forests of their giant treasures, he sometimes sets them on fire for his amusement or by accident, and thus come into existence the desolate burnt districts to take the places of trees once valuable and grand and beautiful.

The last object that the wide-awake tourist beholds on leaving the great wilderness of Maine is Mount Katahdin; and that reminds us of the mountain forests of the Northern and Southern States. The representative peaks of the North are Katahdin, Mount Washington, the Camel's Hump, Tawahus and High Peak; and around all these are to be found the hemlock and spruce, the cedar and fir, the maple, the ash, the elm and the birch, in such numbers and variety and beauty as to bewilder the mind. The declivities up which travelers climb oftentimes frown upon them as if to warn them of coming danger, but the tough and rugged trees plant their roots in the rocky fissures and hold on with heroic fortitude; nor do they cease their persevering efforts, while apparently changing places at each zone, until, robbed of their luxuriance and reduced to mere bushes by the savage winds and by the cold, they peep out from their hiding-places only to behold the stupendous fields of granite desolation, thousands of feet above the sea, shrouded in fogs or bounded by the sky. Inaccessible, for the most part, as are these Northern forests, the enterprise of man has been such as to penetrate their hidden depths for his advantage,

and plunder them of their wealth. In Maine, selfish man robs them of their stately leaders; in New Hampshire, he builds fairy-like palaces, and invites the world to come there and be happy; in Vermont, he gashes the maple trees and compels them to yield up, for his enjoyment, the sweetness of their lives; and in New York, he hammers out of their mountain sides, in their lonely retreats, the valued iron ore, and meanly strips the hemlock of its shaggy bark, and leaves it to perish ingloriously upon the hills.

Passing from the North to the South, we behold in fancy, looming against warm skies, the magnificent domes of Black Mountain, Trail Mountain, the Roan, the Grandfather and the Smoky Mountains. In the forests of this alpine land, the yellow pine and the chestnut oak contend for the supremacy, but as they are not commonly matted together by any undergrowth, they gain in cathedral-like effects where they lose in real grandeur. Like the men of an army, they ascend the gently-sloping mountain-sides in regular order, but, unlike their Northern brothers, they have no fondness for the airy summits. And it is here that the rhododendron and the kalmia display their elegant flowers in the greatest perfection, and the sweet-scented shrub fills the air with its strawberry perfume. Throughout the length and breadth of these forests, cattle graze unmolested all the year round, and as the summits of the mountains are usually covered with waving grass or sward, the herdsmen upon horses, with immense droves of cattle, as sometimes pictured against the illimitable distance or the sky, produce an effect grand and beautiful beyond compare.

If the moose and the wolf and the bear stumble along the Northern mountains, here we have the red deer, faring sumptuously in parks fresh from the hand of Nature; and in laurel thickets that remind us of the jungles of the East, we have the great red panther in his very prime. If, in the North, the sad wild note of the loon, as he floats hermit-like on his native lake, "searches through the

listening wilderness," here, in the South, on the mountains and in the valleys, we have the singing of the mocking-bird, that "glorious mocker of the world." Surmount the forests of the North, and you may look down upon beautiful lakes without number and hear the roaring of many waterfalls; do the same in the South, and you will, by way of compensation, enjoy a more genial climate and the spectacle of many rivers flowing gradually and solemnly, to all appearance, to the sky, but in reality to the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

As something gathered from the past, we now propose to speak of the forest of the Black Swamp. This somewhat famous locality extends toward the south from Maumee in Ohio, a distance of twenty miles, and has a general breadth of fifteen miles. When in its primitive condition it was only the home of wild beasts and of reptiles, a favorite hunting-ground for the Indian; and to the white man who first saw it, it was apparently as impassable as the home of the lost. The trees which predominated in this forest were two or three varieties of the oak and the ash, with many maples, and a sprinkling of those other trees—the buckeye, the white walnut and poplar—peculiar to the bottom-lands of the Ohio Valley or basin of Lake Erie. The trees had their roots in a soil that was black as ink, and to a great extent submerged in water: they grew closely together, and rose to the height, in a solid mass, of wellnigh one hundred and seventy feet, forming a world of solid columns that would have put the builders of Baalbec to the blush, and joining their tops together, by way of shutting out the sunlight and increasing the gloom and solitude. In 1808 the government obtained the privilege, by treaty, from the Indians, of building a road through this section of country, but nothing was done until 1823, when the lands were granted to the State of Ohio on condition that it should build the road, which was soon afterward accomplished.

During the war of 1812 this forest became a famous hiding-place for the

hostile Indians, and was a great obstacle in the way of the American troops; and it was then that it received the designation of the Black Swamp. The difficulties which our troops experienced in crossing this region—which, from the geographical location, was a necessity—were enormous; for a hundred men to bivouac on the trunks of two or three trees was a common occurrence; and of the pack-horses employed to carry supplies, it has been estimated that not one-half of those that entered the forest ever came out alive. Respecting the road that was subsequently built here, the cost of it, in money and trouble, was very great, and when completed it was for many years a bugbear to all comfort-loving travelers. We ourselves passed over it, in a mail coach, on a cold winter night more than thirty years ago, and the impressions of gloom and desolation then made upon us by the forest have never been forgotten. To-day, a railroad crosses the northern part of the Black Swamp, but not one traveler in a hundred ever dreams of what it was in the olden times.

When the Black Swamp lands were brought into market, they were taken up almost exclusively by Germans and Hollanders. They erected their houses immediately on the road, forming them of very heavy frames filled in with mortar and straw, thereby affording ample protection from the cold and from hurricanes, and each man had his sign out as a tavern-keeper; but while the stage-coach people and travelers were chiefly attended to by the children of the household, the fathers and mothers and big brothers devoted all their time to chopping, girdling trees and burning the brushwood, and thus they toiled and toiled for many years. When they settled there, the lands they occupied were purchased for a song, and those residing in the hill-country not many miles away were looked upon with envy: to-day, the lands in question are held at one hundred dollars per acre, and are acknowledged to be unsurpassed in fertility by any others on the globe; and handsome residences and magnificent

farms have usurped the entire region of the Black Swamp.

Leaving the borders of Lake Erie, which some early writer has compared, in general appearance, with the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, let us in fancy visit the live-oak forests of Florida. They constitute one of the most peculiar and interesting features of the Peninsular State; and though by no means as extensive as they formerly were, they are still attractive and valuable. By the people of Florida they are called "Hummocks," abound in various parts of the State, and appear like islands interspersed in the extensive pine barrens. The trees grow to a great size, are peculiar for the great number of their limbs and for being free from astringent acids; and having congregated into a colony, other trees of various kinds seem to have gathered around them for protection; and as they all stand with branches interlocked, the oaks wave their magnificent gray mosses against the sky, while jessamines and other vines in wonderful profusion spread themselves into fantastic festoons and fill the surrounding air with a grateful fragrance. The birds are also very numerous, and, vieing with each other in their sweet singing, inspire the heart of the listener with delight; and as he passes out into the barren woods, now more barren than before, he feels that he has had a glimpse, at least, of a scene allied to Paradise. Ever since the business of ship-building was commenced in this country, the live-oak has been sought after with great avidity, and when the American government acquired the territory of Florida, it took exclusive possession of the oak forests within the boundaries of the public domain, and gave existence to a stalwart class of men long known as "live-oakers." In doing this it only imitated the British government, which, before the Declaration of Independence, was in the habit of gathering masts from the forests of New Hampshire. The live-oakers were invariably natives of the Eastern or Middle States, and their business was to cut down the trees and prepare the precious timber

for the national and private ship-builders; and several of the huge frigates which took part in the late rebellion had their bulwarks built of Florida oak. The live-oakers usually spent about four months in the South, or all the winter season, for that was the time for cutting, when the sap was down; and as they were liberally paid for their services, they were generally able to spend the summer in comfort with their families in the North. When at work they lived in rude shanties, and with good flour and pork, and the game which they found abundant everywhere, as well as a supply of whisky, they managed to worry through the winter without grumbling. Indeed, they enjoyed their free and wild life and were proud of their employment. Oftentimes they were wont to talk in a boastful and yet loving and pathetic manner of the magnificent oaks that they had brought down to the dust, many of which had battled with hurricanes long before the name of Columbus was known. The traveler of to-day, while passing through these forests, will be astonished to find his pathway impeded by the great graves of the slain, which the mosses have covered with a pall of their own, and, wondering why so much timber has been wasted, will be told that those neglected trees had been found, when freshly cut, in a state of incipient decay. A disease called the white rot frequently attacked the bark and penetrated to the heart, thereby rendering the timber useless for the building of ships. The live-oaks at present towering in their pride are few and far between, excepting in districts where they are quite inaccessible, and it is probably true that a larger amount of their timber is now hoarded in our navy-yards than could be found uncut in the whole of Florida. Occasional specimens of the true live-oak may be discovered still standing in Lower Alabama and Mississippi, but the only splendid grove now existing is that at Bonnaventure, near Savannah in Georgia; and it was while we were on our way to visit that famous place that we sketched an isolated specimen on the Habersham

plantation, which measured one hundred and fifty feet between the extremity of its branches.

We now come to speak of the maple forests of our country. The associations and recollections connected with them are so numerous and interesting that the mind is bewildered in trying, as we must, to dispose of them in a single brief paragraph. With the more prominent varieties of the oak and the pine we associate everything that is noble and strong and imposing, but, generally speaking, we are not enthusiastic in our love of the less important members of the family; but this is not so with the maple. The head of this family, as well as all its kindred, we admire and love—the towering tree which freely yields its juices or life-blood for our enjoyment, as well as the more slender varieties which are distinguished for the gracefulness of their limbs and the beauty of their leaves. The maple tree, of which there are ten different species in this country, is found in all the States of the Union from Maine to Louisiana, and, as near as can be ascertained, the present annual supply of sugar from all the forests combined is not far from forty millions of pounds, with perhaps two millions of gallons of the delicious maple syrup. The State which takes the lead in this manufacture is New York, and then come Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and so on to the bottom of the list. We can remember the time when the only maple sugar made in this country was made by the Indians and brought to the fur-trading settlements in *mocucks*, or by the Canadian French: it was not long, however, before the Northern and Western pioneers and emigrants began to manufacture it for family use; but now, as already shown, it has become an important article of commerce. An Indian sugar-camp at night in the olden times presented a most romantic scene, with its huge fires, its lounging warriors, its hard-working squaws, its squalling papooses, its howling and sneaking dogs, its smells of roasting venison and its hilarious mirth, as well

as the drumming of the magicians calling upon the maple sap to run free; but in these latter days the white man goes into the forest with his assistants, and with a single eye to the making of money he draws the sap and boils it down to sugar, with about as much apparent happiness as he would butcher his pigs. It is asserted by Charlevoix that the aborigines were not acquainted with the art of making maple sugar, but that they were taught it by the first French settlers in North America, and only employed the sap as a wholesome beverage, though they sometimes went so far as to take it heated to a syrup. With regard to the value of our maple forests on account of their wood, very much might be said, and some varieties, on the score of usefulness, are equal to the best of foreign woods; but it is not for their profitability alone that we esteem them. For the part they play in the scenery of our country they merit the affection of every American; and as the summer rainbows span the heavens with their glories, so do the maple forests in autumn surround with a golden and crimson zone of their own the hills and the mountains which they love.

As the maple in the Northern States gives up its vital juices for the benefit of man, so also do the yellow and pitch pine in the South. The forests composed of these two varieties are found from one extremity of the Gulf States to the other, as well as in North Carolina and the neighboring States. Though varying in their characteristics according to locality, it may be said of them generally that they spring from a level and sandy soil—that the trees grow taller and less compactly than the white pine of the North, and beneath them, instead of a dense undergrowth of thickets, there is a luxuriant bed of grass, with a mixture of low bushes and sword-palmettos. In North Carolina they give employment to a large number of its inhabitants engaged in the manufacture of tar, pitch and turpentine; in the southern part of Mississippi the better trees are greatly coveted for the making of masts for our “great admirals;” on

all the rivers navigated by steamboats the wood of the fat pine is the favorite fuel; and in Florida, where these forests are most abundant perhaps, they are called "pine barrens" and have not as yet been employed for any of the commercial purposes to which they are adapted. Everywhere among these woods the domestic cattle are turned out to pasture, where they fatten and multiply and flourish, demanding no other care during the whole year than to be occasionally collected and counted by their owners. In all of them there is always to be found an abundance of game, including the deer and turkey, the bear, the opossum, raccoon, rabbit, gray fox, squirrel, and occasionally the panther, with quails in countless numbers. The streams which flow among them are generally dark in color, but limpid, and form a most striking contrast to the white sand which forms their bed; and on account of their healthfulness the planters usually build their houses in convenient groves, where the air is perpetually loaded with their refreshing perfume. The roads which run through these forests are commonly good, but, unless the traveler has an agreeable companion, he will welcome the rudest cabin with delight at the sunset hour, and will be likely to tell you that during his drive of fifty miles he has seen nothing under the heavens but pine trees and little streams, waving grass and pine trees. And yet, let the lover of the picturesque go into a Carolina pine forest, where a hundred negroes are making turpentine, and he will find much to interest him and amuse; and should he pass one of these localities at night, he would be apt to imagine that the very world was on fire. In the Gulf States, generally, the sportsman may always have his tastes gratified to the fullest extent; and in the pine woods of Florida especially the naturalist will find enough to keep him busy by investigating its subterranean streams and the secrets of the "sinks" which abound in various districts, and in studying the ways of the salamander rat, which everywhere builds its little home.

But if the "pine barrens" are monotonous and destitute of imposing characteristics, such is surely not the case with the cypress forests or swamps of the Southern States. The area of a belt one hundred miles wide lying along the Gulf of Mexico is perhaps about equally divided between the two varieties of forest just mentioned, but, so far as their effect upon the mind is concerned, the cypress swamps are unequaled, we fancy, by anything of the kind out of the Brazils or Hindostan. The American cypress is a different species from that which has acquired a mournful celebrity in Europe. It is more stupendous in size, growing out of a submerged soil, rearing its cone-shaped form to the height of two hundred feet, at the top of which it spreads great masses of horizontal branches, dense and fragrant. It delights to wrap itself in the heavy and hoary robes of flowing moss, which seems to vie with the cypress in growth, the one stretching aspiringly up, and the other mournfully down, as if finding solace in the companionship of the giant trees. If it be true that many of them have been growing for a thousand years or more, their grandeur, as some traveler has asserted, becomes a demoniac power. In the deeper waters which sluggishly wind about these swamps, in "wondering mazes lost," among the overhanging palmetto and juniper thickets, the alligator eats and sleeps his horrid life away; the water-moccasin and the mammoth rattlesnake crawl up and coil themselves upon the fallen and decaying trees; while upon the cone-shaped suckers of the cypress, which rise out of the water to the height of from one to ten feet, the heron and crane and other aquatic birds sit and watch for their fishy or reptile prey. So closely matted is the foliage on the horizontal limbs far above that there is a twilight gloom in these forests even when the sun is brightly shining; and as you pass along in a rude canoe, you may see a vine big as the cable of a ship sweeping up like a serpent into the top of a great cypress, as if to take its life, while another will dart

across from limb to limb as if pursuing a phantom bird, and others will come gracefully bending down to within your reach, as if tempting you to make a leap and swing yourself to sleep. At times a mouldy and oppressive odor, born of the rotting trees and the rank green mosses which cover them, pervades the entire atmosphere; but near by you find a cluster of magnolia trees in full bloom, and as you approach you will be quite overpowered by their intense fragrance, placed there, it may be, by the kindly hand of Nature as an antidote to the odors just inhaled. But the deepest impressions are those of grandeur and gloom; and when you gaze upon the marvelously beautiful flowers which hang in festoons on every side, they have a kind of spectral hue, and seem to implore you to carry them away from the surrounding desolation.

To witness the most extensive cypress forest in the South, the traveler has only to keep his eyes open while passing down the Lower Alabama. Here the country is a dead level for one or two hundred miles, the woods forming a dark and almost solid wall on either side of the river, fringed at the base by a line of jungle or canebrake, with nothing to relieve the intense monotony but the wild fowl which cover the waters, the columns of smoke from invisible steamboats (hidden by the bends in the river) and the rude cabins, at distant intervals, of the wood-choppers or hunters. A sail down the Alabama on a still but cloudy night, when no sounds are heard but the rumbling of the passing steamer and the scream of the bittern, is well calculated to give the thoughtful tourist a new sensation, if not some new ideas; and should he happen to approach Mobile in the midst of a brilliant sunset, as we once did, when the boundless sea of woods partook of the golden and crimson dyes of the sky, he will be apt to fancy that the gloom of his sail down the river was but a dream.

The general description that we have given of the cypress swamps will answer very well for any particular locality, for there is a great sameness in them; but

if called upon to designate some favorite specimens, we should mention those of the Pascagoula and the Great Pedee, the borders of the great Okefinokee Swamp, the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, and one or two in Louisiana, where the magnificent cotton-wood disputes the supremacy with the cypress. But there is one spot in Florida where the Spirit of Beauty has made a successful effort to thwart the depressing influences of the cypress, and that is at the head of the Wakulla river, where may be found, completely surrounded by a cypress forest, the most beautiful fountain in the world, undoubtedly—four hundred feet in width, one hundred and fifty feet deep, and so perfectly pure that a penny, on a still day, may be seen on its white bottom, where the alligator and many varieties of fish live and multiply, while all around its shores aquatic birds without number seem to enjoy a perennial elysium.

But this paper is getting to be too long, and it is time that we should be "coming out of the wilderness." We might, if we had time, give a general account of the cotton-wood forests of the Lower Mississippi, and notice some of the wonderful doings of that river in submerging that whole region of country; and also touch upon the bottomland forests of the Central Mississippi and the Illinois; and it would afford us pleasure to descant upon the lordly pasture-oaks of Massachusetts, the American and English elms of Connecticut, New Hampshire and New York, and by way of variety tell what we know of the larch or tamarack swamps on the borders of Lake Superior. Before concluding our Forest Recollections, however, we must pay a passing tribute to the woods of Michigan. We claim for this State at least one kind of forest which was not found in the same perfection in any other State. We mean its beautiful oak-openings. Even when the country was a wilderness, they had all the appearance of being cultivated, and hence the peculiar pleasure which they afforded to the toiling exiles from the Eastern States. The trees were not large, but picturesque in form; and scattered as

they were over a rolling country covered with grass and without any undergrowth, beaten roads were not a necessity; so that horsemen, as well as the wagons of the pioneers, were free to roam wherever fancy led. Alternating as they did with small prairies and lakes of great beauty, their influences upon the traveler were altogether cheerful; and when overtaken by the tide of civilization, the log-cabins first erected among them became the most agreeable little homes in the world, and it was a long time before the deer and the turkey would consent to abandon their sunny feeding-lands. These oak-openings invited the emigrant to stop and pitch his tent under their cooling shadows, and, if they did not grant him the richest soil to be found, thus lessened his labors as a husbandman. So much for the past, but on opening our eyes to the realities of the present, when the autumnal sun is shining, we behold this region of country, for the most part, waving with wheat and corn, and the cooing of the dove or the song of the whippoorwill superseded by the whistle of the savage locomotive. Kindred changes have also taken place in the heavily-timbered districts of Michigan and the adjoining States on the south. The forests which covered this whole region, taken in the aggregate, were formerly unsurpassed in their grandeur and beauty, their variety and usefulness. All the trees which sprung from the black mould of this wilderness attained to the most complete perfection: the black walnut contested with the foreign mahogany in beautifying the abodes of the wealthy; the white-oak, as well as the black, the yellow and burr-oak, joined the live-oak in making the most perfect ships; the hickory threw down for all who would gather them its delectable nuts; the maple yielded its stores of sugar in defiance of the cane of the South; the white poplar, the sycamore, the linn and basswood allowed themselves to be formed into huge canoes, whereby the pioneers might navigate the streams; and with them all, each with its useful mission, grew in abundance the elm, the ash and the beech, the buckeye and the

butternut, while mammoth grapevines and the mistletoe did their best to make them beautiful. And with what a variety of sports were they associated! Here the red deer was blinded by the cruel flambeau; the bear was smoked out of his hiding-place in the hollow tree; the wolf was baited and slaughtered in spite of his howling; the black and gray squirrels were "barked" off the trees by the thousand; the wild turkeys were followed to their high roosts at midnight and picked off with the unerring rifle; and when the wild pigeons commenced their annual migrations, there was great glee among the urchins of the land, who were wont to kill them with common clubs, until what began as sport ended as mere labor. Nor should we omit in this list the fascinating hunt after the honey of the wild bee. Fruitful and grand as were these primæval forests of the West, there were times when they became impotent under the superior forces of fire and the hurricane. We have seen them on an autumnal night, after a long drought, when every tree seemed a column of solid fire, and sheets of flames swept shrieking into the upper air, the wild beasts fleeing for their lives, and puny man wondering what would be the end of the great calamity. And when came the summer hurricane, clearing a direct pathway across the solid woods, breaking and twisting and laying low upon the earth the most gigantic trees, the spectacle was marvelous to behold, inspiring terror in the stoutest heart, and proclaiming in thunder-tones the existence of a ruling and omnipotent Power.

The foregoing bird's-eye view of the forests we have seen does not, we regret to say, comprise the great pine and redwood of California and Oregon: of them we can only repeat what the travelers tell us, that they are the wonder of the world. We now invite our readers, in conclusion, to join us in a retrospective view of our extensive and superb country as it appears to the mind's eye in the light of the olden times.

When white men first landed upon our shores, they found shelter from the

summer's heat and the winter's cold in forests whose very shadows at the sunset hours mingled with the surges of the Atlantic. Far as their visions could penetrate they beheld a wilderness of woods, and they were deeply impressed with the imposing aspects of Nature as she revealed the wonders of her luxuriance; and, though undiscovered and unexplored, there then existed an almost boundless domain of forest. Excepting one single but truly extensive section of prairie or desert land, lying westward of the centre, the country was then all forest, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and from Lake Superior and its daughter seas to the Gulf of Mexico. Our country was then an empire of monarchs, throned upon a thousand mountains and in a thousand valleys, and their diadems of luxuriant green, leafy and fragrant, were oftentimes bathed in the clouds of heaven, and burnished to a surpassing brilliancy by the sunbeams. The forests which then existed were wellnigh as aged as the world itself—primæval in all their features. Like the antediluvians, the trees which composed them were buffeted by the storms of centuries, but remained virtually uninjured and unchanged: they were in truth the emblems of superior might and power. Indeed, then as now, only a portion of them were subject to the destroying and regenerating influences of the seasons; for while the forests of the South were bright with a perpetually verdant foliage and extensively laden with fruit, the evergreens of the North afforded a comfortable shelter from the snows and winds to the human and subordinate denizens of the wilderness-world. Aside, too, from their immense extent, their magnificence and strength, these forests were remarkable for their density, since we have every reason to believe that but for the intervening streams they presented continuous fields of foliage, receding to the four corners of the horizon. Hence the gloom and solitude which ever pervaded their recesses. And when we think of them brooding under the pall of night, in the mellow light of the moon and stars, or

swaying to and fro and moaning, as it were, under the influences of summer and winter storms, we become impressed with emotions that are truly sublime.

But there was also much of the beautiful and the peaceful associated with the forests of the olden times. How could it have been otherwise, since it is evermore the province and the delight of our mother Nature to fill the hearts of her children with love rather than with terror and awe? Flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance nestled in countless numbers around the serpent roots of every patriarchal tree; vines of every size and every shade of emerald encircled with their delicate tendrils the trees which they had been taught to love; and when the lightning chanced to make a breach in the continuous woods, these vines ventured boldly into the sunshine and linked together the adjacent masses of foliage; and everywhere were the rank and damp but velvety mosses clinging to the upright trees, and battenning upon those which were fallen and going to decay, and covering, as with a mantle, every rock and stony fragment within their reach. And there, too, were the streams which watered this great forest-world, sometimes miles in width and thousands of miles in length, and sometimes of such limited dimensions as only to afford bathing-places for the wildfowl and her brood. But they were all beautiful, for their waters were translucent to a degree that we seldom witness in these days, and their chief enjoyment was to mirror the flowers and drooping boughs that fringed their borders, as well as the skies which bent over a land of uninterrupted peace. And throughout the length and breadth of this great sylvan domain was perpetually heard the singing of unnumbered birds, which built their nests wherever they listed, while none were there to molest or make them afraid. Of four-footed creatures, too, the primæval forests harbored immense numbers. Like the forest trees themselves, they flourished and multiplied, and with them, with the birds, the streams, the flowers and the combined magnificence of Nature,

they performed their secret ministry of good for the benefit of the aborigines who had inherited this matchless wilderness directly from the all-wise Creator.

And what were the human figures which naturally made their appearance in the picture we have drawn? The smoke from Indian wigwams arose from unnumbered valleys and the sides of unnumbered mountains; and as the products of the forest trees were more than sufficient to gratify every necessity, the aborigines had nothing to do but pursue the even tenor of their lives in contentment and peace. For shelter, when the woods themselves did not suffice, they resorted to their rude bark wigwams; for food, to the simple arts of the chase and the fruits of the land; for clothing, to the

skins of captured animals; for religion, to the Great Spirit whom they beheld in the elements, the heavens and the revolving seasons; and for unalloyed happiness, to the Spirit of Freedom which canopied their forest home. But, alas! like the aborigines, the glorious forests of America are rapidly passing away, withering year by year from off the face of the earth; and while we would implore the devotees of Mammon to spare, as far as possible, the beauties of our forest-land, we would repeat the appeal to Providence of the forest-loving Bryant, when he says that, for many years to come,

"Be it ours to meditate

In these calm shades Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

SILHOUETTES.

CLASPED hands, and throbbing hearts, and cheeks aglow,
Beneath the starlight on soft summer nights,
And, mixed with tremulous sighs and whispers low,
Most passionate kisses, and all dear delights
That true love knows;
And in the pauses silence sweet as speech,
How sweet, how sacred, love alone can teach
Under the Rose.

Calm-fronted hours of golden autumn fruit,
Deep heavens of blue and slopes of waving grain;
In dusky groves the thrush's mellow flute,
The glad team loosed from the full-loaded wain;
The lowing kine;
The laugh of children sporting on the green,
And, sitting robed and crowned, love's wedded queen,
Under the Vine.

A barren beach lashed by fierce winter rain,
And storm and cloud and tempest brooding low,
And bare, black rocks, where thwarted waves complain
To the sad skies, whose sullen flashes show
Fitful and few;
A broken heart above a lonely grave,
Round whose sere grasses moaning night-winds rave,
Under the Yew.

LEGAL INTERFERENCE WITH THE HOURS OF LABOR.

THE Congress of the United States enacted at its last session that eight hours should constitute a day's work for all persons employed in the civil service of the country, and that whenever any public exigency required more hours of labor per day, wages should be increased proportionally.

This enactment marks an era in legislation, since it is the first time, so far as we can learn, that any government has undertaken to determine, by law, the number of hours that should constitute a legal day's work. The legislation of several States had previously ordained that in the absence of any contract eight hours should be regarded as a day's labor, but now it is enacted that the agents of government shall contract for only eight hours.

As all laws are supposed to be made for the public good and to advance the welfare of those for whom they are made, we are bound to conclude that in the opinion of the assembled wisdom of the nation the public interests require that laborers in the employment of the government should be restricted to eight hours per day. A measure so very important in its character, whether in relation to the public service or as a precedent intended to affect the entire industry of the country, certainly demands a more careful examination than it could have received in the closing hours of a protracted session, when a number of subjects, some of them of urgent necessity, were pressing for consideration, and the members of both houses had become impatient to return to their homes to engage in the Presidential and Congressional canvass about to open. Although the moment selected for enacting a law so novel in its principles was thus inopportune, the measure was carried; and we propose now to inquire in what manner and to what extent it may affect the public service, the general industry of the country and the welfare of the working classes.

If eight hours are to constitute a day's work with ten hours' pay, two things must follow: the amount of labor performed will be reduced, and the cost of all that is created will be increased. The government will be able to produce but four-fifths as much within the same time and with the same force, and the cost of production will be higher by twenty-five per cent. It will be equivalent to the discharge of one-fifth of its working force, while retaining the same expenditure for labor; and thus, so far as preparations for war, harbor improvements and other public works are concerned, such a law, if executed in good faith, must diminish the ability of the nation by twenty per cent. in its competition with those countries in which ten hours constitute a day's work.

If it be urged, in reply to the argument of increased cost, that the government will not pay as much for eight hours as for ten, then is it certain that the law will disappoint the expectations of those who desired its enactment. Laborers cannot afford to have their wages curtailed by twenty per cent., since they already find it sufficiently difficult to maintain their families and educate their children; and hence they will justly regard as an injury a restriction to eight hours' labor with only eight hours' pay. A proposition from their employers to work twelve hours instead of ten, with a proportionate increase of wages, would doubtless be generally acceded to with much pleasure, so desirable are the workmen of increasing their means of living; and we hear already from some localities where the eight-hour rule is adopted that laborers are proposing to work two terms of eight hours each for double pay.

Ten hours' pay for eight hours' work is the only condition on which those who have exerted themselves to procure the law will be willing to accept it as a boon to themselves. If, then, eight

hours be established as a day's labor by the government at the same wages hitherto paid for ten, while the term of labor and rate of wages outside the public works remain as heretofore, it is certain that the man who is so fortunate as to be employed by the government will get twenty per cent. more for equal service than those engaged in the general industry of the country. Every laborer, therefore will use his utmost endeavors to secure employment from government officers, and to the individual or party who will confer such a favor upon him he will feel under great obligations. All, therefore, who hope to be thus employed will be office-seekers, and earnest ones too, since it will be a matter of much importance to them whether they work ten or eight hours for the same pay.

The effect of this is easily seen. Every agent of government will be as persistently besieged by applications for places as are any other government officials, and he will acquire a great political influence over the class with which he becomes connected. If this is an object to be desired, the eight-hour law will secure it. Since, then, this measure of reducing the hours of labor in the public service could not have been enacted for the purpose of enabling the government to provide for the common defence and welfare more rapidly or advantageously than before, it must have been done for the benefit of the laborer himself. But if that be the object, this legislation is tantamount to a declaration that the good of the country at large requires that all laborers should have the same immunity, and that eight hours ought universally to constitute a day's work; for it will not be pretended that labor in government employment is more severe than, or different in any important particular from, that required in the general industry of the country. This law is therefore, in effect, a manifesto declaring to the world that it is not in accordance with the public interests that men should, in any ordinary occupation, labor more than eight hours per day. Unless Congress was fully satisfied of the propriety of issuing such a declaration, it should

not have given its sanction to a law which, if useful or necessary in one department of labor, must be equally so in all. But it is obvious that the rule of eight hours per day cannot be applied to all branches of production. For example, in agriculture, which absorbs a larger amount of labor than any other calling, it is certain that eight hours can never be made to constitute a day's work; for at some seasons of the year the farmer must work from sunrise to sunset, or he could never get in his seed or gather his crops advantageously. In haying or harvesting, especially, the most unremitting industry is required from dawn till dark; and, on the other hand, scarce eight hours are necessary in the shorter days of winter for the care of the farmer's stock, and for such other duties as he is called upon to perform. The rule, then, can never be applied to the most important branch of our national industry; and the practical effect of such a law, if operative, would be to draw from agricultural labor all who could possibly be employed in any of those occupations in which the eight-hour rule had been adopted, and consequently to raise the price of agricultural products as compared with manufactured articles. The temptation to withdraw from the labors of agriculture, already too great, would be much increased if the eight-hour rule were applied to the various manufacturing and mechanical industries of the country.

But there is another view of the subject. An eight-hour law, so far as it operates, depreciates home industry and acts as a stimulus to the importation of foreign products, because all merchandise created under an eight-hour system must cost more than that manufactured where ten hours constitute a day's work. If the home article, then, should be increased in cost, as it must be by one-fourth, the foreigner who operates under the long-hour system would have the advantage by twenty-five per cent.; and consequently the home producer would be driven from the market or his profits greatly abridged. All these estimates are founded on the supposition that the

rate of wages remained the same after as before the reduction of time; but would that be the case? Would wages be the same after as before the reduction? Let us, for illustration, suppose that fifty hours of labor are required to produce a gold eagle worth ten dollars: then five days of eight hours each would produce but four-fifths of an eagle, or eight dollars; and of course, as the wages of the miner could be no more than he produced, they would be but \$1.60 per day, because $1.60 \times 5 = \$8.00$, the sum-total of his product.

Such a result must be as certain in regard to every other product as in the mining of gold. It matters not in what form the value is produced, the amount will be as the labor employed, and therefore the rate of wages must, by an inexorable law, be just in proportion.

No one point has been more strenuously insisted upon by the advocates of the eight-hour system than that wages will be the same after the change as before. We trust we have demonstrated that this, in the nature of the case, cannot be true. Those who assume that it would be so seem to forget that there is a wide difference between money-wages and commodity-wages. Here is their great mistake. The question for the laborer or salaried man to consider is, not how many dollars he can get for his labor, but how much of food, clothing, shelter and other desirable objects he can obtain; and in that view of the case is it not certain he cannot receive as much for eight as for ten hours? If the dividend, or whole amount produced, is but four-fifths as much as before the reduction, must not the quotient, or the amount received by each of the parties, be proportionally less? The assumption that the laborer can really have as large an income when he works eight as ten hours, however honestly it may be made, is utterly unfounded. It is an impossibility. We will give another illustration in proof of this point, for it needs to be clearly seen: Suppose a pair of boots to require fifty hours' labor, and an equal number are required to produce a hat. The two articles would then exchange

for each other; but while ten hours constituted a day's work, the bootmaker would have to give but five days' work for a hat—under the eight-hour system he must give six and a quarter days; and the hatter, on his part, under the same system, must give six and a quarter instead of five days' labor for a pair of boots. Each must spend one-fourth more days in labor to get the article desired.

That which we find to be true as between the hatter and shoemaker would be equally true of all producers if the change proposed were made universal, and every one would be obliged to pay the equivalent of six and a quarter days' labor for what under a ten-hour system would cost him but five: in other words, he would pay twenty-five per cent. more in labor-time for all that he purchases.

From what we have already laid down it follows that the aggregate production of the whole country would be diminished to the same extent that the hours of labor had been curtailed—that is, by one-fifth. The annual national product has been estimated as high as four billions; but if we suppose that only three billions are actually created by labor, twenty per cent. of that sum would give us six hundred millions as the annual loss of employing labor eight instead of ten hours per day; and there is the further and most important consideration that the annual increment of capital must be lessened at least in proportion to the diminished production. Capital consists of that part of wealth saved from consumption and devoted to reproduction. If one-fifth less is produced annually, there cannot be so much added to the capital of the world, and of course the power of reproduction must be diminished. Now we know that capital must increase *pari passu* with population, or the condition of a people will deteriorate, and poverty and beggary be the result. Practically, the diminution in the increase of capital will be far greater than the reduction in the hours of labor, because the producing classes not having so much to spend by twenty

per cent., while their wants will remain the same after as before, they cannot have so large a margin for accumulation; so that the annual increment must be lessened more than the difference per cent. between eight and ten hours. This would soon be seen in the diminished deposits made in the savings banks.

Again, in some employments ten hours, or even eight, is a longer space of time than men ought to be unceasingly engaged; even six hours would be the extent in some especially severe occupations. On the other hand, a large proportion of the various trades are conducted under circumstances so favorable, in such airy, well-ventilated and quiet apartments, that ten hours' service cannot be injurious. There is the greatest possible difference in the employments in which men and woman engage, and therefore the interference of law to establish one uniform, Procrustean system, irrespective of circumstances and conditions, is evidently preposterous. The hours of labor, undisturbed by legislative enactments, should and will be eventually determined by the greater or less degree of confinement or severity of effort required.

It is worthy of notice in this connection that if the laborers on public works are paid as much for eight hours as others are for ten, the latter—that is, the great body of laborers—must be taxed to pay for two hours' labor the favored ones do not perform. The hardship and injustice of this is manifest. Whatever losses the government sustains (and they will be heavy) must be borne by the productive classes. In this case, as in all others, law interferes with labor only to diminish its productiveness and impose burdens upon those who perform it.

Another consideration must be noticed. No small part of all the various processes of manufacturing industry are of such a character that they may be and are executed as *job work*; that is, so much per thousand, per yard, etc. This fact divides laborers into two distinct classes, with discordant interests so far as the hours of labor are concerned.

The day-laborer's object is simply to pass away the time in a manner satisfactory to his employer; the piece-workman, on the contrary, wishes to accomplish the greatest possible amount within a given number of hours. If in ten hours he can earn \$2.50, in eight he would get but \$2, a very large difference to him; consequently he is always and everywhere opposed to a reduction of the hours of labor. How can these antagonistic interests be reconciled? How can the law rightfully interfere in this case, and deprive piece-workmen of one-fifth of their present income? Working in the same establishment, and engaged in the production of the same article, they cannot work when the day-laborers do not. When the mills stop, they must stop. The rights and interests of one class of laborers are as sacred as those of another.

The British trades unions vehemently oppose all piece-work, because they see the difficulty arising from the clashing interests of the two classes of workmen, and also because they have adopted the absurd principle that all workmen, good and bad, must be paid alike! But to destroy the system of piece-work is to impair to a large extent the productive power of labor, and reduce its efficiency; for beyond all controversy those who are paid by the piece or job produce in the same time a much larger amount than those who work by the day, and of course increase proportionally the general wealth.

We must not omit to notice the assumption that laborers will produce as much in eight hours as they have hitherto done in ten, and therefore there will be no loss to production. This is argued on the ground that ten hours' continuous labor exhausts the workman to such a degree that the effectiveness of his labor is much diminished, and if only eight hours were required, he would throw all his energies into that period and produce all of which he was capable. In reply to this, we must first notice that a great part of labor (and the proportion is constantly increasing) is performed in connection with machinery. Now, it is

well known that machinery is always worked up to its highest available speed, and the workman, except in those operations especially adapted to piece-work, conforms to its movements. He cannot generally either hasten or retard the work in which he is engaged, consequently can earn but little if any more in proportion in eight hours than ten.

Again, can the laborer have any additional *motive* to increase the effectiveness of his labor under an eight rather than ten-hour rule? If not, why do we conclude that he will work any faster? When the change was first made, there might be some disposition to increased exertion, but how soon would the laborer fall into the usual routine and rate of movement, and produce the same per hour as before! Why should the next generation of workmen be disposed to labor any harder during eight hours than their predecessors did for the longer period? The experiment remains to be tried—the assumption is yet to be proved true: until they are tried and proved, we must be allowed to think there would be little if any increase in productiveness *per hour* under the short-time system.

The general adoption of the ten-hour system which has voluntarily taken place within the last twenty-five years in most mechanical employments has been made an argument in favor of eight hours as a day's work; but that system did not essentially reduce the hours of labor, only systematized them. Previously there had been no established, uniform rule, a day's work depending upon the season of the year and the circumstances under which it was performed; and consequently there was great inequality as to hours and meals. The rule of ten hours settled all questions in dispute, much to the satisfaction of both parties.

In cotton and woolen manufactories, however, the ten-hour system has never been generally adopted up to the present time. By the returns made to the Massachusetts Labor Commissioners it appears that of eighty-four establishments reported, five worked ten and three-quarter hours; sixty-three, eleven hours; four, twelve hours; and twelve,

irregular hours, from eight to fifteen—three-fourths of all the factories working eleven hours per day. It is this class of operatives, above all others, that most needs relief. About seventy-five per cent. of them are women and children, and yet they are confined, very often in unwholesome apartments, for eleven hours per day. Our treatment of this class is far less considerate and lenient than that of the English manufacturers, who require generally but nine and a half hours per day—a difference of more than fifteen per cent.

There is less of humane regard for the welfare of operatives in this country than there should be, and one reason unquestionably is, that a large part of our manufacturing industry is carried on by corporate bodies, instead of individuals or firms. In no other country in the world is so large a proportion of its capital and labor in the hands of those who act as the agents of others. When individuals give employment, the relation between the employer and the employed is direct and personal, and in this particular quite unlike that existing between the agent of a corporation and those under his charge. The agent feels little responsibility for any hardship inflicted by the regulations of the mill, for he only executes the orders of those who employ him. The operatives cannot appeal to his sympathies, for he merely discharges official duties; nor can they appeal to the owners themselves, for they are in many cases scattered and far away; and if they could, the private stockholder can afford no relief, since it requires a vote of "the corporation" to make any important change; and thus the aggrieved are left to suffer without redress. By this corporate system, unfortunately so prevalent in this country as compared with European communities, capital is relieved of that immediate personal connection with labor which the best interests of both parties demand.

Under the stimulus of legislation we have rapidly changed our industry from the field to the workshop and factory. Large cities and towns have grown up, composed almost entirely of artisans and

laborers, yet our institutions remain unchanged. We have made no provision for the amusement and education of these urban masses at all commensurate with their needs. We have indeed churches and theatres, but these are not all that the interests of these people demand. We need popular institutions, in which the public may be agreeably and profitably entertained, and made wiser, happier and better. We need other places of resort than liquor saloons and dancing halls for our young men and young women; but, as a general fact, we have none such, and they are left to dispose of their leisure hours as they can. Unfortunately, places of dissipation are abundant and attractive.

It is not our intention to enter upon a full discussion of the labor question. Its bearings are various and important; sanitary, moral and social considerations of great magnitude cluster around it; the welfare of the great mass of mankind is identified with it, and the destiny of the race is more deeply involved in its right solution than almost any other. Men were not made to be idle. The most industrious people are the most progressive, enlightened and powerful. Those countries in which severe and continuous exertion is required for the support of life are the most advanced in all that ennobles man—the most elevated, morally and intellectually. "Manual labor," says Channing, "is the divine training to energize character." Nothing can be more true. Laborers will be benefited by leisure only as they use it wisely.

Regarded in an economical point of view, there are two sides to this question. When the laborer is engaged for himself upon his own land or in his own workshop, he knows very well that the amount of his product will correspond to his labor—that the more he does the more he will obtain; and consequently he will work as many hours as practicable. But the laborers of the entire country are not less interested in the aggregate product than the individual when laboring directly for himself, be-

cause they are all consumers as well as producers. The larger the general product, the cheaper will be the commodities each one desires, and therefore the larger the amount each individual may appropriate and enjoy. There is no escape from these conclusions; and if those most interested saw the certain consequences to themselves of shortening the hours of labor, they would hesitate to call for the measure. No class is so deeply interested in having the largest production as those who labor, because they are obliged to expend a greater proportion of all they earn on the absolute necessities of life.

That the hours of labor will be reduced with the onward march of invention and discovery, we regard as certain. The necessity for labor to support life in reasonable comfort is constantly diminishing by the increasing power of machinery and capital in production. How greatly has farm-labor been diminished by the introduction of machines for ploughing, planting, mowing, reaping, etc.! To what a minimum has the strength expended in the production of textile fabrics been reduced by the power-loom and spinning-jenny! If there are, as estimated, nearly seven million spindles in the United States in cotton manufactories alone, what must be the number of women thus released from the severe toil once connected with the hand-loom and spinning-wheel! The saving effected by all these improvements would leave a large margin for the reduction of the hours of labor, were it not that the wants of civilized man increase with his means of supplying them; and this is well, so far as those wants tend to his elevation. It is the constant expansion of desires which secures illimitable progress.

The question of the hours of labor, when properly regarded, is not one relating to the mere creation of wealth, for the greatest wealth is not logically coincident with the highest and best interests of the human race. Man does not live to create wealth, but creates wealth that he may live. His animal existence depends upon constant production, but his advance in all that raises

him above the brute is involved in the use he makes of what he has acquired by labor. While, then, we look with no complacency whatever upon the inconsiderate action of Congress in relation to labor in the public service, and fully believe that no good can come directly to the laboring classes from so unwise a law, we do expect it will bring the claims of those classes before the American people, and lead to a more extended and liberal investigation of their condition and wants than has hitherto been accorded them.

In conclusion, we remark that much of the difficulty that has arisen in regard to this subject has been owing to the false standard for measuring labor which custom has established. The *hour* is the only proper unit of time in relation to services, because it is a definite and invariable quantity, while a *day*, as applied to labor, is an undefined and variable space of time, in respect to which there must be constant occasion for disagreement. Had Congress therefore, instead of fixing the limit of a day's work at eight hours, enacted that all persons

in the employment of government whose salaries were not fixed by law should be hired and paid by the hour, and all contracts hereafter made by that standard, the whole difficulty would have been solved: workmen could engage for as many hours as they pleased, and would be content to fulfill their contracts. All differences as to time would, by this simple arrangement, be for ever removed, and the industry of the country receive its full and most efficient development. All economical and sanitary requirements might be fully met, and the intelligence and good sense of the people would soon determine how many hours of labor in each of the different occupations of life were consistent with their best good. The example thus set by the national legislature, commending itself as it could not fail to do to the general approbation of all interested, would sooner or later be followed throughout the different States, the *hour* would be universally recognized as the only legal measure of labor, and the entire question be disposed of in the best possible manner.

EMMANUEL LEUTZE, THE ARTIST.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago an old Englishman, John Rubens Smith, taught drawing and perspective in Filbert street, near Tenth, Philadelphia. He called himself "Professor of Drawing and Perspective in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts," with a pride that made you feel sure the old man innocently imagined it was some foreign royal academy.

"Professor" Smith was an excellent teacher and a curious, eccentric man, full of English gossip, particularly relating to engravers of the latter part of the last century, such as Bartalozzi, Strange and Wollaston, and others he had known or

heard of in his youth "at home," as he called London. I have often recognized my old master's anecdotes when I have since read memoirs of English artists "famous in palette or buskin."

Smith had a curious way of teaching. After our class assembled and each member was seated at the desk, working at a piece, he would sit down by any one, just as the fancy took him, call all of us around him, place a paper over the unfinished drawing, take a pencil and begin sketching, at the same time saying,

"When you wish to draw a tree" (or whatever the offending passage of

the pupil's piece might be), "you do thus—and thus—and thus."

So he would proceed, pointing out each part wherein the copyist or student had failed. When all the faults were made very glaring, he uncovered the drawing and displayed his own work with great triumph beside the poor confused pupil's unfortunate study.

Our master insisted upon having full portfolios brought to the lessons: he wished to see everything we drew at home as well as at school. Sometimes he would open one of these, pretend to take it by chance, as if he did not know to which pupil it belonged, and again assemble the class around him.

He turned over piece after piece: every little bit was carefully scanned. The more finished sketches received the severest criticisms: indeed, the old man was fiercely ironical on completed pieces: woe betided the pupil who called any study "finished." Suddenly Smith took pencil and paper and the above process of sarcastic teaching began:

"If you wish to make such a study, you do so. You begin by sketching in the whole lightly—never finish any one point. Then you do thus and thus."

Then followed a hasty but correct copy of some defective study in the portfolio—the very one probably that was the pupil's pride and an object of admiration to the associates in the class. The master placed his sketch after it had arrived at a certain point of completion beside the imaginary *chef d'œuvre*, and began ruthlessly to destroy all its fancied merits.

It is very pleasant to dwell on these old lesson-hours, and I could describe much that was interesting, as well as amusing, about the old man; but I did not intend to do more than mention his name when I began this sketch. I am already transgressing one of his great rules by dwelling on him so long—making an accessory too prominent.

As our class descended the stairs from the painting-room on the lesson-days, we often met a class ascending of young men, aged twenty years or thereabouts. They were "academy stu-

dents," as Smith called them with innocent pride.

One of these young men was a great favorite with our master. I never heard the old man praise a pupil so much. Sometimes he showed us dashing sketches made by this student, or fine perspective studies; and at last, when the young man seized upon success by a painting that was exhibited at a public exhibition, one might have thought from Rubens Smith's exultation that the old man had painted it himself.

This young artist was EMMANUEL LEUTZE, and the painting was an Indian gazing at the sunset.

I remember well how Leutze looked in those young days; and through all these long and eventful thirty years, whenever I have heard of the great artist and seen his works, I have recalled the appearance of the serious, earnest-looking young German whom I used to meet on Rubens Smith's stairway, whose face was more intelligent than good-looking, and who always passed us with shy haste. In all this time I never met the young artist again.

Last spring, in Washington, I noticed at a little company one evening a middle-sized, thickset, extremely plain-looking man. He had a bristly, red-brown moustache, ill-kept beard and thick, rough hair; a square, hard, German face, with a concentrated expression, that was increased by the spectacles he wore and his extreme shortsightedness. His head was massive: he looked about fifty; a serious man, indifferent to, indeed regardless of, conventionalities; quiet, unobtrusive, but self-possessed and observing. He was large, had a broad chest and healthy-looking physique, although his habit seemed a little plethoric; but when this was noticed, the quick, energetic movements of the man, the fire in his eye, seemed to correct all fear of injury that might arise from this full habit. A long life, and the most unlimited liberty of meat and drink, it seemed, might belong to this healthiest and strongest of Teutons.

When I first observed him, he was in

a corner, with a small paper book and pencil in his hand, and was busily employed sketching the head of a picturesque-looking man, who, with the rest of the company, was listening to some fine music.

A little while after, I was looking over a large book filled with water colors, many of them by English artists of great note. A gentleman who was showing them to me said, as he turned to one,

"You surely remember that?"

I did not: the picture had a faint resemblance to some place I had seen, but I could not name it.

"Strange!" exclaimed my companion. "Why, that is Lake Geneva just above Vevey."

"Yes indeed," I replied: "it seems odd that I should not know it, for I lived nearly a year at La Tour de Peilz, the point from which that view must have been taken, and looked on that landscape daily and hourly from my parlor and bedroom windows."

"Not at all remarkable!" said some one in a self-asserting voice. I looked up and saw standing near us the person whom I had noticed a little while before sketching: as he was also interested in the water-colored pictures, I pushed the book a little nearer to him, that he might see them better, and remarked as I did so,

"And yet I feel somewhat surprised at not recognizing my old home; but nevertheless I do not, although the picture is beautiful."

"Beautiful? No! Because it is grossly in error," he replied, abruptly. "That's not a bit like Chillon. Chatelard could not be there. Dent du Midi should be here, Dent de Morcles there, and Mont Velan at this point."

So he continued criticising, not only this picture, but every one we turned to, in a manner that afterward recalled to my memory my old master, Rubens Smith. Venetian, Neapolitan and Oriental studies, each and all, received his unsparing criticisms. The man was not pedagoguish nor conceited: there was something beyond and above either in

his manner. He was, as I have said, self-asserting, and also as if perfectly conscious of the actual possession of true knowledge.

When we reached the last picture in the costly book, the lively conversation that had arisen over it was suddenly ended by the stranger walking away as abruptly as he had joined us.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked.

"Is it possible you do not know him? You must both pardon me. I thought you were acquainted with each other;" and without replying to my question, my companion left me suddenly and went in pursuit of the stranger. In a few moments they came back together, and Mr. Leutze was presented to me.

Leutze took a chair beside me and began a conversation in a tone slightly modified: a little more deference, not much, could have been observed in it, though on the slightest provocation his self-assertion was very prominent.

Of course I directed the talk to his own works as soon as I could, although at first we spoke of places in Europe we had visited, certain famous buildings or landscapes, or places not so famous, but which had pleased our taste and fancy. He talked of Rome with me, where I had never been, but toward which place my path was leading, and said he felt at home in every part of the great city—he "knew every cranny and nook."

I asked him if he remembered taking lessons of old Rubens Smith years and years ago in Philadelphia. His face brightened and grew almost boyish: it was charming to see the hard lines placed on it by manhood's work and hard-earned experience soften down at the mention of a long, long past. He smiled almost tenderly and replied,

"Yes, yes: I took perspective lessons of Smith, and an excellent teacher he was. Excellent!"

I mentioned to him part of what I have already related, and he listened with delighted interest. He remembered perfectly the class he used to meet on the stairway, and was gratified at my repeating to him his master's praise, and especially the delight and triumph the

old man had displayed over the youthful success—the picture of the Indian gazing at a sunset. Leutze was pleased also when I recalled some other popular pictures of his youth.

This was a happy opening to a talk on his later works, and I mentioned his mural painting on the Capitol staircase, "Westward Ho!" which I had been looking at carefully a few days before. Leutze entered upon the subject of this picture with redoubled interest, and grew almost eloquent as he described his visit to the Rocky Mountains and his preparatory studies for this great picture.

"I know the scenery is correct," he reiterated.

An interrogatory remark which I made added to his gratification. We had talked about the various groups in this picture, and had spoken particularly of the one on the mountain height to the left of the looker-on—the sick mother, kind father and eager children; then the wagon with the young New England matron.

"Both of these are representative women, Mr. Leutze," I said; "but allow me to ask you a question. There is a group almost in the centre of your picture—a young Irish woman seated on an ass holding a child—the ass is led by a negro. Did you not mean this group to teach a new gospel to this continent, a new truth which this part of the world is to accept—that the Emigrant and the Freedman are the two great elements which are to be reconciled and worked with? The young, beautiful Irish woman, too, is she not your new Madonna?"

The artist's face glowed, and a grim smile gleamed out from under the rough moustache: years seemed swept off, the hard ridges on the brow and cheeks grew soft, and his eyes fairly laughed with joy at my comprehension of his thoughts. In the flush of his pleasure he told me I was the first American that had understood his picture. This was a pretty compliment, and his lips were quite unused to utter such: therefore we must be indulgent when it is disclosed that, like most flattery, it had little truth in it. I learned afterward

that although my interpretation was original so far as I was concerned, it had been made by others and approved of by the artist. But no matter. We pleased each other for the time, and had a pleasant talk, which not only gratified us both, but I trust will please the readers of *Lippincott*.

We spoke of a picture of his which I had lately seen at the house of Mr. Riggs, the Washington banker, and which had interested me deeply. He gave me an account of the circumstances that led to the painting and an explanation of the meaning of the picture.

When Gérôme's "Duel after the Masquerade" appeared, it was called a "complete homily on the masquerade." Leutze disapproved of this expression. A masquerade in itself is not a wicked amusement, and a duel certainly is not a homily, even supposing the wild gayety needed one. A duel too might take place after a supper, or even any business occupation; so there was no homily conveyed by the picture, which was, however, none the less clever and attractive as a work of art.

Leutze resolved to paint a homily on the masquerade, and on a certain kind of masquerading that might call for a lesson of reproof. The artist said he chose the early morning of Ash Wednesday. His painting represents several masquers returning from the closing gayeties of a Venetian carnival. They are in a gondola: lovely women are garlanded with flowers; the men are in various costumes; and the whole party is just giving utterance to the brilliant, overbrimming spirit of the moment. The gondola is approaching the Bridge of Sighs, from under which is seen coming slowly out a boat, with figures standing shrouded in black, and lying in it, with face full front to the early dawn, is a dead body!

The clown who stands in the centre of the masking group has just taken his cithern or mandolin to accompany the bacchanalian chant which is to be the closing song of the revelry: probably he is to sing the solo verse of a chorus. Just as the fingers are ready to strike

the spirited, rhythmical beat to his song, the clown's eyes catch a sight of the up-turned face of the corpse, which he sees dimly, lying still and calm, hands folded on the breast, all worldly work over, all earthly trial and pain at an end. The music is arrested. The man personating the clown looks appalled, but his companions, who do not see the boat, are ignorant both of his feelings and of the grim, horrible sight at which he is looking.

We moralized a little on the picture, and our conversation assumed a sad tone, somewhat at variance with our company, which was a pleasant merry-making. There was music and talk on pictures and politics, on great singers and statesmen, flowing beside us, and our serious words, like the clown's cause of terror, passed on unnoticed.

We were interrupted by the host, who came to take me into supper, and Leutze and I separated. At supper I was not seated near the artist, so I had no chance to resume our talk. When we left the supper-room, I bade Leutze good-bye, and told him it had pleased me very much to meet him and have so pleasant a conversation with him. He courteously hoped we might see each other again, but we never did.

A few days after I left Washington, and during the summer this distinguished and successful artist died very suddenly in that city. When I heard the sad news it shocked me terribly. Leutze seemed so robust and vigorous that I could have prophesied for him a Michel Angelo or Titian age; and yet it appears he was swept off at only fifty-two, for it is said he was born at Gemund, Wurtemberg, in 1816.

The day of his death an intimate friend called to see Leutze, and found the artist at work in his studio. Leutze, however, complained of feeling ill: his visitor persuaded him to stop painting and go to bed: his daughter also sent for a physician. The friend left, promising to call again: when he did so, at nine o'clock in the evening, poor Leutze was breathing his last. In a few moments after, the artist's soul drifted off

under that great Bridge of Sighs called Death, into eternity!

A strange incident took place a fortnight before Leutze's death, which was mentioned at the time of its occurrence to some friends. Leutze was lying on a lounge in his painting-room about three o'clock in the afternoon. His servant, a colored boy, opened the door and said a lady wished to see his master. At the same moment a female, dressed in black and closely veiled, entered. She advanced toward Leutze, who arose to meet her. The lady threw up her veil, and the artist was astounded to see a friend who had been dead ten years!

"Good God, madam!" he cried out: "where did you come from?"

"Oh, Mr. Leutze," she replied, "my sister is in the hall. I will bring her in."

She stepped out of the room: Leutze followed her, but could not see either his visitor or any one else in the hall. He ran to the street door, looked up and down, but in vain. The servant was summoned.

"Did you show a lady in to see me?" asked Leutze.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is she?"

"She is here, sir."

The boy turned to look for the visitor, but not finding her, said, "She has not had time to leave the house;" and went quickly to the front door. Leutze followed him, and both ran into the street, looked in every direction, but neither master nor servant saw her again. This is an interesting account surely, and startling to some.

"It is the forecast of the soul, the prescience of thy rushing doom, the shadow of thy fate lengthening into eternity as it declines from earth," wrote Bulwer in that smart, dressy English of his which was so attractive to our ears when we were young, although we understood never a word of it.

"As the sun,

Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow,"

sings a famous poet through the voice of a great and ambitious man, Wallenstein, as he stood on the very edge of doom.

When we are in exalted states of mind or feeling, certain departments of the nervous system are acted upon in such a manner as to generate certain states of belief or experience: hence arise such provisions as Wallenstein speaks of. But when "coming events cast their shadows before," such as Henry the Fourth feeling the stroke of Ravillac's knife before his assassination, it is the knowledge of a natural result following certain modes of action. This it is that creates the warning shadow.

In this day and in our country there is a growing tendency to a certain form of the marvelous. In more romantic days this natural craving for a knowledge of the life after death displayed itself in a more poetical shape; but the same desire prompted the old astrologer as that which inspires the modern Spiritist.

Let us have patience, those of us who believe in revealed religion and have faith in God's wisdom. Scientific physiologists will before many years discover what Hallam said were the links wanting between these fragments of some general law of nature—these phenomena of what are called mesmerism, clairvoy-

ance and spiritism, which some foolishly call supernatural.

The incident just related, which occurred to Leutze, can hardly be explained, and yet it seems so unnecessary to have occurred in a spiritual point of view; for what use was there in a figure of warning to announce simply the inevitable? It gave no information, left no admonition. That there was some unconscious deception in the matter seems most likely, and yet this may remain for ever unexplained; but the artist himself, I fancy, if alive, would give a more rational than mystical solution of the occurrence, for he was a practical, sensible, industrious man; and while he expressed on canvas picturesque representations of historical incidents or adventurous actions in daily life, neither his conversation, his appearance nor his works displayed any undue amount of imagination, or capability on his part of being led astray by his fancy.

Whether these conclusions are false or true, whether the veiled visitor was "an honest ghost" or a shrewd mortal, the fate of the great artist remains as a sad fact.

"This fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest;"

and Leutze has gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns" to tell the Great Secret of Eternity.

INCOGNITA.

VEILED in verse, who knows
Whether I smile or weep?
Slipped in fancies, who can tell
What measure of step I keep?

Lift the veil, dear Love!
To thee I will show my face;
Hark, and thine ear shall surely hear
My heart's inaudible pace!

RICCARDO IL FALCONE, THE BANDIT OF THE ABRUZZI.

THE tourist who has journeyed between Rome and Naples by the old post-road—that which was used by all public conveyances before the one across the Pontine Marshes came in vogue—will remember the wild and picturesque group of mountains known as the Abruzzi, near the foot of which the road winds for many a mile. It was among these mountains that the scenes I am now about to narrate occurred.

Perched high up, on what appeared to the observer from below to be inaccessible crags, are two little antique towns, called, respectively, Collipardo and Vico. They are both surrounded by walls of considerable height, and were once the strongholds of feudal lords, whose lives were spent in warring upon each other and plundering such unfortunate travelers as were obliged to pass near their eyries. But it is not to their times that my story appertains, but to a much later period, long after the feudal nobles had succumbed to the established government, and their trade of violence and rapine had been transferred to the lower orders, who organized themselves into bands of *banditti*, and from the mountain fastnesses to which they retreated after a successful foray bid defiance to the powers of the law.

The favorite place of resort for one of these companies, whose captain was known among the peasantry by the name of *Riccardo il Falcone*, or Richard the Falcon, was a huge flat rock, which, overlooking the beautiful valley below, afforded them fair opportunity of observing all parties of travelers who might be approaching, and estimating their numbers and powers of resistance.

This rock was almost inaccessible from the front, and the only feasible route by which it could be approached was from the rear through a narrow gorge, easily defended by a few resolute men stationed upon the overhanging cliffs, the sheer, perpendicular walls of

which defied all storming parties, and were even impossible to climb when there was no enemy in front. There many a bloody skirmish had been fought between the government troops and the banditti, and invariably to the discomfiture of the former, who had never been able to discover the way by which their opponents gained the summit of the height, for it was remarked that they always took refuge on one side of the gorge, and whenever the soldiery succeeded in surmounting the opposite cliff, which they could do by a difficult route on the other side, immediately disappeared, and were heard of no more until some new act of violence notified the ministers of the law that they were still in existence.

Our story opens on the top of the rock before mentioned. The surface of this great boulder, as we may call it, was about fifty yards in diameter, and having been converted into a deep hollow or basin by the waters which descended from the mountains when the snows melted, those who took refuge there were at liberty to kindle their camp-fires without the slightest danger of the light betraying their presence to the inhabitants of the towns and valley below.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and *Riccardo il Falcone*, with his followers around him, was reclining on a knoll of soft grass while the evening meal was being prepared, which mystery was presided over by an old crone—one of those hags whom we find only in Italy, and who come as near in personal appearance to the ideal Hecate as the artist who wishes to represent that termagant could desire.

"*Presto, Aga!*" said the chief. "Isn't that meat cooked yet?"

"No," replied the woman. "Do you think I'm the *regina del inferno*, and can cook meat in the twirl of a spindle?"

"*Via strega!*" said Riccardo: "you've

been long enough over that pot to have cooked a dinner for the king of Naples. Pile on more wood."

"If you want more wood put on, you may send one of your slaves to fetch it."

The captain made a sign to one of his men, who went in search of the fuel, and then turning to another, who seemed, from his dress, to be a sort of lieutenant, said,

"We ought to have made a more profitable thing of that affair yesterday, Giacomo."

"And so we would have done," said Giacomo, "had it not been for those two *maledetti* Inglesi. I had the *ragazza* in my arms, and would have brought her off, had they not struck me to the ground; and they would have killed me, too, but that Lillo and Giovanni came to my assistance. Poor Lillo! he lost his life in saving mine."

"Are you sure he was killed?" asked the other.

"As sure as I am that I was not. I heard his skull crushed by the blow the Englishman gave him with the butt of his pistol, as if it had been a walnut between two stones."

"I never like to attack these English," said the chief, musingly: "they are as obstinate as jackasses, and never seem to understand that it is better to give up what little pelf they may have about them than to risk their lives in defending it. But we will be avenged of them for Lillo's death. They will probably return this way, unless they take it into their dull heads to go to the *Oriente*, as those *porcone* sometimes do. Why they should wish to leave a Christian land, and go among a parcel of thieving, heathen Turks, I never could understand. But what has become of Andrea?"

"Andrea!" said the lieutenant, contemptuously. "The cowardly *ladro* stood by and saw me nearly murdered without moving a finger to help me, pretending to hold the horses' heads after the animals had been cut loose, and there was not the slightest need to touch them. I have not seen him since the affair, and he told Giovanni he was going to visit

his innamorata, Maria Alani. The fiend seize the *poltrone*!"

"I'm not much pleased with the way Andrea has acted of late," said the chief, "and we must keep our eyes on him. He has seemed to be discontented ever since I refused to let him have the trinket I took from the French woman, and which he wanted for this Maria. But there is a signal: perhaps it is he."

This exclamation was called forth by what appeared to be the hooting of an owl at no great distance from the camp. Every voice was hushed in an instant and each brigand seized his arms—a precautionary movement to prevent surprise in case of treachery on the part of any of their confederates. In a few moments a large white dog, such as are used by the shepherds in that region, came bounding toward them, and after bestowing upon the men a mark of friendly recognition by a wag of his tail, retired to a position near the pot over the fire, where he stood licking his chops and eyeing the savory mess of meat and vegetables which the old woman was dipping out into large wooden platters.

"It is Berta," said Riccardo; and in another instant Berta made her appearance. The girl walked up to the chief, and, respectfully taking his hand, kissed it, as a subject might that of a sovereign. She was a tall, finely-formed young woman, straight and erect in her carriage. Her face was a pure oval, the features perfectly regular, the eyes large and black, while the nut-brown complexion, enriched by the crimson tints of health, was made more striking by the white linen bonnet, or snood, worn after the fashion usual to the Italian peasant women, in whose picturesque costume she was dressed, from the linen covering on her head to the goat-skin sandals on her feet.

"Berta," said the chief, "what do you here? I thought you were to remain in Vico until this last affair had blown over and been forgotten?"

"Berta could not be quiet and in safety when Riccardo was in danger," was the answer.

"Danger! What mean you, *ragazza*?"

"I am come to warn you," said the girl: "you have been betrayed—sold by a traitor."

"A traitor!" exclaimed the chief, eagerly, while his eyes flashed and his hand sought the haft of his stiletto. "Who is he? Tell me, girl, and my stiletto shall find its way to his cowardly heart."

"Andrea Storti is the man," replied Berta.

"Ha!" said Riccardo, looking at his lieutenant: "then I was right in my suspicions, Giacomo. But how do you know this, Berta?"

"I heard him make the bargain with the officer of the troops at Vico. They came beneath the window of the house in which I lived—it is an old, deserted-looking place—and little did they think they were listened to by one who would go to the verge of *l'inferno* itself to save the man whose life they were plotting against."

"*Cara mia*!" said the brigand, in a soft and loving tone, as he drew the girl to him and kissed her cheek. "But go on: what is their purpose?"

"He told the officer where you were, and offered, for a hundred scudi, to bring him and his soldiers upon you this very night: you know they could never find their way up here at night without a guide, and in the day-time it would be impossible to surprise you. But they may be near at hand even now, and I will be brief. Andrea is to come into the camp alone, while the soldiers are to remain stationed at a little distance until he is ready, when he will sing a stanza of the little ballad, '*Io te voglio bene*;' on hearing which signal a part of them are to rush in through the gorge, the rest being posted below there"—pointing down the slope of the mountain—"to prevent your escape. So up, up and away, Riccardo, while there is yet time!"

"And leave the traitor alive?" exclaimed the man. "Never! No, not if there were ten thousand devils at his back! But there he is now;" and the

same signal was heard which had heralded the approach of Berta. "Go you behind yonder rock, *ragazza*—but first call your dog—and when he has passed through the gorge, you will be able to retire unseen to the grotto, where you can await our arrival. But stay: did he betray the secret passage to them?"

"No; I think not. I suppose he expected to catch you here, and thought it unnecessary to betray a secret that might be useful to him at some future time."

With these words she disappeared, followed by the dog, to which she called in a low tone. The brute, however, had not been able to resist the temptation offered by old Aga's back being turned at the moment of his departure, and had carried off a large piece of meat in his mouth.

In a little while a man was seen approaching from the same direction that Berta had come. He was low of stature, with a very broad, deep chest, and heavy, almost uncouth limbs, denoting great strength. He wore his hat cocked jauntily on one side of his head, and walked with an exaggerated swagger, which seemed to be partially assumed for the occasion, while he whistled a love-ditty in a low tone.

"Buona sera, Andrea," said Riccardo. "You seem to be in a pleasant humor: where have you been these two days? After the *ragazze*, I'll be sworn."

"After one of them, at any rate, *signor capitano*," replied Andrea.

"And how did you find the *cara*?"

"Oh, I found her well enough," said the unsuspecting Andrea, "though she was besieged by a rascal who, with the aid of the *padre*, has been trying to persuade her to be married to him. *Corpo di Bacco*! he'll make no more such propositions to her—or any other woman;" and he drew his stiletto, which appeared to be still covered with the blood of his rival, flourishing it with the air of a man who thought he had done some heroic deed.

"Bravo, Andrea!" said the captain; but the sneer on his lips showed that he was applauding the excellent acting of his follower, and not the supposed act.

Just here the conversation was interrupted by the harsh voice of Aga.

"*Diavolo piglia il brutto cane!*" she screamed: "he has carried off the captain's supper!"

"What dog?" said Andrea, quickly, raising himself into a sitting posture; for he had thrown himself on the ground, as if greatly fatigued. "I see no dog."

"Nor does any one else," said Riccardo, carelessly. "The old witch is raving, and I expect we'll have to knock her in the head soon, to be rid of her. Never mind, Aga," addressing the woman: "we'll not stay to supper to-night. You can just bundle the victuals into a sack, in case we should need it later."

"What?" said Andrea: "you surely are not going to leave this safe hiding-place now, when the *shirri* are looking everywhere for you?"

"It is no longer safe, good Andrea: traitors are more to be feared than *shirri*."

"Traitors!" exclaimed the man, losing a little of his confident tone: "who speaks of traitors?"

"It matters not," said the chief. "You have just come in good time to flit with us, my faithful friend."

"But stay, *capitano*: there can certainly be no immediate danger. We may safely remain here until dawn, and then I will willingly follow you wheresoever you choose to lead, but now I am completely broken down with fatigue."

"The danger *is* immediate," said the captain, sternly. "Even at this moment the enemy surround us."

"Eh!" said Andrea, springing to his feet, "what do you say? Surrounded! But perhaps there is some mistake—you have been misinformed. Let me make a scout. I will risk the danger of being captured, rather than you should leave this safe asylum without sufficient reason. If I am taken, a long, loud whistle will warn you, and then make good your retreat."

He was about to be off, but at a sign from the chief was seized, bound and gagged by the other bandits ere he could make a show of resistance, which he might have done with some effect, being

a very powerful man, had he not been taken so completely by surprise.

"Nay, nay, good Andrea," said Riccardo, "I would not lose so brave and faithful a follower just at this time. I will have need for you soon—very soon. *Io te voglio bene assai*," Andrea, and would not part with you for worlds."

The captive traitor listened to this mocking speech with the air of a sullen dog, and did not even reply by signs; for he knew now that he had, in his turn, been betrayed, and that all show of remonstrance would be in vain.

"Come," continued Riccardo to the rest of his men: "be silent and quick."

Moving warily, they entered the gorge, now partially illumined by the light of the moon, and, keeping in the shadow of the cliff, stole quietly along until they came to a place where the rock seemed to have been reft asunder by some convulsion of nature, the fragment thus torn away from the original mass having toppled forward and sunk ten feet lower than the rest. Here they carefully removed the thick branches of a small tree, and entered a fissure wide enough to admit of the passage of one man at a time, dragging Andrea, whose feet had been left unshackled to facilitate their retreat, along with them.

On first entering the place, one would have thought it was the entrance to some dark cavern in the bosom of the rock, but it was simply a winding passage, the many turns in which prevented the light from penetrating from the farther end. Once out on the other side, the adventurous traveler would be surprised to find himself in a deep hollow, left by the huge mass that had slipped forward, as it were, from its original moorings, and from which a tolerably easy pathway led up to the summit.

Ascending this pathway, Riccardo ordered his followers to lie down on the verge of the cliff, and telling Aga to follow the footsteps of Berta, took his stand with Giacomo—between whom and himself he placed his prisoner—at a point whence he could command a view of the entire gorge and the deserted camp, where they had left the fire still burning

to avoid arousing the suspicions of the troops.

These latter waited long and anxiously for Andrea's expected signal, and then the officer in command, suspecting that something had gone wrong and fearful of losing his prey, determined to advance. He gave his orders to that effect in a low tone, and the soldiers moved cautiously and slowly through the narrow defile. They were distinctly visible, however, to those who were stationed above; and when they became inextricably involved, Giacomo whispered to his superior,

"Shall I tell the men to fire upon them, *capitano*?"

"No, no," said the Falcon, who had some sparks of humanity left in his heart; "it would be murderous. We are safe from them here, unless this villain has betrayed our secret;" and he looked at Andrea, who vehemently shook his head. "And, after all, they are only following their trade, as we do ours."

The soldiers, having safely traversed the dangerous passage, rushed immediately to the fire, and finding no one there, commenced a rigid search among the rocks and stunted trees that might have afforded concealment to those they sought. During this search the commanding officer, with about a dozen of his men, came to a spot which was directly beneath the point on which Riccardo and his lieutenant stood watching them.

"Now, Giacomo," said the former, "remove the gag from the traitor's mouth: he may sing his song, if he likes."

The gag was removed, and as soon as Andrea found himself at liberty to speak he began to plead for his life.

"Cease these useless clamors," said the chief; "and if you must pray, pray to *Iddio*, for He alone can help you. As for me, I have but one question to ask you, and when you answer it remember that you are about to die: if you choose to die with a lie on your lips, it is no fault of mine."

"I will speak the truth, noble Riccardo; but only spare me, and I will be

your faithful slave through life." The unfortunate man, strong as he was, trembled like an aspen.

"Hush!" said the Falcon. "Would you have spared me and those brave men yonder? You had no mercy, and no mercy shall you have: you would have given us over to death, and death now waits on you."

"Oh, most noble *capitano*!" he began again.

But the captain interrupted him: "Peace, I say, and answer me this. Have you disclosed aught regarding the secret passage to these men?"

"No, no, I have not; and for that you might show mercy."

"Mercy!" sneered the other. "Listen to this dog! He claims a right to our mercy for not doing that which he thought would be of no service to our enemies; for he expected us to be taken before we could retreat. But let us have no more of this: you did not betray that secret, at least?"

"No, no, I did not."

"Swear it!"

"By the holy name of *Jesus* and His Virgin Mother, I did not!" said Andrea, still clinging to a hope of pardon.

"Enough," said Riccardo: "I don't think you would willingly die with a sworn lie in your mouth. Giacomo!" and he made a sign to his lieutenant.

The two then seized their victim, each by a leg and an arm, and being men of uncommon strength, after one or two vigorous swings, launched him into the air fully ten feet from the edge of the cliff.

"*Via il traditore!*" shouted the chief as he loosened his grasp on the shrieking wretch; and the soldiers, who had been attracted by the sound of voices and were looking up in a vain effort to descry the speakers, shrunk away when they saw a black object, which they supposed to be a large rock, coming down in their midst.

"Now," said Riccardo to Giacomo, "vengeance is satisfied, and you can let the men fire one round among the troops—that will send them to shelter—and then off to our hiding-place."

In a few moments the carbines of the brigands awakened the echoes among the surrounding crags, and, as the chief had predicted, after some ineffectual shots in return and the loss of two or three men, the soldiers retreated behind the rocks, which afforded them shelter from the fire of their unseen enemies.

Leaving one of their number behind to watch the movements of the troops, the brigands proceeded about a mile in an easterly direction, when they came to the verge of another precipice, overlooking a mountain torrent, whose constant roar, as it dashed along toward the peaceful valley, reminded one of warring men, who, through the dreadful tumults and dangers of battle, hope, in the end, to attain a life of quiet and peace.

To an inexperienced traveler this would have seemed to be the abrupt termination of his journey, but these men, accustomed to the locality, as well by night as by day, immediately began to descend the steep declivity by a path rugged and dangerous at all times, and which, to have been attempted by any one less sure-footed and strong-nerved than these hardy mountaineers, would have led to certain destruction.

A tree thrown across the stream at the foot of the crag afforded them a passage to the opposite side, and there taking a path which barely allowed one man to pass between the wall of rock—that towered to even a greater height than the one they had just descended—and the rushing torrent, they soon arrived at the entrance of the grotto to which Riccardo had previously sent Berta and the old woman.

This grotto, to which there is now a rough road leading down from Colli-pardo, is about a hundred feet below that town, and situated almost directly under its walls; but at the time I speak of its existence was unknown save to the banditti and such of their confederates as they chose to entrust with the secret. The little mountain river takes a leap of some twenty or thirty feet immediately in front of the entrance, and the many sounds of bacchanalian mirth with which it frequently resounded were

effectually drowned by the noise of the cataract. Often, when the officers of the government, sitting in solemn conclave at their headquarters in Colli-pardo, had been trying to mature some plan to put a stop to the depredations of the banditti, had these lawless sons of the mountain held high revel over their ill-gotten plunder within a stone's throw of them.

On the night in question, however, fatigue inclined the Falcon and his followers more to rest than jollity, and after partaking of the supper that old Aga had brought with her, and a draught of wine, of which there were several casks in the grotto, they laid down on pallets of straw, and were soon fast asleep, the women betaking themselves to a separate recess of the cave, which had been fitted up with some degree of comfort for their accommodation.

Riccardo was the last to retire, and before doing so he stepped out to the front of the grotto, where he stood for a few moments gazing thoughtfully up at the moon.

"Ah, Luna!" he said, with a sigh, "hadst thou not proved false to me once, what a different life had been mine! *Cara Beatrice*, thou hast seen to what straits I have been driven by the relentless cruelty of thy father and brothers, and knowest the cause of all. Though thou canst not but condemn me, as an angel in heaven must condemn all wickedness, thou still canst pity and forgive."

Riccardo Balfi was the son of an Italian count, who was possessed of nothing in the world but his title, which was worse than nothing under such circumstances; for a title without wealth to support it is like a heavy load that a man is doomed to carry through life, and which profits him nothing in the end. This patent of nobility, it is true, admitted him into the society of the higher classes of Italians, but the exercise of that very privilege had been the immediate cause of his son's ruin.

Riccardo had met on several occasions the daughter of the *Principe di* —, and not long was the young lady in read-

ing in the handsome cavaliere's eyes those declarations of admiration which ladies delight to elicit from the other sex. And now comes an old story. An elopement was arranged, for they knew the proud *Principe* would never consent to their union, and they proposed to seek in England or America that happiness which is denied to the sons and daughters of princes in Italy. The maiden's *governatrice* had, after much finesse and difficulty, been won over: at least, they thought so. A dark night, when the moon was obscured by heavy clouds, was chosen for the escapade. The reader will wonder why they did not choose a night when there was no moon; but he or she, as the case may be, probably knows something about the impatience of lovers. Unfortunately for our lovers' expedition, the father and brothers had been informed of the whole affair by the faithless *governatrice*, and were on the alert.

The anxious pair soon discovered that the different roads of egress from the villa were guarded, but, thanks to the darkness of the night, they succeeded in avoiding observation, and had nearly made their escape, when, alas! just as their hearts had begun to beat more lightly, the moon—generally considered so friendly to lovers—showed her broad face through a rift in the clouds, and discovery became inevitable. The two were immediately surrounded by the infuriated *Principe* and his three no less infuriated sons. One of the brothers seized his sister and dragged her from the arms of her lover, while the others attacked him with the evident intention of killing him. He defended himself as well as he could without injuring them—which he was loth to do—until he saw the young man who was trying to prevent the frantic Beatrice from rushing in between him and his assailants, deliberately drive his stiletto to her heart; and then, as he saw the unfortunate girl sink to the ground with a quiver that showed too plainly she was dead, he drew his pistol, shot the wretch who had done the murderous deed, and fled.

There was no peace for him now in

the valley, and he partook himself to the mountains, where we found him the captain of a band of banditti.

His connection with Berta was of a peculiar nature, and I will explain it in as few words as possible.

Wandering in one of the wildest mountain districts on one occasion, accompanied by several of his followers, his attention was attracted by the stifled moans of some one in distress; and entering a hut, from which the sounds issued, he found a half-famished girl sitting beside the corpse of a man—one of those miserable peasants who, passing through life in hopeless, abject poverty, die, we* may almost say, unregretted. The corpse was that of the child's father, and she was the only being whom he had left to mourn his loss. And well might she mourn, poor thing! for, of however little importance his death might be to the rest of mankind, it was everything to her, who had lost in him the only friend she had ever known.

Riccardo, whose human sympathies, as we have seen, had not been entirely obliterated by the wild, lawless life he had led, was touched by the forlorn situation of this unfortunate young creature, and after sending for a priest and giving the dead decent burial, according to the rites of the Church, he took her away with him, and she was thenceforward known as his *adottata*, or the child of his adoption.

Berta, while yet a child, regarded him as a second father, and, revering him as such, submitted to his will with the most implicit obedience; but as she grew older, and learned to admire his handsome person, while she heard the gallant acts, by which his desperate adventures were sometimes made to assume the appearance of heroic deeds, extolled, a warmer sentiment sprang up in her bosom, which fact Riccardo was not long in discovering. So the whilom father and his adopted daughter became *promessi sposi*.

But now our narrative must return to the soldiers, whom we left seeking shelter among the rocks from the bullets of their hidden foes.

These governmental man-hunters, remaining concealed for some time after the firing had ceased, rightly concluded that the brigands had retreated, and came forth to look after the dead and wounded. They found one of their comrades dead, and two badly wounded, and were about to retire with them when they stumbled over the body of Andrea.

"Ha!" said one, looking at him closely, "this is he who was our guide. The *bricconi* must have discovered his treachery, and they have taken a terrible revenge."

"Ay," said another; "it was he who came down upon us so suddenly, when we all thought it was a big rock with which the rascals intended to pound us into the other world. I heard his shrieks, too, but thought they were the yells of exultation and defiance with which that old witch who follows the Falcon and his men is sometimes wont to mock us from up yonder."

The dead and wounded were removed and placed near the fire, which had been replenished and was now blazing brightly, when it was soon discovered that life was not yet extinct in Andrea, and the soldiers at once set to work to try and resuscitate him, hoping, through his means, to find out the secret mode of ascent to the cliff. With much difficulty they succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, and, though still unable to speak, by the use of that pantomimic language in which the Italians are such adepts, he gave them enough information to answer their purpose. Having done this, a diabolical smile of triumph lit up his countenance, and gritting his teeth he roused himself sufficiently to mutter the word "*Vendetta*," and expired.

At break of day the officer in command, who had, after establishing a proper guard, given his men permission to take a few hours' rest, roused them from their slumbers and ordered them to prepare for a hazardous expedition; for he had determined to follow the brigands with promptitude, thinking he would, in all likelihood, take them by surprise, as, feeling secure in the belief that the secret of their retreat was unknown,

they would probably neglect those precautions so necessary to safety.

Leaving a few of the soldiers around the fire, to avoid arousing the suspicions of any one who might be posted as a lookout on the cliffs, he led the rest cautiously, by routes that seemed securest from observation, to the foot of the height, where, keeping as close to the rock as possible and creeping along in single file, they soon arrived, as they judged, near about the place indicated by Andrea. They did not, however, hit upon the exact spot at first, as there were many low, thick trees growing at the base of the precipice; but after considerable search, they at last discovered the secret passage, and in a few minutes the bandit sentinel above was surprised to find himself surrounded by foes, for, unsuspecting of danger and his duty being to watch the soldiers, he had sat down with his face in the direction he supposed them to be, and his back toward the path by which they came upon him. He was disarmed ere he had time to rise, and then gagged, for the officer was well aware that, with few exceptions, these desperate men would risk their own lives in order to give a signal to their comrades when danger menaced them. And this man proved to be one of that very sort, for no inducement—not even the promise of his own life—could prevail upon him to act as a guide to his captors, and the officer had to trust to the sagacity of his soldiers: the most of them having been mountaineers themselves, they were not long in discovering the route to the grotto.

The brigands had not deemed it necessary to adopt any further means of precaution after leaving the sentinel on the cliff, and the first intimation they had of the approach of an enemy was from Beppo, Berta's dog, who, raising his head and uttering a low growl, rushed from the apartment of his mistress to the front of the grotto, where he commenced a furious barking.

In a moment all was commotion within. Riccardo and his men, being aroused at the same instant, seized their carbines, and were about to sally

forth when the dog, turning with seeming reluctance, returned to the side of his mistress, who was looking out to see what had created the confusion; and the entrance to the cavern was immediately filled with soldiers.

Both parties raised their weapons at one and the same instant, but the officer, desiring, if possible, to avoid bloodshed, demanded a parley, which being granted, he called upon the men whose situation seemed so desperate to surrender and trust to the magnanimity of the government whose laws they set at defiance.

"Surrender!" shouted Riccardo. "Does the falcon surrender to the dunghill cock? Never. Will ye surrender, bold men of the mountains, to those who will spare your lives now only to make your deaths a public spectacle for the amusement of the base herd that calls them masters? Fire upon the slaves of the tyrants! If ye must die, die like heroes!" and he set them an example by making an unsuccessful attempt to shoot the officer himself.

After the first round, from the effects of which many fell on both sides, the soldiers did not give their adversaries time to reload, but rushed in upon them. And now a terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued, the soldiers using their bayonets, and the bandits their clubbed guns and deadly stiletos.

Berta, after hearing a bullet whistle close by her head and seeing several men fall, had withdrawn into the recess where she had slept, and now lay cowering and trembling in a corner, while she listened to the shouts, execrations and groans, which, mingling with the roar of the cataract, seemed to have turned the place into a pandemonium. Her wonderful faith in Riccardo was such that she never doubted for an instant the issue of the contest; and as to his being killed by the *soldati*, she had been so accustomed to seeing him come off unharmed from all encounters with them that the possibility of such a thing never entered her thoughts.

Her companion, old Aga, however, was very differently affected. As soon as the conflict began she rushed out, and

seizing the weapon of a fallen brigand, joined in the fray, the natural ferocity of her disposition inclining her to take a special delight in such scenes. The soldiers were inclined to spare her at first, but she proved such a formidable antagonist that one of them, just as she was about to bring her carbine down upon his head in a manner that would have effectually silenced him, ran his bayonet through her body, and she fell among the rest of the slain.

The fight had lasted not more than fifteen minutes when Riccardo found himself left almost alone, all of his followers except four being either killed or wounded. He had received several wounds himself, but they were not of such a nature as to incapacitate him, and throwing aside the carbine with which he had been doing terrible execution around him, he grasped his stiletto. With one bound he reached the exit to the cave, and driving his weapon to the heart of the only soldier who opposed him there, found himself in the open air. Here, however, his further progress was stopped, for in the path by which alone he could have retreated, were half a dozen soldiers who had just reached the scene of combat, they having in charge the captured brigand, who had stayed their advance as much as possible on the road, hoping that his friends would succeed in beating off their assailants before this reinforcement could arrive.

The cliff behind the daring robber was impossible of ascent, and there was but one chance of escape—by leaping the stream. It was fully fifteen feet wide, but there was a shelving rock on the opposite side, from which he might clamber up; that was, provided he escaped the bullets of his foes, whose carbines were already leveled at him. It was his only chance, however, and he did not hesitate. Collecting all his remaining strength, he essayed the leap just as the foremost soldier fired. The ball missed him, but that did not alter his inevitable fate; for, what with the loss of blood and the fatigue occasioned by the exertions he had made in

defence of his own and his followers' lives, he was unequal to the task, and, falling short in his leap, was carried down by the torrent and never more seen.

The four brigands who were yet able to make some show of resistance endeavored to follow their leader when they saw him, as they supposed, effect his escape, but were overpowered and made prisoners, when the soldiers, having accomplished their object, prepared to leave the place.

The bodies of the dead robbers were consigned to the waves without ceremony, while those of the soldiers were arranged in decent order and left in the grotto until they could more conveniently be transported to Vico. The wounded of both parties were with difficulty conveyed to that town, where such of the banditti as were not mortally hurt were cured, only to be afterward killed, being executed along with those of their band who had been captured.

Berta was also forced to go with the troops, but upon her release, which took place soon after the trial of her friends, she returned, with Beppo, to the grotto, where she spent the rest of her days in bewailing the loss of her lover. While

the dog lived she seldom went far from this her lonely habitation, he acting as commissary, going and coming between her and such of her friends as furnished her with the necessary means of existence; and when he died and she grew old, she never suffered for lack of food; for, being looked upon by the superstitious peasantry as a maga, or sorceress, they were only too glad to be able to propitiate her by leaving offerings of fruit and wine where she would be likely to find them.

She was often seen at night on the height opposite Collipardo, her tall form swaying to and fro against the moonlit sky, while, wildly waving her arms and clasping her hands over her head, she seemed to be invoking the powers of the air; and when she disappeared, which she did eventually, the lower classes said she had flown away on the whirlwind; but those who were happily gifted with better reasoning capacities, supposed that in one of her fits of insanity—for her mind had become weakened by old age and continued melancholy—she had precipitated herself into the torrent where her lover had perished so many years before.

STRENGTH, AND HOW TO USE IT.

ABOUT STRENGTH. II.

IN the last Number of this Magazine some remarks were made on the sad abuse of bodily strength which is common in the United States, and on the remedies therefor. In the case of those who overwork with the head, or with the head and body both, the problem of recuperation becomes much more complicated. For these, simple rest, simple letting alone of labor, is oftentimes quite insufficient. Of an important proportion of these, including all professional men,

and all business men occupying the more responsible positions, it will be found quite insufficient, by way of even anticipating and cutting off the approaches of a condition of overwork, simply to "take their business easy." To a certain extent, any work with the brain and nerves is, unless duly qualified, unhealthy work. It must be from the first and throughout associated with correctives, or it becomes in various degrees detrimental, dangerous or destructive.

The qualificative of head-work which has been and still is in highest popular esteem, which is insisted upon with the greatest urgency, which is put in largest requisition at the most liberal expenditure of time and money, and whose all-sufficient efficacy is celebrated in the elementary physiologies and in the columns of the press, is *physical exercise*. But as thus recommended without qualification, and as actually put in practice in thousands of cases without discrimination, it becomes an actual agent of destruction. Exercise becomes positively injurious unless it be conducted upon the basis of strength reserved for the purpose and rescued from the expenditure of care, business and labor. Unless there is food-material saved from the waste of work, to be by its means wrought into the muscular structure and the general fabric of the body, exercise simply accelerates the combustion of matter and hastens the enfeeblement and exhaustion of the whole working organism. This is precisely the point that is, in the large majority of cases, theoretically and practically left out of sight. Young men are set to taking long walks before breakfast, or to rowing five miles in a boat, or to climbing ladders, or running up ropes hand over hand, or swinging thirty-pound dumb-bells, or are put through a most exhaustive series of exercises with the "light weights" of the gymnasium, in the greater number of instances without estimating their basis of in-born physical qualification for such drafts—without considering whether or not all this, added to the burden of their studies or business labors, will serve only to break them down the faster, and without constant injunction upon them of the duty of avoiding anything like weariness from their hygienic performances. In fact, we work our young men, and young women too, at their gymnastic duties as unreasonably hard as at their studies and ordinary labors, and do them, on the average, it is believed, quite as much hurt as good.

To a considerable extent there seems to be prevalent amongst us a quite general misapprehension of the correct theory

of exercise. The idea seems to be that if anybody can cultivate his physique until he can double up a knob of muscle on his arm as big as a coffee-cup, he is in the best possible condition for the business of the world, and is making the best possible disposal of his vital forces with respect to that business. But of this there is a good deal of doubt. To be sure, if a man purposes to be the "strong man" of a circus or a prize-fighter by profession, it may be the right thing for him to spend his strength lifting bushel baskets full of bricks or swinging whole pigs of lead, until he can show a muscle like the great flexor in the quarter of a bullock, or can strike a blow, like Heenan, of six hundred and twenty-five pounds momentum, and crack the skull of a horse at a left-hand "plunger." But for men in general, who buy goods and sell, who write sermons, work up law-cases, keep books, serve as bank, railroad and manufacturing officers, and meddle in life's multifarious business, such a use of strength would be but little better than an abuse.

The real effective working men of the world are not the men of the strongest muscle, but the men of good digestion and sound nerves; and physical exercise is of advantage only so far as it contributes to their constitutional condition. The famous Austrian minister and diplomat, Kaunitz, never took a particle of exercise for the last twenty-five years of his life. The only time he ever attempted it he caught a wretched cold and rheumatism, and never ceased to reproach himself for his folly. What prodigies of labor, Scott, the commentator, performed! yet he was a weak man measured by his muscle. Dr. Winship can lift a ton or more, but for ordinary business he has less endurance than many a man who cannot lift a barrel of flour. Lord Brougham in his prime could have worked to death any two that could have been picked out of the ranks of those burly, red-faced, beef-eating English squires who take such an enormous amount of food and exercise. Napoleon had many a stronger man in his army than himself, but there was

not one that could do and endure more. Talleyrand says Napoleon could do the labor of seven common men. The thing to be sought for by the common business and professional man is exercise enough in a mild, agreeable way, in the open air if possible, to keep the blood in active circulation, the stomach good-natured and the nerves quiet. The less strength required for this purpose the better, for so much the more remains available for labor.

Be it observed, we do not in any degree disparage exercise. For all ordinary men a measure of it, regularly, and, if need be, resolutely taken, is absolutely necessary. It must be taken every day, like the food, and as a matter of course, like washing the face and hands, putting on clothes and combing the hair—disagreeable and troublesome duties, but which we learn to submit to without a murmur. Like work, exercise should be governed by the judgment not by sensation, by the clock and not by guess; and should be watched over and regulated like any other habit so closely related to our physical and moral well-being.

As is implied in this injunction, work with the body is not to be confounded with exercise of the body. The distinction betwixt work and exercise is to some extent arbitrary and ideal. What is the downright hard work of one man, the work by which he gets his living, may be the chosen recreation of another, who looks at it simply as exercise, and who associates no notions of care, business or bread-getting with it. The professional wood-sawyer finds it difficult to contemplate his avocation in the light of agreeable exercise, or as anything else than hateful hard labor; but Lyman Beecher apparently took great satisfaction in striking into a pile of rock-maple logs with his sharp-set saw, and standing to it until foams of sweat wet him like a summer shower. But it is quite doubtful whether the old doctor would have liked wood-sawing for an occupation, and whether he would not have come to hate it as zealously as any other member of the guild, if regularly

compelled to it. Now that which a man hates to do will not serve him for exercise by any means so well as what he likes to do. He may mow or chop or hoe resolutely and from sense of duty, and be little benefited, notwithstanding he gets a good sweat out of it. His interest should be excited in what he does, his zeal kindled, his mind recreated and amused; and if so, then his work, whatever it be and whatever its economical character may be, becomes exercise.

Again, what is exercise excellent for most persons may be, by reason of peculiarities or infirmities of constitution, killing hard work for some; and on the same ground the killing hard work of the many may be the wholesome exercise of a few. Doubtless, but few ministers would be able to shovel over a cart-load of sand down cellar between sermons on a Sunday, as Dr. Beecher used to, and find it judicious and wholesome treatment. On the other hand, horseback-riding, however valuable a tonic for the great majority, might be very decidedly not the thing for the professional man invalidated with piles or hæmorrhoids. Mr. Webster, when at his "Elms" farm, would occasionally have a fit of work come over him, and go forth into the field and pitch more hay than the stoutest hand in a great gang of workmen for two or three hours, and get good out of it. But ordinary professional men could no more do this than they could pronounce the "Oration on the Bunker Hill Monument;" and the attempt would be likely to hurt them a good deal worse. The only rule of general application is this: that each one must determine for himself, by actual trial and careful observation, what sort of exercise is good for him, and, having determined, follow out its regimen with inflexible resolution.

Now that this matter of the cultivation of strength by the heroic treatment is in hand, one word may be allowed upon a phase of it which every now and then gets into repute amongst the feeble, and especially feeble young men—namely, of regulating their *diet* by the rules to which prize-fighters submit in training

for contests. A while ago an item went the rounds of the papers reciting the bill of fare upon which John Morrissey, M. C., cultivated his muscle for his fight with Yankee Sullivan, and by means of which he afterward cured himself, as he thinks at least, of a very obstinate disease of the kidneys. A week after the item appeared in our local paper, we met a young gentleman of our acquaintance, of particularly feeble make, who with great satisfaction and considerable importance of manner informed us that he had "gone in" on the gladiator table-fare—mutton in the morning, mutton at noon, mutton at night, coarse wheat bread and cold water. "It agreed with him splendidly: he felt strong as a bear." Two weeks later we met him again, and this time woe-begone and collapsed enough. The "everlasting mutton had made him sick, turned his bile into his stomach: the grits bread had given him the diarrhoea, and he was half dead." Of course; nothing else could be expected. Delicately organized men can in general no more take on the treatment of prize-ring combatants than they can be fed like lions in menageries. The sponging and rubbing to which Heenan was subjected in training for his contest with Sayers would have washed out and utterly obliterated a common mortal; and his rare-meat diet would have poisoned any ordinary human stomach, and above all a feeble one. In fact, the training processes of "the ring," although they secure prodigious temporary strength and activity, are terribly destructive to the constitution on the whole, even to the *strongest* constitution.

One word here upon the very common course of management or procedure adopted by the parents and guardians of city-born feeble youth, which consists in putting their invalid wards out upon a farm with a view of "hardening" them. We believe that in the large majority of cases the practical effect of this is precisely opposite to that intended. Country people, and especially country men-folks, accustomed to the sun and to enormous amounts of work, have no

idea how little exposure and labor a delicate city-bred child can bear. Very likely they poke fun at his weak frame and pale face with coarse jokes and laughter, stinging him to the quick; so that when he tries to do anything, anxious to prove himself of some account, he works twice too hard, gets terribly tired and sun-burned, and is lucky if he does not get a fever to boot. They plunge, all heated or directly after eating or after nightfall, into the river or the pond with perfect impunity, like their horses: the city boy goes in too, gets a cramp, or a bad cold, or bowel distemper, and nobody, of course, thinks to warn him of a danger which nobody realizes. They drink a bowlful of milk just before going to bed, or clear two platefuls of beans and Indian-pudding at dinner, or fill up on "choke" cherries or green corn or unripe apples between meals, and suffer nothing; whereas our lad, doing as they do, as a lad will, half kills himself, and they all wonder at the puniness of city-bred folks. The little fellow comes home tanned as an Indian, and his friends, accustomed to associate a bronzed face with bronze strength, think his improvement wonderful. Now, of course, this thing need not be managed thus, but it is the duty of a feeble child's friends to see to it and make sure that it is not managed thus, and not leave it to the care of well-intentioned but in nowise competent and judicious guardians. Country air, country freedom and a change to the country may do much for such a lad, but not country work pursued after the country fashion.

We have probably already said enough upon the abuse of exercise, but must trespass upon our limits so far as to enter a special protest against the bad and incessant recommendation of out-of-door exercise as a remedy for the debility and decrepitude so alarmingly characteristic of our housewife population. What our home-women want, first and most of all, is rest. Our housewives are worked to death—worked to death by themselves for the greater part. Pride of style, of appearances, of clothing, household furnishings and table equipment, is killing

them off. Now, to counsel a woman jaded out with a great baking, or wash, or with cleaning house, or putting down carpets, etc., to go out and take a walk, is downright cruelty. She would do better, far, to go to bed. When a woman has worked in the house until every motion is a weariness, she wants rest, not more work or more moving about. If she can afford to ride, that is a different matter. Simply taking the air may do her good, even though she be tired, provided it can be taken without entailing more exertion. Observe, we presume her to be really tired, not stagnated with breathing close air or half petrified with inaction—in which case she may feel tired and may hate to move as much as if she were really exhausted with work—for in this case walking out would probably be just the thing. The duty to be enjoined upon the mistresses of our households is such a reservation of strength from their cares and labors—a reservation secured by forethought and painstaking if need be—as will enable them to take out-of-door exercise with pleasure; as will make them feel, when they set out, that they really are in need of stirring their blood in the sunshine; and as will bring them back to their doors still fresh and unjaded. This is the thing to insist upon. This is the duty which the ladies' magazines and the ladies' fashion-books should urge early and late, and the medical adviser should counsel first and last; and then perhaps exercise for women will be found to be a somewhat better thing for women than it now is. Reference to housewives in this part of the discussion is not so much out of place as might at first sight appear, for it is their care, responsibility and anxiety, their *head-work*, in short, that wears upon the strength quite as much as their mere hand-labor.

The remark is made above that mere rest will oftentimes be found inadequate for the treatment of cases of overwork in the line of head and brain labor. But it is equally true and more to be insisted on that nothing can be done in such cases without rest—rest partial or total, according to the urgency of the

symptoms. His friends declare that if the rebellion had lasted six months longer, and Stanton, our War minister, had persisted in attempting to carry the tremendous burden under which he staggered through those memorable years, it would have cost him his life. Count Bismarck, under the pressure of the audacious responsibilities he had taken upon himself in the late Prusso-Austrian war, became so reduced that he solemnly declares that had the battle of Sadowa gone against the Prussians, it would have killed him; and indeed the treaty of peace found him almost dead as it was, drove him off from the scenes of his anxieties and cares, and put him into the hands of half a dozen doctors.

Head-workers need more rest than hand-workers. The old saw precisely inverted the proprieties of the case, so far as it involved them, declaring that "Seven hours' sleep suffice the student, eight the laboring man, and nine the fool." Three hours of hard brain-work destroy, as before observed, more nervous tissue, and cause a greater subtraction of the phosphates from the system, than an ordinary day's work at mere mechanical labor, the proportion in grains (of weight) being as 86:77. Above everything else, brain-workers need sleep, early sleep and late sleep, and enough in the middle to feel "real stupid" at the end of it. Stupidity is precisely the condition into which this class of toilers should manage and devise and strive to get themselves for a time, longer or shorter, each twenty-four hours. Nothing rests the brain and the whole working system like it. Narcotic stupidity, the product of ale, tobacco or wine, is not the thing referred to—though in emergencies this may perhaps be had recourse to as a medicine—but the quiet, reposeful readjustment of the nervous conditions and the recharging with vital force of the nerve-batteries, the contacts not yet closed, the galvanic currents therefore not yet set in motion, but only filling up the system with a blind, diffused feeling of healthy sensations and reserved efficiency.

In particular, it is believed that all

workers, both men and women, in all departments of labor, and especially in the department now in debate, will find it greatly to their advantage to *lie down*, for a time longer or shorter, during the day, preference being given to the hour after dinner, and to lie long enough, if possible, to just fall asleep. Every other working animal than man, if left free, will, after having eaten at noon, lie down for a nap, or, if from any cause it fails to get it, shows decided abatement of efficiency for the rest of the day. Judicious teamsters teach their horses to lie down in their stalls, or compel them to, and many have to be compelled to it in such narrow quarters that they are liable to chafe or wound themselves in getting down or up. In a recumbent posture the pulse is slower by eight or ten beats a minute than in standing, and four or five slower than in sitting; the breathing also is less rapid and is deeper; digestion begins sooner and progresses more rapidly. Accordingly, the worker can recuperate faster in the recumbent than in any other position; and if in a quiet place his nerves get composed more speedily and thoroughly in a given time. Working-people understand this well enough, but not "feeling tired," they hate to camp down on a bed or settee, it is such dull business. Dull enough truly when the head is swarming with plans, work is ready to go on, and the worker feels ready to go on with it. But it pays well—this is our argument—it pays well by the day, month, year or lifetime, and for the great majority of workers. If at any point the working day needs curtailment, it is by way of a longer "morning," and the time is coming soon when the working millions, in the trades, in stores, in factories, will demand such a mid-day rest as will really avail for rest. They should strike for it to-day.

The workers in question, upon whom the burden of great labor rests, should make it a matter of deliberate study and experiment, of nice observation and comparison, to determine the precise *sort of life* they must lead to secure the largest possible amount of recuperation. They will not expect to find the same

management of equal advantage to all. The student who has been buried up in books for hours, who has not seen the face or heard the voice of living man, or thought of a thing that has happened since the voyage of Jason, will very likely not need the same sort of respite as the business man who has spoken to five hundred men in the same time, given a hundred and fifty orders to his subordinates, contracted for ten thousand bushels of corn and ten tons of lard. The accountant may be glad to drive the thoughts of figures and sum-totals out his head by going down to the Exchange and mingling with crowds of men; while the auctioneer, who has seen a thousand human eyes upon him all the business day, may be glad to get out of sight of anybody and pore over the price-lists and the quotation-columns of the newspaper, being rested by their very want of interest. The minister studying all day cannot manage like the minister preaching all day or on pastoral duty all day; nor the lawyer working up his case, like the lawyer carrying it on in court.

Each of these workers will determine for himself whether "going into society" is good for him, and what sort of society—whether of quiet old folks, with whom he can talk over the times of the "Embargo" and "Nullification," and have a dullish game of whist, or of gay young folks, who will make him dance, or try to, and play blindman's-buff. Or whether it is better for him to sit down in the easy-chair at home, the stove door wide open, showing the ruddy fire within, the light shaded from off his eyes upon the "work" and glancing needles of the women-folk, the stream of talk flowing intermittently, into which he dips now and then or not as pleases him; and so to sit until the evening wears away dozily but restingly. Each one will determine for himself whether frequenting concerts helps him get his thoughts from off his business, or attending the opera or the horse-race, even. The question will not be with him so much whether he would rather be at his business, whether he would take more satisfaction in his avo-

cations than in these "frivolities," as whether he cannot through the medicinal effect of these very frivolities recuperate more rapidly and thoroughly for business. Each one will consider whether reading will be of service to him, and if so, reading of what character—whether newspaper, magazine, novel—whether romance, science, or history; and will act according to his conclusions, irrespective of the practice of other men in other lines of employment and subject to other forms of weariness. Each one will consider what use of the "day of rest" comports best with his necessities; bearing in mind, however, as a prime consideration, that the moral and religious uses of that day should, as a general rule, be allowed to claim precedence to all others. He will not, however, feel that if by chance he is confined all the week as a mechanic's apprentice in a close workshop, he is bound to observe the day in respect to out-of-door movements precisely as the farmer's boy, who from Monday morning to Saturday evening is tanned in the sunshine and fed on pure air, and who one day in the week is not unwilling to keep in-doors a good part of the time, just for the change. The fisherman and the iron-moulder, the wood-chopper and the boiler-maker, the stage-driver and the shoemaker, may each keep the Sabbath equally well as regards its essential uses, yet by no means observe it in precisely the same way as regards the license of exercise, air-taking and exposure to sunshine. The clergyman does by far his hardest day's work on the day in which labor is forbidden, yet no violation of the spirit of the command is accredited to him; and other classes of men are entitled of course to equal liberty in the practical application of the injunction to keep the day holy.

Each one will consider for himself whether he shall have recourse to any of those special devices of recuperation which, in the case of many worked or wrought upon beyond their strength, have

proved so efficacious. He will not despise any of these simply because they are trifling, mindful that his rabbits proved a more healing balm to the spirit of Cowper, worn with the harassments of incipient insanity, than anything else the world could afford; that Scott, in the companionship of his aogs, fought back more successfully than anywhere else the approaches of death his overwork was bringing on; and that Webster used to take a new lease of life with the fishing-rod in hand. We know a professional gentleman who has the work of four to do, and does it, and who, living in a close-pent city, has no room for gardens, for horses or cattle, and who therefore keeps a little flock of hens, the which he tends and feeds and cares for himself, no matter what the press of engagements may be. In this little care he finds rest, amusement, occupation of thought as in nothing else, and such as give him greater strength for his daily tasks. No matter how harassing the business for the day may have been, or how unsatisfactorily or critically it may have stood at its termination, he can forget it all, talking about his hens—their bright eyes, their glossy feathers, their cackle crests, their appetites, their occasional ails (which he feelingly deplores, calling each by name), their characters and dispositions, their maternal successes or reverses, and especially their egg-producing triumphs, the snow-shelled proofs of which he always sends for to display to sympathetic visitors; and indeed he confesses that half the time he gets to sleep only by fixing his thoughts steadily upon his feathered family. The advantage of this sort of charge, whether hens, canary-bird, cat, or whatever it may be, is, that it gives occupation to the thoughts without anxiety or mental effort, and in so far serves a better purpose for rest than children or almost any kind of human companions: this, at least, is true for some people and in cases of extreme overwork.

A DAY AT CHERRY PATCH.

READER, have you ever rusticated among the Adirondacks? If not, take the first opportunity of doing so. If you have been wearied by work, it will rest you: if you have had the blues, it will cheer you: if you like trout, *go*. But don't go as we did, and stay at a house. Take your tent and camp-kit and live in the woods.

And now for Cherry Patch.

"Boys, where shall we go to-morrow?" This utterance was accompanied by a tremendous puff of smoke from the mouth of him who uttered it, as he sat with a good-sized quiver-full of big boys around him, the two oldest of whom had been contaminated by the paternal example, and were vigorously cultivating, each of them, a meerschaum.

The surroundings were impressive. If it were not that the party were sitting on the piazza of a farm-house, one might have supposed them to be "on the war-path" against some unexterminated party of Indians. In light marching order, each with his belt holding either a pistol, hatchet or knife, their solemn smoking looked ominous.

Before them stretched a beautiful sheet of water, which would be called a *lake* in these parts, but which only boasted the name of "pond" there. Beyond it rose a chain of hills, among which Whiteface, Marcy, McIntyre, Nipple Top, and Colden were conspicuous—all bathed in that glory of sunset which has never been more accurately described than by the Quaker poet as

"A dream of day without its glare."

To the left of them, but hidden by a rise in the ground, was one of those glorious lakes which have invested the very name of "Adirondacks" with a halo of romance.

It was personal experience on this lake and that pond which prompted the question as to the disposal of time and energy on the morrow; for that personal

experience had been connected with what certain profane non-experts in the Waltonian art thoughtlessly call "fisherman's luck;" *i. e.*, coming home with as many fish as you start with. This had not been absolutely the case, for a *few* trout *had* been caught in the lake—one of them a "two-pounder"—but it was so nearly "fisherman's luck" as to be disgusting. As to the "pond" (*said* to be full of large, fat trout—so large that they disdained all invitations to rise to the surface), it had been "trolled" over, and fly and worm had both been thrown in vain—utterly in vain.

Hence, most patient and gentle reader, the question, "Boys, where shall we go to-morrow?"

"Bryan says there must be trout in Cherry Patch. It has not been fished for a long time—certainly not this season; and as he was passing there the other day, he saw a good many 'rises.' I move we go *there*."

Bryan was the guide. The speaker was a young man of martial appearance, who gloried in the sobriquet of "Micky," and who was destined to catch more trout than any of the party before we finally left the neighborhood. What was done at Cherry Patch remains to be told. But we must not anticipate. The remainder of the trout-seekers were Michael, Steve and Gilliams; the first of whom rejoiced in a profusion of red beard, and a face so rubicund with sunburn from unwonted exposure that he looked as if he had tried to stop Phœbus' horses when they ran away with Phæton. The two last named were the juniors of the party, beardless, but apt at woodcraft, lovers of fish; and one of them (Steve) had tried to succeed in his apostolic labors by the use of "milk-bait," the precise nature of which cannot be explained just at this time to any enthusiastic lover of the sport. Its use must be learned on the spot. In short, it was a prophylactic.

It was finally determined that Cherry Patch should be selected as the scene of the morrow's labors, and the rest of the evening was spent in hunting up Bryan, sharpening hatchets, getting ready rods and lines, etc., and then further discussing the plan of campaign.

The next morning seemed auspicious. A hazy atmosphere, threatening a shower, promised trout in abundance (if *any* were there). That some *were* there seemed the general belief of the party, to judge from their outfit. Pistol, knife and hatchet were always worn (not because of Indians or wild beasts, but simply for the sake of feeling that one was in the "wilderness"). In addition to these, Bryan, who led the party, carried an axe; Michael, a wire gridiron; Gilliams, another; Steve, a rod which was long enough and strong enough to catch the great-grandfather of all the trout, and which continually threatened the eyes of his file-closer (for they went, *ex necessitate loci*, in Indian file) with destruction, and called forth many objurgations more forcible than pious. Micky was armed with a gun—a double-barreled breech-loader—which missed fire half the time. This gun was intended to provide the second course of the expected dinner in the shape of partridges, as the gridirons were intended to render edible the *first* course—*i. e.*, the trout.

The truth of history compels the admission that very little provision had been made for the inner man in case both of these expected courses should fail; which was only a fresh proof of faith in success. A few crackers, a little maple sugar, and another refreshment which shall be nameless in these pages, constituted the whole of that day's *vaticum*—saving, of course, the inevitable pipe, and that (to a *true* churchman) most refreshing incense of "*Thus nicotianum*."

The senior of the party superintended the departure with a look of triumph. On every lineament of his face, in his eyes, playing about his mouth, were inscribed TROUT, from a quarter of a pound to three pounds at least. For was not Bryan the guide? and did not

Bryan know the waters of that region and the fishes thereof as Aristæus knew the bees of olden times? and were not Senior's successes matters of history? And even if *he* should fail, were not the younger enthusiasts around him to be relied on?

The party started, Bryan in advance, with his axe on his shoulder—not for the purpose of decapitating trout, but for a use which shall hereafter be revealed. Bright eyes followed the procession as it wound around the wood-path toward the scene of triumph; fair chops were sympathetically — (the word is too profane to use in such a connection, but it describes that peculiar and well-known motion of the tongue when a dainty morsel is in prospect) at the thought of what would be gracing the tea-table that evening; and for a weary hour, enlivened, however, by sanguine hope, the trout-catchers followed that wood-path sinuously, crawling under or jumping over the trunks of fallen trees, catching their feet in roots which persisted in living above ground; and — "Bang!" "Partridge, sure!" followed the report of Micky's gun, for that Nimrod was in the van, and had just attempted the life of a bird. Of course he *hit* him, but unfortunately the undergrowth where he fell was so dense that, as we had no dog, the "cold corpus" of the victim was invisible; just as De Quincey, in the paper "Murder considered as one of the fine arts," represents the following question and answer to be put and returned in Thugdom: "Ubi est ille Toad-in-the-hole?" Et ab omnibus responsum est: "Non est inventus." In fact, it may as well be confessed to the reader that there was *no* second course at that day's dinner.

At last Cherry Patch was reached. Why this name should have been given to this pond respondent is unable to declare. Its appearance, however, can be described: it was small, nearly circular in shape, with an expanse of clear water measuring about one hundred yards from brink to brink, surrounded by forest, and encircled, like the planet Saturn (for we need a dignified comparison), by two

belts or rings, not, in this case, of luminous, but of exceedingly marshy matter. In fact, the inner belt was one of lily-pads resting on the surface of the water, with here and there a flower of coarse texture but brilliant yellow color, setting off in strong contrast the dark green of the leaves and the bluish-black appearance of the water they encircled. The outer belt was a stretch of common swamp—*meminisse horret!*—so wide that it was impossible to throw a line over it and the belt of lily-pads combined; and we did not wish to get our feet wet by standing in the swamp. So we acted the part of genuine conservatives, for we set to work to build a raft, on which we could stand in safety and fish successfully; and in transporting the logs for this raft to the water's edge, we got our feet as wet (those of us who engaged in this laudable undertaking) as if we had waded from one end of the pond to the other. It took nearly two hours to build a raft that would hold three at a time. Bryan's axe now revealed the purpose of its bringing, in the felling of two large trees and the dividing their trunks into logs of the proper length. Hatchets were freely used in the adaptation of the more slender cross-pieces; and when the material was all ready, the work of transportation to the water began. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet of swamp had to be traversed, and the traversing was on this wise: The heaviest of the logs were manned by four, two bearing each end, which was supported by a stick run underneath it. The swamp grass was nearly three feet high, and it was therefore impossible to see where one's feet were going; and the results of this impossibility soon became apparent, for with a yell of surprise and indignation first one and then another of the bearers went up to his middle in a swamp-hole, and the others, finding the balance of the log somewhat disordered, jumped, as if a snake had bitten them, into another hole, the process of "log-rolling," in spite of the good character of the parties, being freely indulged in.

In cautiously transporting a smaller

piece of timber around a bush, Gilliams found that fire is sometimes a worse enemy than water; for in the vain attempt to avoid the further wetting of his feet (they were already soaking wet), he was severely stung by a wasp who was harboring in the bush; and the suddenness of the attack caused a series of evolutions (perhaps well enough described as "deployment of skirmishers") which were more edifying to the spectators than agreeable to the victim and performer.

Let it not be supposed that *all* of the party engaged in the moist work of preparing the raft. At the precise spot where the party had reached the edge of the woods, a brooklet of clear water, cold as ice, gushing from a spring near by, emptied into the pond, and very near where the raft was to be launched (when it was completed).

Here Senior chose his base of operations. His jointed rod was carefully taken from its case and put together—the line was adjusted, ready for the sport. *His* feet were dry, and he meant to keep them so, for he resolutely declined to enter the swamp. The experience of years was not disregarded, but neither were the gnats, those little pests of the summer woods. Here again were shown the results of experience. The rest of the party, in the intervals of labor at a short distance, looked toward the spot where Senior had taken post, and there saw a figure, part of which was recognized as that of a civilized man, but whose supernal termination was completely invested with a green veil, seamless, which, like a huge cornucopia or extinguisher, covered the top of the living column. Here, then, and thus accoutred, Senior stood, "at rest" and, like Logan, "leaning on his spear"—*i. e.*, fishing-rod—keeping guard over the unseen trout, and possessing his soul in much patience.

At last the raft was finished on the edge of the swamp, and, by the vigorous exertions of Bryan and the rest, launched upon the waters.

"Come, father, try your luck now."

"Go on, my boy; you may have first

chance. I'll wait and see what luck you have."

So, having the Fifth Commandment in view, the raft was manned by Michael and Micky, under Bryan's leadership.

It will be borne in mind by the careful reader that the labor of the last two hours had been cheerfully performed with the view of securing dry feet. He will also have noted the way in which this object had been attained during the progress of the work; and now, as a sort of poetic justice, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that, under the combined weight of the three fishermen, the raft sank just three inches below the surface of the water! We can't say that the mystic letters Q. E. D. ought to follow this statement, but "that was demonstrated" as a matter of veracious history.

Never mind: the time for fishing had come, and the wire gridirons were in readiness. As it was rather late in the season for fly-fishing, a supply of worms had been brought as a greater lure to the trout, and simultaneously three hooks, judiciously baited, were cast upon the water, and as speedily withdrawn, for each hook had captured a fish. Wait gentle and most patient reader—not a trout, but a minnow. "Confound the luck!"

"Never mind. There *must* be trout. Try it again!" and as if to justify the advice, almost instantly a small trout was seen cleaving the air, induced to that acrobatic feat by a sudden jerk of the pole and line at the extremity of which he was involuntarily secured. I said "cleaving the air," and truth compels me to add "and then the water," for he had not been greedy enough in his jump at the bait, and fell off before he could be landed. Several more minnows and chubs were caught in rapid succession, and then Senior was heard to groan through the meshes of his veil.

"Look here, Bryan," said Micky, "this is a humbug! Where are your trout?"

"I think," responded the worthy guide, "we are too near shore. I'll just pole the raft out a little more, and then

I'll guarantee you all the trout you can eat. They're here, sure!"

Senior again exhibited signs of hope. A new position was secured for the raft, and almost immediately the appearance of Micky's line betokened that he had not only a bite, but a *big* bite, and that at last we should reap the reward of persistency. In very truth, the energetic motions of that young man withdrew from the bosom of the pond a fish of good size, which was safely landed.

"What is it?" called Senior, excitedly, from the shore, as the veil still obscured his vision somewhat.

"Catfish!" bellowed Bryan, Michael and Micky in chorus.

"Ugh!"

The duty of the historian is sometimes painful. To disclose the grief of noble minds which have long struggled against adversity, hoping against hope, and yet hoping to the end—this is a saddening task. Who does not sympathize with the great Carthaginian, when, after having actually hurled his spear over one of the gates into the Eternal City, he at last saw the hated power dominant and his own loved Carthage at her feet? And what historian who records the fact can do otherwise than blot his page with the falling tear?

And so it is with poignant sorrow that we record the tribulation and anguish which filled the soul of Senior when the breezes of Cherry Patch wafted to his ear that one word—"Catfish!" It was too much for human nature to bear. He had come long miles from his home, and was even now, as Horace's huntsman,

"Immemor tenerae conjugis,
Sub Jove" (torrido),

all for the sake of trout—that noble game, to capture which the noblest minds alone are prone. On this very morning he had accompanied his hopeful progeny to win trophies for gastronomic science: he had for two hours and more stood calmly impervious to the attacks of mosquitoes *et id genus omne*: he had seen two of those gallant youths embarked upon a frail raft, and his eye wandered alternately from them to the gridirons and

back again; and the end of it all was described in the magic word—"Catfish!"

It was too much. With a guffaw of sorrowful indignation, and a shudder which at once deposited his veil in his pocket and his rod in its case, and turned him round with his face homeward, Senior abruptly departed from Cherry Patch, fleeing therefrom even as Lot fled from Sodom. We saw him no more till the shades of evening had settled over the earth and we had returned to the house; and even then it was noticed that he seemed depressed, and smoked with more than usual vigor.

His abrupt departure rather stimulated than otherwise the flagging zeal of the rest. Steve and Gilliams, who had remained on shore with Senior, were then admitted upon the raft, which sank into the water lower than ever, and all aided to paddle the raft, in the teeth of a stiff breeze, to the other side of the pond, where, Bryan observed, he'd be "blowed if there wasn't trout."

Lines were whipped about, hooks and worms—ay, and minnows and chubs too—were flying in every direction. It may be safely estimated that nearly a hundred of these inoffensive fish were dragged into the death of upper air; but, to use Steve's laconic but highly expressive assertion, "nary trout."

After these bootless efforts, Steve and Gilliams implored to be put on dry land again, and when there emulated Senior's example and fled the spot. Michael also landed, but so far from deserting Bryan and Micky (who still kept to the raft), he calmly took the place Senior had left, and with the utmost self-possession betook himself to the philosophic investigation of the nutritive properties of cracker and maple sugar. The theory of combustion was also reduced to practice in the kindling of a "smudge"—

for the mosquitoes were intolerable—and the lighting of a small quantity of "Thus Nicotianum" in the thurible which, like a good churchman, he always carried with him. Clouds of incense-smoke were soon ascending, and he devoted the rest of the afternoon to cutting canes and watching the indomitable fishermen on the raft, one of whom, by this time, had begun to swear, for which the other, we are sorry to say, did not, owing to his own frame of mind, reprove him.

At last the patient sun—who, breaking forth from the morning cloud soon after the party had reached the now historic Cherry Patch, had attended with undisturbed equanimity to his daily task of giving light to adventurous mortals—began to think of laying his weary head in the Thetis-lap of the broad Pacific. The check-rein was thrown upon the necks of his ardent coursers, now too near their stalls to be held in tightly; and at the near approach of her gallant admirer, the warm blushes of the ocean nymph began to mantle the western horizon. Hesperus lit his torch, and the chorus of nymphs, with dance and carol following the oft-invoked Hymen Hymenæus, prepared to celebrate the espousals of Phœbus Apollo and the dark-haired Thetis.

In other words, it was time for us to be starting for the house if we wanted to get there before dark; and so, after eating another cracker and evaporating to dryness the contents of certain small vessels with screwed tops, which had formed part of the commissariat, we trudged on our homeward way, bearing, as the edible results of the day's work, six—"catfish."

Senior wouldn't touch one of them.

Thus ended our day at Cherry Patch.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

SINCE the article on Alaska in the present number was in type, official reports to August have been received at Washington, confirming the previous accounts of the existence of coal. Commander Mitchell, of the U. S. Steamer Saginaw, writes: "At Hamilton Bay, 50 miles E. S. E. from Sitka, we have partially opened a mine of good bituminous coal. . . . At Koutznof Bay, 45 miles N. E. of Sitka, we have opened a mine of the best bituminous coal we have ever seen. . . . At Saginaw Bay, 35 miles E. S. E. of Sitka, at the meeting of Frederick Sound and Chatham Strait, the codfish run in large numbers in the summer. . . . We have found this to be a country rich in minerals, woods and metals, furs and fisheries; and we know the American people will soon commence a move in this direction, especially when they learn what we *have* acquired."

It is evident that the time will come, in the westward course of empire, when the Pacific ocean will play the part now allotted to the Atlantic, and in ancient times to the Mediterranean. For three thousand years civilization may be said to have been limited to the basin of the Mediterranean, until, in the fullness of time, the expedition of Columbus started from its western extremity, destined to discover a new world. Then followed the rise of England as a great power, and the seat of civilization was transferred from the Mediterranean sea to the Atlantic ocean, around whose borders are situated those great nations which to-day march in the van of progress. In the world that is to be, America will occupy the position held in the ancient world by Italy, having on the east and west oceans as much larger than the Mediterranean sea as the destiny of America is grander than was that of Rome. It was thoughts like these which animated Frémont in his perilous expe-

dition, and they are such as may well reconcile us to the purchase of Alaska. There is reason to think that the acquisition of British Columbia is also at hand—a thing of the immediate future.

. . . We have great pleasure in announcing, as one of the attractions of *Lippincott's Magazine* for the coming year, a powerful American novel written expressly for this periodical by a gentleman of wide experience of the world and marked ability as a writer. It will be called "Beyond the Breakers," and the first chapters will appear in the Number for January, 1869. Another feature of interest in the next volume will be the continuation of the papers on European affairs by M. Louis Blanc, which in the early part of the present year were received with marked approbation by the public. That distinguished author writes us as follows: "My health having been rather bad of late, I felt compelled to shrink from overwork. But not for a moment did I harbor the idea of breaking my connection with the most valuable magazine to which you kindly invite my contributions—with a proviso that that will not entail upon me any but intermissive and freely chosen labor. So you may rank me, in the prospectus you intend to issue, among those from whose pen you expect to receive occasional contributions. I hope to send you before long a paper on the relations between England and 'Napoleonic' France."

Mr. B. Waterhouse Hawkins, the distinguished English naturalist, well known as the author of the thirty-six restorations of extinct animals which add so much interest to the Crystal Palace, London, is now in this city. Having concluded arrangements with the Commissioners of the Central Park, N. Y., for a similar series of restorations, Mr. Hawkins is engaged in study-

ing the immense fossil reptiles, the remains of which are deposited in the museum of our Academy of Natural Sciences. It is his intention to erect in the Central Park restored figures of *Lalaps aquilunguis* (Cope), *Hadrosaurus Foulkii* (Leidy), and *Elasmosaurus platyurus* (Cope). They will be disposed, we believe, as a group of four, there being two figures of the first-named animal, in the centre of a grand geological saloon to be erected in the Park. The work when completed will give an extraordinary impetus to the study of Geology, as the room, if the idea is fully carried out, will afford facilities for pursuing the study of that science to be found at present nowhere else on this continent.

As an acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the Academy for free access to the magnificent collection of fossil remains in its possession, Mr. Hawkins proposes to erect in their natural relations the bones of *Hadrosaurus*, which are now lying in an obscure dark case of the museum in such condition that very few can realize the immense size of the creature to which they once belonged. We are happy to hear that the Academy has accepted the proposition. The bones will be sustained by iron bars, in the lower museum, probably in front of the skeleton of the whale, and when erected will convey a very accurate idea of the size of *Hadrosaurus Foulkii*, the equivalent on this continent of the ponderous *Iguanodon* of Europe.

Mr. Hawkins being at once artist, naturalist and mechanic, is probably the only one now living who is capable at the same time of conceiving and executing these restorations; and it would be a source of regret if he were allowed to return home before leaving some specimens of his skill in Philadelphia. Nothing would so add to the value of our new Academy of Natural Sciences as a geological saloon similar to that about to be erected in Central Park. It will not be necessary for us to send Mr. Hawkins to a neighboring city for his materials, for we have an abundance of such in our own collection. We sincerely hope our naturalists and capital-

ists will agitate this matter with good effect before it be too late. They will certainly never have a better opportunity of contributing to the very honorable scientific reputation which Philadelphia already sustains.

. . . Dr. Jos. Leidy recently described, at one of the meetings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, specimens of remarkable interest indicating two new species of fossil horse. They consisted of a tooth from Martinez, Contra Costa county, California, and an ungual phalanx obtained from a well sixty feet deep, at Antelope, Nebraska, four hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha. Presuming that these remains bore the same relation to the size of the extinct horse that the corresponding parts bear to the living horse, the doctor believes the tooth to have belonged to an animal upward of eighteen hands high, and the phalanx to represent a species about eight hands high. In other words, they appear to indicate the largest and the smallest species of horse yet described.

. . . Mr. Jos. Wharton has been led to believe, as the result of some experiments lately performed by him, that the change of color in autumn leaves is the result of the action of the acid juices upon the blue principle of the chlorophyll or green coloring matter. Some leaves of a soft texture, upon being subjected by him to the influence of sulphuric acid vapors, rapidly changed color. In leaves furnished with a hard epidermis the same result was observable around the edges of wounds made in the surface, from whence the change of color spread. Although the reverse experiment of restoring the green color by means of alkaline vapors has not yet succeeded, Mr. Wharton believes he may be able in future to produce that effect.

We regret to record the death, on the 23d of September last, in the fortieth year of his age, of Henry P. Leland, a gentleman of fine literary attainments and much original humor. A Philadelphian by birth, he was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and spoke several languages fluently. He was both

a poet and an artist, and in his contributions to *Vanity Fair*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and other periodicals, he showed himself at once fertile, ingenious and versatile. He was the author of two pleasant books, *The Americans in Rome* and *The Gray Bay Mare*, but gave promise of even better things than he actually performed. His health was broken down in the war which has destroyed so many of America's best and bravest.

"Uneda" favors us with some additional items from his "Book of original entry," as follows:

Anthony T., an aged Irishman, resided in South street above Fifth street at the time when the market-houses in Shippen street were built. Pointing to the triangle made by the Passyunk road and South and Fifth streets, he observed to me, "There is the place that Nature intended for a market-house."

... In the summer of 1846 funeral services were held at St. John's Cathedral, Philadelphia, in honor of the lately deceased Pope. The priest who preached the sermon said that the Pope had been "distinguished for his learning and many other virtues, of which no one knew anything but the Almighty."

... Two Irishmen were passing an exhibition where an orang-outang was advertised to be seen. "Stop, Pat," said one to the other: "here's something about another Orange outrage; let's go in and see the rights of it."

... About the year 1828 a young lawyer emigrated from Louisville, Kentucky, to Arkansas. Some time afterward one of his friends in Louisville met with a man from Arkansas, and finding that he knew the young lawyer, asked him how he was likely to succeed at the bar in his State. "Well," answered the Arkansas man, "I'm afraid he won't do much. He missed the finest chance for a fight that any man could have desired."

... Dr. Chapman and some friends were passing up Spruce street, near the Jewish cemetery, when they observed a light under the gate. "I wonder what

that light is?" said one. "An Israel-light," said the doctor.

... Before the education of slaves was prohibited in Mississippi, a slave opened a little school for the education of his fellows. Some one said to him, "Well, Joe, I hear you are going to teach the young idea how to shoot." "No, massa," he replied; "I never larn't to shoot, myself."

... One of the questions put by the assessors in Philadelphia to the taxpayers is: "What is your calling?" The late Mrs. H., of South Eighth street, wrote in answer to this, "Tax-payer."

... A Sunday-school class of little girls in Trenton, N. J., was under examination upon the subject of the Nativity. One of them was asked what the angels who appeared to the shepherds came to bring.

"Good tidings," was the reply.

"Do you know what good tidings are?" was asked.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered—"the things they make to go on the backs of rocking-chairs."

... Power, the Irish comedian, just before he set out for Europe on board the steamship President, which was lost on the voyage with all on board, was waited upon by a committee of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia with an invitation to their annual dinner on St. Patrick's day. "Gentlemen," said Power, "it would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, but I expect at that time to be where you will be yourselves—half-seas over."

The following queries are received from various sources:

1. What is the derivation of the French word, *Samedi*? [*Sabbati Dies*?—Ed.]
2. Where does the quotation come from, "A friend is known in the dividing of an inheritance"?
3. Who is the author of the Latin phrase, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*"?
4. Where is this passage?—"The foul fiend seize his soul therefor."
5. Can you tell me where to find—"Tis not in folly not to show a fool"?

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Familiar Quotations. By John Bartlett. Fifth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 12mo. pp. 778.

Two men were talking politics the other day, when one of them remarked that the text in the Bible which tells us that "Whom God wishes to destroy he first makes mad," was applicable to the course of a certain national party.

"That is not in the Bible," replied the other.

"I tell you it is."

The dispute went on for some time, ending in the *ultima ratio Americanorum*—the bet of a bottle of champagne; to decide which bet the two called at a public library and stated the case. Thereupon Cruden's *Concordance* was handed to them, with the remark that if they did not find in it Barnes' Latin version of a fragment of Euripides preserved by Athenagoras in his *Legatio*, they would see other things worthy of their attention.

We were reminded of this incident when, on opening the new and revised edition of Mr. Bartlett's book, we turned in vain to the Index to find the long-sought-for quotation, "Consistency is a jewel;" for, though that particular phrase is not given, there are other things in this volume well worthy of attention. It could hardly be otherwise, indeed, with one which lays before the reader the happiest expressions which have been uttered in the native tongue of Shakespeare. The English language, itself made up of words from the Latin, Greek, German and other idioms, has given birth to a literature unrivaled in the world for copiousness and strength. Not only have the illustrious writers of England and America shown at least as much originality as others, but their works are enriched with the most striking sayings of the great authors of the past; so that it is hardly too much to say that we have in a selection like the present the choicest utterances of the human mind. Here those felicitous phrases which are in everybody's mouth, but whose first begetters are in hardly anybody's memory, are collected and traced to their authors. Here we have the wit of the great masters of thought and expression, without some flavor of which the ordinary speech of common mortals would be dull indeed. In a word, here we have a

book which, like the admired *Miranda*, is created of every creature's best.

Such a collection, like a library, can never be complete; and if we now take the liberty of pointing out a few omissions, it is with no idea of detracting from the merit of a work which is singularly copious in its selections, and which the student will seldom refer to without finding what he wants. Apart from the authors cited (two hundred and ninety-seven in number) there are perhaps but two of any note who have been overlooked. These are the Rev. C. C. Colton and the Rev. Sydney Smith. The *Lacon* of the former abounds with shrewd sayings, some of which, such as "Imitation is the sincerest of flattery," might properly be called familiar quotations. To the spicy Canon of St. Paul's we Americans are indebted for certain well-known complimentary phrases, such as "Who reads an American book?" and "Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light," which the reader will look for here in vain. It was Sydney Smith, again, who remarked of Dr. Whewell of Cambridge that "Omniscience was his forte and science his foible," a phrase since applied to Lord Brougham. "Daniel Webster," said the reverend wit, "struck me much like a steam engine in trousers." But the following well-known passage ought by no means to have been omitted from Mr. Bartlett's book: "The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, upon a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon, which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death." Again:

Serenely full, the epicure may say,

Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

These lines are the concluding ones of Sydney Smith's "Receipt for Dressing a Salad;" and are imitated from Dryden (*Trans. of Horace*, iii. 29):

Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own;

He who, secure within, can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

The following miscellaneous quotations seem also to be wanting; some of them, perhaps, because they did not come within the scope of the author's plan:

1. Though lost to sight to memory dear.

It is only fair to remark that this quotation has puzzled the readers of *Notes and Queries* for fifteen years.

2. Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—
YOUNG, *The Complaints*, viii. 215.

3. To face the music.

J. Fenimore Cooper is said to have been the first to introduce this phrase into literature.

4. To build a bridge of gold for a flying enemy.

Something like this occurs in Rabelais: "Open therefore unto your enemies all the gates and ways, and make to them a *bridge of silver*, rather than fail that you may get rid of them." (*Book I.*, xliii.) Rabelais doubtless had in his mind the Spanish proverb: "Al enemigo que huye, la puente de plata;" the Italian saying being, like our own, a bridge of gold. The original of all these is the advice of Aristides to Themistocles: "It is no ways our interest to take away the bridge that is already made, but rather to build another, if it were possible, that he [Xerxes] might make his retreat with more expedition." PLUTARCH (*Themistocles*).

5. Taking time by the forelock.

This has long been proverbial in English, being met with in literature at least as early as Queen Elizabeth's time. Thus:

Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake:
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the forelock take.

SPENSER, *Sonnet lxx.*

The Germans say: "Zeit beim Zopf fassen"—to catch hold of Time by the queue. On the other hand, "Zeit beim Schwanz fassen"—to take Time by the tail—is to be behindhand.

The thought is borrowed from the fable of Phædrus (v. 8) entitled *Occasio*, or *Opportunity*. Smart renders it:

Bald, naked, of a human shape,
With fleet wings ready to escape,
Upon a razor's edge his toes,
And lock that on his forehead grows—
Him hold when seized, for goodness' sake,
For Jove himself cannot retake.
The fugitive, when once he's gone.

Cedrenus notes an ancient statue of *Occasio* at Constantinople, which was bald behind but not in front. *Historia*, p. 265.

6. It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.

ROCHESTER (?)

7. Infants in hell a span long.

Lackington says in his *Autobiography*, published in 1792 (p. 94): "Quotations were made from some *deep* author who had asserted that there were 'infants in hell but a span long;' and that 'hell was paved with infants' skulls.'"

Compare Burns:

Two span-lang, wee unchristened bairns.

It was St. Ambrose, we believe, who said that "hell is paved with the skulls of priests."

8. Ne'er draw without honor, ne'er sheath without fame.

Compare: "No me sacas sin razon, ni me enbainas sin honor."—*Toledo Blade*.

Also:

Zücke nie umsonst dies Schwert,
Immer sei zum Kampf bereit.

COUNT STOLBERG.

Ne'er draw in vain this sword: be steady,
And for the fight be ever ready.

9. Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
For naught is everything and everything is naught.

Rejected Addresses,

(Hurd & Houghton's ed., p. 310.)

10. York, you're wanted.

This phrase is common among Englishmen, especially on board men-of-war, and the writer has frequently heard it in this country. It is taken from a musical drama by Morton, published in 1816, and entitled *The Slave*, where it occurs over and over again. It was frequently heard in Great Britain about 1832, when the Duke of York became insolvent.

11. Conspicuous by its absence.

This phrase was used by Earl (then Lord John) Russell in a public address in the year 1839, and its correctness afterward maintained by him, on the ground of its use by "one of the greatest historians of antiquity." Of course the historian referred to is Tacitus, who (*Annals*, iii. 761), speaking of the images carried in procession at the funeral of Junia, says: *Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur*. Russell's curt adaptation is very happy, and recalls the "brilliant flashes of silence" which Sydney Smith attributed to Macaulay.

12. There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of love and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the Spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

This was written on a window in a whisky-vault in Rothesay, Scotland, the room overhead being occupied as a church. (*Notes and Queries*, 3d Series, vii. 307.) Some Philadelphia Quakers will be reminded here of an anecdote of the late Nicholas Waln. It was proposed in Monthly Meeting to let the cellar under the old Pine Street Meeting-house for the storage of rum. The old gentleman, who, with all his piety, had an irresistible flow of humor, got up and gravely remarked: "Friends, I have no unity with this proposal: I never could preach over my liquor."

13. Do as I say, not as I do.

This is perhaps a proverb rather than a quotation. It is alleged to have been a common saying among the Italian monks in the Middle Ages, as it was of the late Parson Abercrombie of Philadelphia. Probably all ages and languages have the same thought in nearly the same words. In German it runs: "Nach meinen Thaten nicht, nach meinen Wörten handle."

14. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.—*Genesis* xxviii. 17.

This text was formerly inscribed over the entrance to a certain parish church in England. During Cromwell's time some Puritan or Quaker, who regarded the sacred edifice as a mere "steeple-house," defaced the inscription one Saturday night, so that when the congregation assembled on Sunday morning they read, to their horror: "This is none other but the house . . . and this is the gate."

15. Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

ROGERS.

Byron pronounced this one of the best epigrams in the English language.

16. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
DR. JOHNSON (*Boswell's Life*, *et al.* 66).

Compare Butler:

He that is down can fall no lower.

17. The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

BYRON.

18. The style is the man.—*BUFFON, Discours.*

19. Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

DR. FRANKLIN.

20. Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.
COTTON, *To-morrow.*

21. Experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

COLERIDGE.

22. Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

The author of the above lines is unknown, but the passage occurs in *Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys*, published originally in the early part of the seventeenth century. The lines in the original Latin occur on p. 4 of the London edition of 1805:

In progressu boreali
Ut processi ab australi,
Veni Banbury, O profanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.

On the opposite page is the English version:

In my progress, traveling northward,
Taking farewell of the southward,
To Banbury came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritan one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

The whole work is curious, and, like Butler's *Hudibras*, illustrative of the times.

23. Our God and soldier we alike adore,
E'en at the brink of ruin, not before:
After deliverance both alike requited,
Our God's forgotten and our soldier's slighted.

QUARLES.

Usually quoted:

God and the doctor we alike adore.

24. She very imprudently married the barber.

FOOTE.

25. To dine with Duke Humphrey.

This phrase, very common in England, means to go dinnerless, though, according to Doctor Doran (*Saints and Sinners*, i. 185,) "Fuller vainly pointed out two hundred years ago that to dine with Duke Humphrey once meant to dine well, that noble but unlucky Duke of Gloucester being the great patron of scholars, poets and painters."

26. Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,

Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

GARRICK.

27. The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.—*DR. JOHNSON'S speech at the sale of Mr. Thrale's brewery. (Boswell's Life of Johnson, et al. 72.)*

28. Now twilight lets her curtain down
And pins it with a star.

MCDONALD CLARK.

29. Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign.

This was said by Sir Edward Coke (or Cook, as Rushworth prints it) in a debate in the Commons, May 17, 1628. *Historical Collections*, vol. i. p. 562.

The author of *Familiar Quotations*, has added to the value of his work by occasionally pointing out parallel passages, those given in the Appendix being particularly interesting. It is desirable that in the next edition of this standard book every line not really original should be traced to its source. It would not only add to the interest of the volume, but the reader would realize the continuity, progress and development of letters. Mr. Richard Grant White, in his recent life of Shakespeare, has pointed out some curious imitations by that poet from the Italian, and articles have recently appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *North American Review* and the *Galaxy*, to show that "the ancients have stolen most of our bright thoughts;" but here are a few more parallelisms. Pope says:

No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard.
Nay, fly to altars, there they talk you dead,
And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

The allusion here is to an anecdote well known in Pope's time of M. Charles du Perier, of Aix in Provence, whose zeal for reciting his verses to all comers rendered him insupportable in society. One day he accompanied M. Despreaux to church, and during the entire mass he did nothing but talk of the ode which he had, a few days before, sent in to the Academy. He could hardly stop a moment during the elevation of the Host, and broke the solemn silence by saying in a whisper to M. Despreaux: "They say my verses are too much like those of Malesherbes." This sally was the occasion of the following lines of Boileau, which Pope has evidently imitated, and, as usual with him, improved upon:

Gardez vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux,
Qui de ses vains écrits lecteur harmonieux,
Aborde en recitant quiconque le salue,
Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans la rue.
Il n'est Temple si saint, des Anges respecté,
Qui soit contre sa Muse un lieu de sûreté.
Art Poétique, canto iv.

This is by no means the only instance in which Pope has borrowed a thought from the easy and various verses of Boileau, presenting it in lines more epigrammatic, but at the same time perhaps less graceful, than those of the celebrated Frenchman.

Mr. Bartlett quotes as the original of the phrase: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," the following passage from Tertullian: "Semen est sanguis Christianorum." The real original, however, will be found in a note to that passage in the edi-

tion of Tertullian's works of 1641, where is presented the following quotation from St. Jerome: "Est sanguis martyrum seminarium ecclesiarum."

Pope says:

Beauty draws us by a single hair.

Mr. Bartlett gives a parallel line from Dryden, but the idea is as old as Burton: "No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast as Love can do with only a single thread." Compare Sterne: "It is sweet to feel by what finespun threads our affections are drawn together." And Howell: "One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen." *Familiar Letters*, p. 290.

In Watts' hymn, beginning, "Am I a soldier of the cross?" occur the well-known lines:

Shall we be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?

This is an imitation of Quarles:

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.

Esther.

This last line, again, is borrowed from the Twelfth Epistle of St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, to Severus:

Tolle crucem, qui vis auferre coronam;

and William Penn, on the other hand, took from Quarles the title of his excellent book—*No Cross no Crown*.

Mr. Bartlett properly gives credit to Rochefoucault for saying that "Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue," but according to Mr. Bombaugh (*Gleanings*, p. 456) this thought is equally Massillon's: "Le vice rend hommage à la vertu en s'honorant de ses apparences." Cowper has diluted the expression in the *Task*.

Mr. Bombaugh also points out that Byron's celebrated passage:

A thousand years scarce serve to form a State,
An hour may lay it in the dust,

is from Muratori's *Annals*—

Cento si richieggono ad edificare: un solo basta per distruggere tutto.

Young says:

Of some for glory such the boundless rage
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.
Satire IV. (Works, ii. 73.)

This is stolen from Oldham:

On Butler, who can think without just rage?
The glory and the scandal of the age.

A Satire (Works, p. 234.)

The idea in Byron's lines, beginning :

So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
is traced, in *Familiar Quotations*, to Waller,
as it might have been equally to the thirty-
sixth of La Fontaine's *Fables*. The footsteps
of the latter, again, may be tracked in the snow
to Æschylus, five lines of whose lost tragedy
—the *Myrmidons*—have been preserved to us
by the Scholiast on the *Birds* of Aristophanes;
they have been thus translated :

An eagle once—so Libyan legends say—
Struck to the heart, on earth expiring lay,
And gazing on the shaft that winged the blow,
Thus spoke : " Whilst others' ills from others flow,
To my own plumes, alas, my fate I owe."

Note, that Æschylus himself borrowed from
a Libyan legend.

Of all modern instances of adaptation, that
perfect gem, Gray's *Elegy*, is the most re-
markable, almost every stanza containing an
imitation. The first line, for example—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
is from the fifth line of the eighth book of
Dante's *Purgatorio*, thus rendered by Cary :

... the vesper-bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Palingenius, whose *Zodiacus Vite* was de-
dicated to Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, and
whose body was taken out of the grave and
publicly burnt, says in his twelfth book :

A face is then most beautiful when the white is
mingled with the red. Why does a rosy color designate
love? Because love is like fire, which has red
flames.

Compare Dante :

... Face
With love's own hue illumed.
Purgatory, xix. 14;

and Milton :

A smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.
Paradise Lost, viii. 619.

There is really no end to the list of imita-
tions in literature, but the above will suffice.

It is both interesting and instructive to
mark the relative contributions of various
authors to the familiar quotations laboriously
and judiciously collected in this volume. As
would naturally be supposed, Shakespeare
leads the way, the phrases extracted from his
works occupying no less than . . . 119 pages.

After him comes the authorized ver-
sion of the Bible, which supplies 39 "
Then Milton 38 "
" Pope 31 "
" Byron 26 "

Then Wordsworth 25 pages.

" Cowper 11 "
" Scott 8 "
" Tennyson 8 "
" Burns 6 "
" Longfellow 3 "
" Dickens 1 "

It results from this comparison that Shake-
speare has contributed more than three times
as many familiar phrases to the English lan-
guage as any other author; indeed, extracts
from his works occupy one-fourth of the
whole number of pages in this book. So
wide were Shakespeare's sympathies that
hardly any subject comes up in writing or
conversation which may not be illustrated by
a quotation from his plays. The present
writer heard an assertion similar to this put
to a severe test at a watering-place last sum-
mer, by a gentleman who denied it, and con-
fidently inquired what the great poet had to
say about the game of euchre. The other
speaker had assisted too often in preparing
the quotations for the bill of fare at the
annual dinner of the Shakespeare Society
of Philadelphia to be posed by so simple a
question as that, and immediately replied
that there is a manifest allusion to the "right
bower" in Hamlet's speech (Act V., scene 1):
"How absolute the *knave* is! We must speak
by the *card*, or equivocation will undo us."
This wresting of a text would have done
honor to a professed controversialist in theol-
ogy, or to the classical scholar who under-
took to prove that the word "smile" was
used as a euphemism for a drink in ancient
times, by quoting from Horace's *Odes*:

Amara lento temperat risu,

which is rendered by Martin :

*Meets life's bitters with a jest,
And smiles them down.*

By *lento risu*, it was argued, is clearly meant
a *slow* smile, or one taken through a straw!

In parting from the elegantly printed book
before us, we cannot withhold a renewed ex-
pression of admiration as well for the happy
thought of the author in thus supplying a real
public want, as for the taste, judgment and
perseverance which have presided over his
pleasing task prolonged through twenty years.
What is still needed by scholars is a dic-
tionary of Latin and Greek quotations, which
shall have accurate references to chapter and
verse, and be furnished with a copious index.
The best we have is Bohn's, but it is defect-
ive in both these essentials. A similar com-
pilation from the French, German, Italian
and Spanish is also much wanted.

Hans Breitmann's Party. With other Ballads. By C. G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 32.

Mr. Leland has interwoven into the mirthful legends of Hans Breitmann many of the phrases now in vogue amongst those whose language is supposed to be English, but which has not yet ceased to be German. Any one who has ever sojourned among our fellow-citizens of Teutonic descent will recognize at once many forms of speech to which they still seriously incline. And seldom has provincial speech been shaped into such humorous and delightful verse. A genial humor, sunny and sweet as a June-morning, pervades these joyous ballads. But we find one serious defect in this little volume: it is all too short, and, like *Oliver Twist*, we cry for more: let us hope that, unlike him, we will not ask in vain. The doughty warrior, Hans Breitmann, yet lives, and we trust to hear at a future day some more of his exploits, or to peruse other ballads from his pen as quaint and charming as his doleful story of "Der noble Ritter Hugo Von Schwilensauferstein" and "De meer maiden vot hadn't got nodings on," with which the present collection concludes. And if he "gifes anoder bardy," if we be not there to see, may Meister Karl among the guests be present with note-book and pencil to give us a full account of the proceedings.

Among the Arabs: A Narrative of Adventure in Algeria. By G. Naphegyi, M. D., A. M., author of "The Album of Language." [Portrait.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 252.

The author, who has seen a great deal of the world, has given in this volume a narrative full of incident and information, and—what can be said of few books of travel—one that is never dull. His long residence in Hungary, Mexico and other countries enables him to illustrate his story with anecdotes of adventure elsewhere, while his descriptions of the peculiarities of the natives of Algeria are always interesting. Dr. Naphegyi observes that "very few Arabs, at least as compared with Europeans, die of disease. Death with them seems to be a sudden crisis, the result of a pause in the circulation of the blood through sheer weakness, the exhaustion of the powers of the machine called the

body; and life is extinguished without the agony that seems to us the inseparable companion of the parting hour." One of the most striking features of the book is a clearness of expression which would do credit to an author writing in his native tongue. The English is perfectly idiomatic, and the style that of an accomplished *littérateur*.

Books Received.

History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D., etc. In three volumes. Vol. II., containing the events from the Inauguration of President Lincoln to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 614.

Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants: or, Civilization and Barbarism. From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Mrs. Horace Mann. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 400.

American Fish Culture. Embracing all the details of Artificial Breeding and Bearing of Trout; the Culture of Salmon, Shad and other Fishes. By Thaddeus Norris. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo. pp. 304.

Fior D'Aliza. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French by George Perry. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 240.

Comer's Navigation Simplified. A Manual of Navigation as Practised at Sea. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 163.

The Dower House. A Story. By Annie Thomas. Author of "Dennis Donne," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 124.

Miscellaneous Prose Works. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 425, 368.

First Principles of Popular Education and Public Instruction. By S. S. Randall. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 256.

Reminiscences of European Travel. By Andrew P. Peabody. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 316.

The Opium Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 335.